

Mack 10, From The Streetz

[Mack 10]

Yo, this one goin out to everybody in every ghetto
Turn it up and just so we accusin make sure it bumpin

This is for the straight thugged-out, the low ride pro's
Triple O.G.'s with the hot six fo's
Go fast ballers, bangin six gears
Three time felons with the tattooed tears
For all the homies out there that cook it up good
Distributin so up they project a neighborhood
Whether it's Peruvian or Ghetto D
Won't you bust down a kid and sell a ounce for me
I'm from the ghetto so the hoodrats gettin propers
Real criminals, robbers and the pit bulls squabblers
Puttin down thousands till there ain't nothin left
cause real street riders, let em roll to the death
I like fly shit so I scramble for the pay
Rather hustle homeboy, then gangbang anyday
Was down with the truce in nine-deuce though I looted
It's the Y2K and i'm still khacki-suited, what you thought?

[Chorus: Mack 10]

From the streets, from the streets, from the streets
Tell em where I'm from!
From the streets
I represent where I'm from and I'm nutty as they come

[Mack 10]

I'm like them Hot Boys, got Cash Money and hot toys
Plus them automatic things to make the pop noise
for haters that resent me, they jealous evidently
cause I flow through the city in a drop top Bentley
But hustlas like me, just stay to the grind
Pay you no mind and keep the safety off my nine
I ain't worried about you busters, we ain't scared to kill
I was beastin before rap, I'm a street nia for real
So check my resume and tell me what it say
I'm the same Mack from the block known for pushing yay
I claim the turf and bang the hood from a b.g.
Now I'm eight figures up, and when you see me it's TV
Mack ain't getting caught up in charged with murder one
When you got loose you don't do it, you simply get it done
Now who wanna test and try push around Mack
Get this rap shit twisted and get your dome pushed back, huh??

[Chorus x2]

[Mack 10]

Back to them O.G. gangsta for life critic piss
See I'm insane bangin Inglewood city kids
If rap fail today I'm back to cuttin chunks
Pushin work through the hood from down South to the Bronx
Nan they trip if they want to and get cheap thrills
Only MC with skills but not an MC with kills
And when the four kick I smash the letter pay the note
Everybody say hoe if ya love mack one-oh
Killas on my payroll's a chain of command
but my neighbors don't know; think I'm a family man, ha
I know sometime they wonder when the six four draggin
Hair braided, tatted up and I wear my pants saggin
Every room in my house stay flooded with heat
Livin in the hills but I still got tied to the street
Ain't shit about me change worldwide, I'm respected
I'm Hoo-Bangin now but i'm still well connected, you know??

