

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 lolo
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
Reminisclin', 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 tattled, 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