

# Let The Games Begin

**Mack 10**

Yeah, Terror Squad motherfucker and the Hoo Bangin' affiliates  
I know you ain't think you was gon' see this niggas, nope  
East coast, west coast, it's all the same  
Joey Crack, Big Pun, Mack 10, speak on it, Joe, niggas what

At times I feel like blastin' myself, endin' it all  
Niggas on my same team be prayin' I fall  
Tellin' the feds, that I'm still cappin' the raw  
Know all about the stash box on the floor of my Porshe

Boy George-in it, livin' the life of the fortunate  
Show you how warm my fuckin' coffee get  
My crew often get the blame for hideous crimes  
Why do niggas stay platinum with the shitiest rhymes?

Can't call it, all these niggas claim that they ballin'  
But it appears your empire's fallen  
Fuckin' with Joe and Pun, real niggas since day one  
The same cats you get terroria from

East coast, west coast, man it's all the same  
Niggas won't know shit till they feel the flame  
It's still insane, since the flow track  
Blowin' your whole back, with the Mack, we'll let ya know black

It's all about weight, work, guns, yay  
Real motherfuckers chase dough and don't play  
Y'all motherfuckers don't move, we don't spray  
Big Pun, Fat Joe, Mack 10 baby

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Check what you never thought, Pun and Joe, the kings of Nueva York  
Spittin' thoughts with twin, Mack 10 the chicken hawk  
We the truest 'cuz killers walk in muddy boots  
Once my dogs cut me lose, that's a bullet in your bubblygoose

Fuck is you talkin' like you crazy, barkin' like you eighty  
Or have you crawlin', walkin' like a baby  
Don't try to play me 'cuz I'm not a playa  
Hey yo I shot the place up and pass the heat off like a hot potatoe

I'm out to make a million dollies but still I'm rowdy  
So I hope it happen rappin' before I have to kill somebody  
That's how it is in the stone jungle  
If you known to own a bundle guaranteed nigga gon' mug you

And no one love you when you broke as shit, focus kid  
Commercials don't lie, thirsty to die? Coke is in  
Blow your life away, that's a big price to pay  
You coulda been teachin' your kid, how to ride his bike today

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I hit the la la, and grab the ya ya  
And if y'all don't get him, I promise I'll try  
Hoo Bangin' affiliates is the williest so the silliest  
Really get to see just how fast the nine milly spit

Mack 10, Big Pun and Joey Crack  
Real niggas push big weight and big sacks  
Y'all said it was cool, I got to okay this  
I usually want paytons, y'all bring the scale so we can weight this

It better be pure, hope you ain't got a birdie mix  
Hey yo, put it up there, and make sure it's all 36  
I hope you can count nigga, better be precise  
If it ain't all there that's your dope and your life

From the school of hard knocks, Inglewood to the Bronx  
We hit the blocks and cook the rocks in forty blocks  
Hit Doja like we supposed to, sippin' on Hen  
TS and Mack 10, so let the games begin

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