

# Mack 10, Steady Griding

[Verse 1: Baby]

Mack 10 said he got it and he servin fo' six  
But I'm the bird man nigga, need to score some shit  
I need a warehouse full, with pets, riders  
and bulls couple of chopper, mack 11, and some Hot Boy Hood  
My Lil' Bitch Kisha said she hit the mall, bought some goods  
She gone bring it straight to daddy, break her off with the wood  
The beauty shop stay poppin', cause this zones keep rockin  
And my phone keep plunckin', cause these hoez keep jockin  
Just bought a new six with bra-less kit  
Put me on the floor two nines in my hip  
The reason the drought is cause the feds done bust' my ship  
Got a crew of head busters that will split your shit  
Got a old and young bitch that'll take that trick  
Hit the streets, with that work 400 a zip  
Gave my nigga ????? car go break them bricks  
Go flood that magnoila cause I want that bitch  
KC take this glock, make will of the spot  
Tanto, Tito and Wap ya'll hug the block  
And we gon tell the police, this this where money be clocked  
And they can suck a nigga dick cause the hustle dont stop

[Hook: Juvenile & Lil' Wayne]

[Juve]

You could beg shorty, you could keep it dirty  
You could flip a birdy , you could cut it and serve it  
And I keep it real, and I play the field  
And I know when to deal, and I know when to kill

[Wayne]

And I flip the guns, when I collect the funds  
And I make all the ones, and I can play the drums  
You could hang in a jungle, you could push them bundles  
You could drive a Bentley, you could drive a Hummer

[Verse 2: Turk]

Look Nigga know that I got that work  
So he plottin' and watchin' try to see when I'm gone  
So he could break in my housin  
I'm a bake a cake for 'im, make 'im think I'm out of town  
I know he's here hustlin' I want my monkey talkin loud tellin' my round  
I'll be there pick me up from the port  
On my way to Nashville, 10 bricks I'm goin to score  
Probably get a lil' dope, cause that dope make more money 20 dollars for a  
bag  
half a gram for 100  
This nigga just don't know  
I'm on top of my game  
Should have keep it to himself but instead he told Elaine  
That I'ma get that nigga Turk  
So I got to bust his brains  
Cause if I let that nigga slide than he gon' try to do it again  
So I gotta handle that mind  
get rid of the bitch quick  
Bust him up fast throw him in a lake and spilt  
Jack who, take what, from who, not me  
Get a bullet in your head and leave that ass in the streets

Hook

[Verse 3: Mack 10]

From Atlanta the drive-bys low ridin and shit talkin'  
Sherm smokin, crack, sellin'  
Blood and Cripp walkin

Mack One-0's the name nigga  
Hustlin' is my thang nigga CMR and West Side  
Who Bang is the game nigga  
Recognize a G in me, off top we wig-splitters  
Young and Thuggin' like Turk and them head bustin' niggas check it  
I like the funk and shoot first is what they tell me  
And no matter what it cost Slim and Baby gon bail me  
I fight all my murder and dope cases from the bricks  
Known and loved by every hoochie, bitch, and project chick  
Cause I floss ice and buy crack at the boss price  
And I been f\*\*ked and sucked by all my hoez at least twice  
I'm reppin killah Cali, but down with them south niggas  
U know, them uptown gold and platinum mouth niggas  
Mack stay cockin' low, and down to ride for the cause  
We keep it crackin' from Crenshaw to the Mardi gras  
Chicken Hoez, game affiliated and drung related  
I'm a drop-top Bentley pushin nigga with my crop braided  
From the feet up G'd up is my everyday behavior  
A million dollar nigga, still ride in Chuck Taylor's  
The fans worse then them jackers, try to keep me in sight  
Gotta take backstreets and alleys to get home every night  
Mack is to much of a rider  
I could never be a sucker  
I'ma ball till I fall and keep it gangster as a motherf\*\*ker

Hook