

The Letter

Mack 10

(Man, have you heard this stuff?
This gangsta rap? It's fuckin bullshit.
They're just talkin about dealin drugs and,
beatin on people and shit,
carryin guns to the studio. It's fucked up shit.
And y'know, you niggas
can't communicate with people)
Aw fuck you, you punk ass motherfucker
What the fuck you mean we can't communicate with people?
I tell you what, since we can't communicate, eh-eh
Eh B (yo) I'm gonna write this motherfucker a letter (alright)
Eh dogg, hand me my notebook (Here you go, dogg)

To whom it may concern whoever you may be
Before you criticise, try to understand me
If this shit do a million everytime you drop it
then you would be foolish to change the topic
I straight fiend for the cheddar, you know I got to get it
So I swing for the fence everytime I hit it
I been raised around the gangsta shit since elementary
with Gz and the feds and the state penitentiary
I'm from the place where the enemies put the scope on you
and when the police pull you over they plant dope on you
But you do what you need to feed your kids and your girl
But you bastards don't even understand my world
What you know about bangin, drug distributin and lootin
eviction notices and, drive-by shootin?
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show
that real niggas only rap about what they know

I do it all for the cash, scrilla and the doe
If you ban gangsta rap then I gotta sell blow
To whom it may concern, this letter is to show
that real niggas only rap about what they know

I done had it up to here with the ass kissin
plus a nigga fed up with the media dissin
Politicians protest and hate like the rest
while niggas in the ghetto remain under stress
But I stay gangsta, keep bangin and hittin switches
while some West Coast Gz act like bitches
How the fuck you gonna speak against gangsta rap, nigga?
when that's what the fuck made you a gang of snaps, nigga
Fool was the shit, now how could you dare
become a millionaire and forget what got you there?
Fuck that, I hit a stick laced with embalment fluid
and make jams that make ya B and C walk to it
I was able to bang the hood and pack a fo'-fo'
Avoid the po-po and become a rap pro
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show
that real niggas only rap about what they know

I keep my pants saggin and my boxers showin
And nigga it's Hoo Bangin for life in case you ain't knowin
Look at the cops, I know they fed around and fiest out
Peepin me cos I'm a thug and the watches iced out
I got homies cookin chemicals like a chemist

Next thing ya know we're outta town with birds flippin like a gymnast
All we know is bang or boss so we're jugglin
Can't get a job with two strikes so we're drug smugglin
Wit heat on my back like I'm solar, wit a pistola
mashin thru the ghetto witta car fulla yola
But I'd rather write rhymes and rap over beats
And if they ban that then a nigga still got to eat
In every situation poverty's what I'm facin
So I leave shell cases and keep my smoker's free basin
So to whom it may concern, this letter is to show
that real niggas only rap about what they know

PS, all you punk motherfuckers out there
hatin on us young niggas gettin all this money, eat a dick!
Cos we gon' stay rich, and continue to do our
thang and forever hoo ridin and Hoo Bang, nigga

[Chorus to fade]