

Nobody

Mack 10

I told y'all I told y'all, y'all didn't see me coming this way did ya
Timbaland, Mack 10, Dub-C, Ice Cube
Let me tell y'all something

Hey (hey), who got more money than us
Who got them thangs, to make the chicks blush
Nobody (nobody), nobody (nobody), nobody (nobody)
Hey (hey), who got more women than us
Who got them cars, at how much
Nobody (nobody), nobody (nobody) you better ask somebody

I went from taking what I want, to cash advancing
And from small time hustling, to Bentleys and mansions
And ain't a nigga that I know, that want it all like me
And ain't a nigga on my coast, that can ball like me
I move the crowd, and give these busters visuals
Ain't gotta hear about what I got, see it in the physical
I be that genuine authentic, and you's a decoy
And I keep shit rolling, like a 80's d-boy
I put a rumor to rest, like bed time
Mack done did more balling, than a nigga with fed time
So go ask them bitches over there, what the deal is
And go ask them niggaz over there, who the real is
And watch the expression, when they conversating
And if Mack name done come out they mouth, well then they hating
Cause I rock the show, till the crowd stand up
Now bring the hook in Tim, make em throw they hands up like

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I'm coming through, with a gang of bitches
Tell them hoes, that you ain't gotta lie to kick it
I'm in a Rolls, with my nigga Mr. Dub-C
Could give a fuck, if you punk niggaz love me
That's how a thug be, ball like rugby
From this industry, bring on the misery
No sympathy, nigga insult to injury
Now who can fuck this Westside chemistry, (nobody nobody)
You motherfuckers, can't do it like us
Motherfuckers, ain't been through it like us
It's the brainiac, maniac and the shadiac
While you trick niggaz, trying to bring the 80's back
Where the ladies at, we can just fuck with em
Drop em off, while you suckers get stuck with em
It's the phantom of the dark, nigga smart
Westside Connection, corrupt like Rampart

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Aw-di-dum, aw-di-dum

No matter the weather they claim, I'm fading all the dumb
Ready to get em hit em-hit em, waving my dubs
Barking G walking, slipping through the club
For my Crips and dogs, and dogs and Crips
And fools with big bodies, that cut dogs with uri-cips
Stolen chain wearers, quick to bury a bird carriers
Coming from the number one crew, in the area
Back grinding riding, pushing design and all rides
For the Mack to the 1 to the 0, time nigga the ghetto Heisman
Oh my god he's back, turn it up turn it up
Where my riders at, all huddle up huddle up
Dub-C, I spit lethal
And over from the rap group, as big as the Beatles
Haters can't fade us, so I know they can't stand it
The 4-5 and sosa, W-S ship done landed

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It's the year 2000, uh

And I done came from the Southside to the Westside

You heard me, easy now easy now

All my West Coast people, throw that W up

And like hey-hey, who got more chicks than us

Say hey-hey, who got more cars than us uh

Say hey-hey, who got more money than us

Say hey-hey, I think nobody nobody nobody nobody

Bang bounce-bounce, bang bounce-bounce

Bang bounce-bounce, bang bounce-bounce

Bang bounce-bounce, bang bounce-bounce

Bang bounce