

By the Bar

Mack 10

Yeah

Who banging gangsters
Coming and balling to a scene near you
You know what to do

When you banging in the house all the girls come around
Drink what you want, smoke trees by the [?]
No snitches, real killers that'll shut shit down
And the niggas we fuck with they run their town

Look I'm shinin' mothafucka what you heard is real, just signed a new deal j
ust got some new skrill
I ain' gone' lie to get your boy whole bunch of meals and enough upfront jus
t to make a nigga feel
Like a made man and robbing when he know both tips cop two cars at a time an
d pimp both ribs
I ain't new to this, see I been pushin' double laws and my wheels' been matc
hing the same colors as my cars

And I've been a nigga with rubber bands on my cabbage and when they come a'
huffin' I'm a straight fuckin' savage
Mack 10 nigga and I'm never ever average, tip top of the food-
chain and everything [?]
It ain't shit homie I stay ballin' forth throttle, fucking top models and po
pping yellow bottles
And I shut the city down when I pull my cars out and every club we hit tonig
ht [?]

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h they run their town
[x2]

If you ain't heard it by now you should [?] and every yellow, also the thugg
est chick off the block
I'm fly precious but ready to box, fresh tix, yeah the homie's a cop, cause
ass hits pressing niggas to flop
Believe it or not, real speak [?] threw up a lot where gangs clicks and cros
s that fly
Gimme my props, I'm in this show, you niggas need no sex just to feel this r
aw
Me and my, get em' girls so getcha' girls, so get your girl before we get em
' pearls then we bust this horseshit, tell the world
Gimme a truck cause I'm worth 8 mill', she ill, also boy you know this chick
got skills
Baby girl don't get restless, several test'ess, it's a gangsta hood entities
from priestess
Miss K, puddy down with Mack mason baby, with the paper trail who bangin' pa
y them later.

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[x2]

I hit the club, fucked up in a red top lambo, cranberry vodka got me clownin
g on the dancefloor
Two step it, don't throw no elbows! L.A fit it white T, khakis and high-
top shell toes
Fold the stacks. So all the bitches get nice, krank that a few, but lift the
club with baddest
She wanted a boss, so she chose a whole bang-up, future holo-
famous, who Delena, who can faint her
Dollar signs Soprano, fly as a sparrow, baby's mind on my money and her eyes
on my vessle
Try'na dig me like a shovel who banging on another level, this is for my kin
g-pin niggas ballin' in the ghetto
Keys up and keys make the world go around, we throw a whole [?], yea that'll
shut the shit down
We rich bitch! and it ain't disappear, with some certified ballers we're gam
ing for real

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