

The Recipe

Mack 10

Yo, Mack 10, with just a few of the Hoo Bangin affiliates.
CJ Mac, Binky Mac, Boo Kapone, and the homie Techniec.

Now here we go, it's the show stopper, noodle knocker
Gung ho, 1-0 fo sho the door clocker
I keep it rough with that red or blue shit
Hoo Bang crew shit, Recipe new shit
It's off the hinges, and my friends is
Rollin, twelve cylinder Benz's with the chrome 20 inches
So fuck all the haters and the non believers
Punk niggas and bitches, hood rats and divas
Now platinum's automatic gangsta rap fanatic
No static shit with the radio and watch em add it
Hoo Bang affiliates in that ass like a thorn
What's your favorite song? Don't hate, sing along
I'm blindin niggas slowly with the iced out roolly
Leave your shirt holy with the glock pistol-ly
So, hang around for the go down
Hip-hop classic bound as I clown, house to town
And have it my way, jewlery parvay
Mack 10 got your hottie hot as the Mojave
Want the Recipe? Then you fellas best to be
Down to push a key and chip a nigga for me

No bustas, no peace
Rock the black fleece, Techniec
In the gray off Caprice, dogs stay off the leash
Peep this, my click's nothing but heat bitch
Kick flows, stay on your toes, stay away from hoes
I know bitches that turn you on and turn on you
Kiss the hook ass nigga, pull a burn on you
That ain't the way I do thangs I Hoo Bang
So more niggas, more bigger, more heat, ready to blow triggers
Show niggas, Recipes, hoes, guns and funds
Blowfish, big tits, dubs and hunds
With nothin but redrummin when the heat start hummin
Empty the tech nina till these niggas stop comin
Young innovative, Long Beach native
This holocaust bust off and make it demonstrative
You niggas don't want test me
Dynamic on my right connect to the left of me
Form the Recipe

If you ain't in this for the money what you in it for?
We got the Recipe, best to be, in it for the dough!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Gettin closer to God tryin to clutch what I can't touch
Time to get paper in the wind like a caper
Hoo Bangin affiliate, niggas it's gonna take ya
Flossy ass Rolex that's iced to the sickle
Bitches up on the pickle since the bank roll tripled
Now nigga what? When you see Binky Mac, throw it up!
Most underrated nigga that's hated, now give it up

I ride for connect gang, die for connect gang
Throw up spot slang, watch and let my nuts hang

Down with the 1-0, meet me in the jungle
Fly, gettin high by the motherfuckin tunnel
A sick ass nigga, that's how I gotta be
Smack my Bitch Up, like my name was Prodigy
Two glocks, four fifths and ak's
Cut off khakis, house shoes and murder braids
I stay flamed up, never been tamed up
My little homie died last year, I hit his name up
For the 99 I'm yellin redrum
Quick to hit you up with two fingers and a thumb
I smash fools cuz cash rules, like Castro
You want these fuckin slugs fast or slow, hoe?
Oh, I got the 44 for all y'all BJ been day hoes
Get wet up with the dress oh fo sho

Motherfuckers better know, want LA, you must see me
Fuck the niggas frontin on tv
City locked, got the key to the streets baby
Better know who to greet 'fore you creep baby
Hear me talkin bout gangbang niggas sport red and blue
Like a missile pierce stomach tissue
Top 20 motherfucker you, make a nigga wanna muzzle you
We kidnap for snaps, big hitter big stacks
Pool hall nigga made good
Gangbang nigga got rich and stayed hood
Dome shots, playa, you play about domein me
Jumpin on the knee, it's too late, you're shot, plow!
Fuck around and get your channel changed
Handle thangs with the German
Hit the sherm-an
Leave em squirm-an
C Mac, twista get rich
Ain't nobody gon snitch, we's Hoo Bangas bitch
Check this style playa, check this technique
Check the way I ride or walk playa
Check the way I ride or speak
I stay suited and booted, bandannaed and tatted
Cris don mowed up, Mac don blowed up, got em sewed up
Nigga who bangin? Who's sangin?
All this cheddar round me, niggas think I'm through bangin
But nah, Hoo Ridas bust straps and love dough
If you ain't in this for the cheddar what you in this for?
You know?

[Hook x4]