

Niggaz don't really want it, just talkin out the side of they neck

How many gangsters you know, ain't scared of death  
That's why I, ride with tecs, soon as I pull 'em out  
breathe easy nigga they tryin to get them bullets out  
It was all good a week ago, you was callin shots in the hood  
Bitch now you so the hood  
Used to be a gang leader, now your gang need ya  
But no more rocks or dope spots in the hood  
Ghost town, niggaz won't even walk in your hood  
I want respect like when niggaz is talkin to Suge  
You cats gon' get with that, or get with the +Mac+  
And I ain't talkin 'bout +Beans+, talkin 'bout this gat  
The kid still a hundred miles and runnin  
Niggaz smoke 10 boxes of Newports, when they know I'm comin  
And fuck MTV, I live in +The Real World+  
Call my guns R. Kelly, they'll touch your lil' girl, cause

Layin with dogs, you gon' wake up with fleas  
Fuckin with rats, you'll never get yo' cheese  
You know J cats, like to sell you dreams  
And a snake gon' scheme (and a killa will do anything)  
(2x)

It's a done deal, Seth's back, makin it hot  
No questions, I'm takin my spot  
Project walls, hoods and blocks, Get Low, we hard to stop  
JT, and the Game is hot  
It's so necessary, these dudes are so scary  
When I cruise through Bentley Coupe that's cherry  
Tailored suits and gators, man, laughin at these haters  
Man, show me the money then, pay me man  
It's a new day, same team, I'm still the ghost  
Big crib, jet skis and boats, listen close take notes  
Mink coats and diamond clusters  
West coast we nothin but hustlers  
We grimy and gritty, cool like dat, old school fools  
Willy Ness throwbacks, we send tricks to the nearest track  
Who you know that's as real as that?  
I pimp this game like Goldie the Mac, holla back

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