

# T-Bone, A Few Good Men

Strap up the boots, I'm ready to shoot  
Load the ammo, Bone Soprano wit glocks and green camo  
I play rappers like they grand pianos, a general  
Call shots like I'm Joe Bonanno, what, The West is back  
Sep this dude ain't black, he Latino dogg and rock Gringos  
Black, Indians, Palestinians, and Phillipinos, and cash money like Vegas casinos  
I'm armed and ready, palms is sweaty, kinda like em  
Sep I got a sharp machete, and I'm quick to toss wack rappers of a levy  
Words is heavy, kinda like a 6-4 Chevy, uh  
Hip-Hop will never be the same, it's time for change  
I'm bout to rearrange the game, ready to fight back  
So when they say who's that, tell em it's just the king of the conscious rap

## Chorus

See all we need is just a few good men  
cuz ain't to many left like Bone and Mack 10,  
we know nobody's perfect, so repent for ya sins  
so ya better get it straight, cuz he's coming again  
(Whisper) He's watching

## Mack 10 -

I got the hood on smash homey  
And though I'm ballin' full throttle  
I'll never run outta gas homey  
I'm so fly as the days go by I'm better  
So I dump re-up and keep getting more cheddar  
You know what it do  
Mack 10 a savage  
Got hustle in my veins so I fiend for the cabbage  
Fresh baller to the end  
Tell a friend and a neighbor  
Aint that I got so much flavor  
It's that I got so much favor  
I'm like Pac I get's down, against all odds  
And you don't wanna go to war with a child of God  
So if you see me in a six four  
Tuck ya pistol  
Plus it's on if ya miss  
So be careful what ya wish for  
A rhyme sayer wit respect like the mayor  
Plus your arms is to short to box wit God playa  
See I'm all for Jesus but I'm nothing like Mase  
I'm to ghetto and gutter  
But I'm covered in his grace, yea!