

# 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'll 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