

Hate In Yo Eyes

Mack 10

You can hear it bumpin' through the door
It's a party jumpin' on the floor
And from the way it sound, it ain't no doubt (What's up)
That the West coast is in your mouth

Yeah, yeah
It's all gravy, petty cash never fades me
So pour me a shot of 'gnac and purple haze me
I'm a hustler, gettin' cash like crazy
Hard grindin' pays me, work ethic is never lazy
Block hugger, the hood raised me
And she, won't be happy till she lays me
No, you never seem to amaze me
So the cheap shot you took at me never even grazed me
'Cause my name sparkin' like a street king
'Cause I mixed the Hoo-Bang thing with the bling bling
A whole lot of haters out there, it seem
But I flip 'em all off and keep doin' my thing
I'm a boss about when I Inglewood swing
Rocked out from my ear down to my pinkie ring
Now ding-ding, let the bell ring
And if it's drama you want, then it's drama I bring, sing

It's me you wanna be, indeed
And I could still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
'Cause I'm livin' like a G, you intrigued
And I could still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
Never trippin' 'cause it ain't nothin' to me
But I could still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
Ha, ha, ha
I could see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes

Look, you local cats is just small potatoes
No names 'cause this addressed to all the haters
From the Wood, there is none greater
Mack the headliner and y'all are spectators
Remember ?Foe Life? I put the Wood in it
And looked out for you when your own hood didn't
And plus you forgot who was payin' your bills
Introduced you to the game and gave you a deal
For me good livin', y'all independently rhymin'
You got the hustle game backwards, you nickel and dimin'
Oh, hip-hop classics, I make 'em and got 'em
And your group, ain't been heard of past the bottoms
I can't go to my turf and mingle with my Gs
I got one word to say about that one (What?) ?Please?
Chicken hawks, y'all ain't worth a feather in my wing
And all this hatin' just let me know I'm doin' my thing, sing

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Hoo-Bang, Hoo ride
All day, all night
Throw dubs up high
Westside foe life
Hoo-Bang, Hoo ride
All day, all night
Throw dubs up high
Westside foe life

Now tell me, is it the deuce-ones on the Bentley
The lowriders, the mansions, is that why you resent me
Smile in my face and act so friendly
Walk away with hate and a heart full of envy
Say bro, what part of the game is that
You got ways like a dame and how lame is that
Actin' like a groupie around famous cats
And it's strange, you don't have no shame in that
I got your card, playboy, but I ain't trippin'
You know me, I just roll with the punches and keep it pimpin'
Get dough by bunches, donatin' and tippin'
Let it ride on the Harley, and 6-4 dippin'
Stay real about my scrill if you know what I mean
I'm like a leprechaun, I want nothin' but green
Avoid the haters and for the party scene
Copped a rock from the D-R to make their heads ring, sing

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Mack 1-0, Hoo-Bangin' foe life
And it don't quit
Take a picture trick, yeah
Take a picture trick, yeah
It might make you rich
Westside riders, baby
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh