

## Mack 10's The Name

Mack 10

Gangsta's don't dance we boogie  
Usually always down for the come up, late nite to sun up  
365 look out, I took out niggaz foe they loot  
When I drive-by I shoot  
Blast their ass, smoke the spot like a genie  
Many niggaz want to be one, but they don't want to see me  
MACK the renegade rap rebel, ghetto livin unforgivin  
I've been driven psycho, I just might go BUCK BUCK BUCK  
Wild do it right, keep it tight  
So I sight busters in the scope, no hope  
Cut short by the cutthroat, I make heads flaot  
Cause I'm dope as caviar, by far nigagz from the Inglewood  
to the Compton car  
In my click crooked legit SHIT you can't FUCK wit  
Fool like B.G. I'm brung up down  
To kick dust hit you up then I bust nigga

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(I heard the name in 99 different places)

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(The name's Mack 10, and I live Inglewood)

Up jumped the boogie bang bang, when I dump give ya hell  
When the shells kick out the riot pump  
When I jerk it, klack klack work it  
Easy if it's greasy  
One time had to pull they straps to freeze me  
Elite on my feet, if I don't see heat  
I slang boulder, I soldiers, the west side streets  
Down for the do low know, crazy that as gets  
The gangsta SHIT don't quit  
Much more bounc to the ounce, slippedy slide  
Let Me Ride on these niggaz, check em nine double-  
m fully tech em  
Straight up gun play one way, rat-a-tat-tat em  
Buck red hot ones at em, aim at em, flame at pop-um  
Till me drop em kill or be killed so I keep my clip filled  
When I ball, whatta HELL, it's my everyday behavior  
Khakis, Slingshot, and Chuck Taylors

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