

Niggaz don't really want it, just talkin out the side of they neck

How many gangsters you know, ain't scared of death
That's why I, ride with tecs, soon as I pull 'em out
breathe easy nigga they tryin to get them bullets out
It was all good a week ago, you was callin shots in the hood
Bitch now you so the hood
Used to be a gang leader, now your gang need ya
But no more rocks or dope spots in the hood
Ghost town, niggaz won't even walk in your hood
I want respect like when niggaz is talkin to Suge
You cats gon' get with that, or get with the +Mac+
And I ain't talkin 'bout +Beans+, talkin 'bout this gat
The kid still a hundred miles and runnin
Niggaz smoke 10 boxes of Newports, when they know I'm comin
And fuck MTV, I live in +The Real World+
Call my guns R. Kelly, they'll touch your lil' girl, cause

Layin with dogs, you gon' wake up with fleas
Fuckin with rats, you'll never get yo' cheese
You know J cats, like to sell you dreams
And a snake gon' scheme (and a killa will do anything)
(2x)

It's a done deal, Seth's back, makin it hot
No questions, I'm takin my spot
Project walls, hoods and blocks, Get Low, we hard to stop
JT, and the Game is hot
It's so necessary, these dudes are so scary
When I cruise through Bentley Coupe that's cherry
Tailored suits and gators, man, laughin at these haters
Man, show me the money then, pay me man
It's a new day, same team, I'm still the ghost
Big crib, jet skis and boats, listen close take notes
Mink coats and diamond clusters
West coast we nothin but hustlers
We grimy and gritty, cool like dat, old school fools
Willy Ness throwbacks, we send tricks to the nearest track
Who you know that's as real as that?
I pimp this game like Goldie the Mac, holla back

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