

# Here Comes The G

Mack 10

Hey, hey, hey, baby, check it out  
I'm K-Dee an' that's my nigga, Mack 10 over there  
Now he gotta be cooler than the nigga that you sittin' with  
So pump yo' brakes 'cause here comes the G, Foe Life  
That's right, uh, what the fuck you smilin' at? Right

It's that nigga, Westside swingin'  
Heat, I'm bringin' like I'm bangin', slangin', khakis hangin'  
Took the script an' I'm flippin' it, got bustas straight trippin' it  
Never thought Mack 10'll be the new nigga rippin' shit

Real G style on a funky freestyle  
Solo flow, show with my bitch an' my lolos  
Gettin' my floss on as I slide my locs on  
Hit the corna', bitch, hold on, Danas is what I roll on

So watch yo' step, quiet, it's kept on the leak  
I blast, I don't stick the different nigga in the click  
As I kick rhymes, niggas pick mines from the stack  
Threw the roof on the sack, then cut the 'lac front an' back

On all gold, hundred spoke D's when I skis  
Nigga, please, wannabe G's don't wanna see these  
Straight from killa Cali, it's like the Valley of Death  
Of who's left, I'll be a G 'til my very last breath

Alli alli, all come free, here comes the G  
Fresh as a new pack, I'll be doper than my cavi sack  
Alli alli, all come free, here comes the G  
Checkin' loot like it's crazy, in painter pants an' Stacy's

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Now as I roll through the turf with that true G pride  
Feelin' high as I ride from the West to the Eastside  
On them switches, went from rags to riches  
All snitches must die, I can't lie, I like them hoochie bitches

Though I know that a hoe is a gamble  
Scandal hard to handle them dookie braids an' sandals  
That's how I like it, hike it, touchdown, then spike it  
Then pipe it so tough, they can't gripe it, right

So if it's on from uh, dusk 'til dawn  
Keep it crackin', stay packin' as long as niggas jackin'  
Mackin' like Goldie, bumpin' nothin' but oldies  
Reminiscin', tilt the 40's when I vibe the dead homies

Yeah, I wanna say what's up to all my deceased homeboys  
From the West an' Eastside, didn't make it to see this rap  
Oh yeah, it's still Mack 10, Foe Life  
Puttin' it down like this here

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Down for the dirt, I sport khakis and a white t-shirt  
Slangin' work, got the big birdies that don't chirp  
I came up from a crawler, now my stack is taller  
Big baller, shot caller, movin' shit like a U Hauler

So now it's on like that an' I'm rollin'  
Controllin' the 'hood, guns about a boat swollen  
Back arms tatted, so tweed can get gatted  
Cavi, water, weed or speed, what you need? 'Cause I have it

So come through, run through an' uhh, smell the vapors  
Won't be no set trip if it's all about paper  
Down with the Lynch Mob, I can't go wrong  
Well known an' it's on bankin' corners in my Brougham

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Mack 10, Westside, Foe Life an' we out