

## **Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac**

### **"H-Town G-Funk"**

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[First Verse]

My sweet Lac fall back just creepin' on three wheels  
A bitch to my right cocked giving me cheap thrills  
I see meals, coming down my path  
In the ghetto cat's wrath making math  
I'm the last to blast, on that ass now you the past  
It's no joke you get smoked like buddah grass  
Who the fastest punk em' like cashes  
And when I crash this you catch whiplashes  
Bitch I'm on a mission to listen and give descriptions  
Hung G's in my hood in their intentions  
I hear gunshots ringing like hell's bells  
I see drug sells check out my thug tales  
Fuck jails, bank swells keeps hella grip  
And I can sell dope on ice, and never slip  
They serving Kibbles N' Bits while I'm cooking bricks  
Save my crumbs for the ones who sucking dicks  
I made it rich on the ditch you quick snap  
I left that cut now they wonder where the brick's at  
My green shit stacks, still clip packs  
Thirty-six lead homies so don't trip jack  
It's the wet back hitting on the bongs  
Son in the long run, I'll be the strong one.

Chorus: (4X)

If you step in my hood bitch you will get blasted  
It's nothin but that h-town g-funk

(Yeah this is for all them hustlers in Hillwood, South Park. Huh.)

[Second Verse]

I told yah, boy you must have caught amnesia  
Trying to jack now you're on your back breathing  
anesthesia  
You got blasted cuz you trespassed it  
They never lasted, in the game I mastered  
You stupid bastard, tell me what's your final word  
Before I let this lead tip hit your spinal cord  
Oh you was ready just begging to gank me  
Now your ass is just dead and stanky

I put my foot in your shit like the hokey pokey  
Leave the scene, now everything's okie dokie  
Your homies know me, but they won't fuck with this  
Cuz now they know that I could show buck a bitch  
I'm the macker plus the gun packer  
So you little jackers best stick to crackers  
Cuz fucking with this mex gets your neck broke  
Stuck like chuck straight fucked and in check Loc  
Cuz I think fast when I'm in the slow lane  
Get in my domain and fall back with no brain  
So dont raid, or try to rain on my parade  
Cuz i'm strapped from my blade, to my grenade.

Chorus

[Third Verse]

My sweet Texas, restless, wanting to ride Lexus  
Check this or flex this, I get wreckless  
Unbelievable lyrical synical  
Here we go mary go round I down critical  
Street stamina dammin' a cop  
Slammin' a punk, and jam in my funk  
I'm the man with the skill foreal  
Guard my grill with steel, on Sundays I kneel  
On my knees to Jesus, please seize us  
Cuz my boy's in trouble, and he needs us  
Got a bat, my homie's on the double  
Punks want trouble, I bam bam rubble  
Still the son of a gun having big fun  
Come and get some, I leave you wet mon  
Fill your lead with an infared  
I put the best to bed, they call him dead fucking fred  
Shed my skin like a snake on a vine  
Climbing on the crime side, coming around the blind  
side  
We fall in ranks like a motherfucking pyramid  
And I'm the top block will I stop never did  
Make you pass the 9th grade, but got life made  
Chose that dope and I hope I picked the right trade.

Chorus

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