

# Mack 10, Your Delinquent

(feat. Scarface)

Voice: what the fuck?

Mack: Im tired of playin with yo ass nigga today you gone die.

Voice: aaaagh agh

[mack]

I went from inglewood to h-town tryin to put the hustle down  
But I could already tell these bitch niggas wanna clown  
Like Im the new jack of the city but I ride like nina roll  
& I can see now one eighty seven got to be the penal code  
Im fed up thats it thats all fuck that get it get it  
& since he bullshitted & ran with it  
A murder must be committed  
Now the kidnap got to go down  
In other words I got to steal him  
Then put the pistol to his grill &  
Cock the hammer back & kill him

[face]

We finna (get him) & once we (get him)  
Gotta make a statement  
He fucked the family  
Man to respect em we gotta waste him  
No hesitatin heat him up & leave him on the pavement  
Then find his momma so she can help us find her baby  
Nigga are you crazy?  
We dont bullshit when it comes to payday  
They fuck with face they  
Dont let me catch you on the highway  
Or in public places we dumpin on ya like that  
Nigga you delinquent we on yo ass like that

Chorus

You delinquent muthafucka give up the pink slip  
We got to kill who you drink with  
We got to blast who you think with  
A money murder  
A money murder  
We got to hurt ya  
We got to hurt ya

[face]

Caught his ass slippin at a parkin lot  
Red dot marks the spot  
Im trippin on how hard he got  
He got some bitches in the front seat smilin  
When asked about the paper he owe he kept drivin  
Paid us no mind & hit the corner in the 5.0  
Dippin disrespected pimpin mack 10 trippin  
Loadin up the stainless .44 grip &  
The trigger off his finger finna start clickin

[mack]

Aww fuck&lt;overlaps with&gt;aint that a bitch  
This nigga actin like Im some type of sucka  
Ill tell you what face you drive  
When I blast this muthafucka  
Done took my last weed crop money  
So you know we through g  
Dog I been around too many hogs  
To let a punk nigga do me  
I give a fuck what you claim  
Where you from & who you know  
Nigga touch my dough fa sho  
Ya get a blow from the .44

So let his neck go brad  
It aint no need to choke the nigga  
Just close ya ears & get back homeboy  
Im finna choke the trigga  
&lt;gunshot&gt;  
[face] &lt;whispering&gt; aiight there he go &lt;gunshot&gt;  
There that bitch go &lt;gunshot&gt;  
Come on come on lets go &lt;gunshot&gt;  
Heyniggaletsgoniggaletsgoniggaletsgo

Chorus

[mack]  
If a rider need his heat cause its cold outside  
We gets money worldwide & we stay down to ride  
So I stuff the clip of the .45 cause I gotta survive  
& the niggas thats jive they end up dead on the rise  
All pissy & shitty victims of the hoo bang committee  
When mack & face get down its like a polinity  
Straight rulers of the city hit the stick & now we bent  
& blowin holes in what you think with  
Of niggas thats delinquent

[face]  
Hey so when a nigga shoot you nine man,  
A nigga gon need to get that money, whatimsayin?  
When a nigga shoot you half a bird,  
A nigga gon need to get that money.  
Nigga wadnt bullshittin when he fronted it to you.  
So dont bullshit when it come to payin a muthafucka.  
Aiight? you delinquent.  
Can I get my muthafuckin ends nigga?

Chorus

We got to get you for that dollar bill (2x)  
We got to get you for this dollar bill  
We got to get yo ass dollar bill  
A money murder  
A money murder  
We are going to hurt you nigga.  
A money murder  
A money murder (give it up)