

# You Ain't Seen Nothin

Mack 10

Did y'all expect us? No, uh  
Bitches, can y'all get naked?  
That's right

Uh, y'all know me, and the dough I see  
Fa so la ti, it's chi chi  
Ladies wanna hold me, get to know me  
Talks to eat shit, wanna sleep with it

Simplisticness keeps me hot, while y'all stress  
Tryin' to see the top stop, everything drop so  
Everything drop platinum or gold  
And the whole world know

I'm that playboy J, doin' it my way like Usher  
And I don't feel bad when I crush ya  
Like blush ya, style big ball, I'ma hit y'all  
With shit that's gon' make niggas forget y'all

You feel me dog? I'm a C H I, multi  
And I live and die for the whole pie  
You can call it what you want  
I'm a motherfuckin' vet

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It's that platinum shit, that's all we get  
So let it be known that it's all for real  
And all we about is them dollar dollar bills

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You know that Na Na got the heater shit  
That uh, everybody wanna eat her shit  
Niggas talkin' about they six wanna see this shit  
Knowin' half a y'all broads wanna be this bitch

From NY to the west side  
Motherfuckers keep me in the best ride  
38 chest size, ain't fuckin' less, I come off  
With like 30 G's easy once the nigga dead off

Shit, never trust shit, I gives a fuck  
I'm a ring finger rock chick, straight lock bitch  
And everything I rocks with  
Either pops shit or fuck a nigga topless, y'all hoes finky

Got to bank this to even see me half naked  
Like the black Susan Lucci, stiletto pumps, Gucci  
Ridiculous ice, tag me, million dollar price  
Stay frontin', y'all cats ain't seen nothin'

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I push a six feet drop, red and pallamino  
And keep the semi glock, where ever me go  
I stay ruger ready, or either Smith and Wesson  
And burn hearts, like they indigested it if I'm tested

So where you wanna meet at playa, over here?  
I'll be the one with all the ice on in the surplus gear  
Plus I'll tell you what's real, so uh, baby listen  
Put your shades on when you peep the Lex 'cuz the baguettes glisten

I want the whole three dozen and with that drama, biz  
Well, it all depends on how ill your na na is  
Can you go O-T with a few and a gun?  
But can you cook it with the whoop and make two outta one?

Now you can be up in the west and do it my way  
Or hit the homie JD in Atlanta, GA  
Wanna ball, well, let's bounce, get the heat and the scale  
Now Mack and Fox Boogie got dope to sell

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Turn it up  
The Hoo Banger, Mack 10  
The Ill Na Na, Foxy Brown  
And the homie JD, the don chi chi  
We got the Recipe, break it down