

# I'm n Motion

## Mac Dre

I'm in motion  
Peep game, I started like this  
I'm nothin' \*\*\*\*\* nice with the mic in my fist  
Never slackin when I'm mackin, get straight to the point  
And always got my damn lighter to the mothafuckin' joint  
Mac Dre, dope as you ever knew  
Taxin muthafuckas like Internal Revenue  
Knocken 'em off the top like it ain't no thang  
Suckers cant hang with the way I slang  
Ryhmes flow smooth like milk fom a cup  
Straight cussin when I'm bustin' don't be givin a fuck  
'Cause there's no room for weak and soft ones  
Square muthafuckas end up lost ones  
I'm the type of brotha that you don't wanna see  
Mobbin on the S T A G E  
Doper then a joint a that D A N K  
Got more soul then Koonta Kinte  
Young playa', down for the mail  
Even bustin' tapes when they put me in jail  
Straight, from the C E double L  
Nevertheless, funky fresh, boy I'm never stale  
Pumpin your brain up with game gettin' groovy'en  
Doper then a key of that pure Peruvian  
Uncut, dope as x-rated  
Some hate it 'cause they cant relate  
But I'm takin' out every time  
'Cause sucka, slayin is a full time job  
Not one to brag, but to tell you the truth mayne  
I'm funkier than a locker room after a hoop game  
To put it to you straight, I'm one nice dream  
I'll make your brain, melt like ice cream  
Given it to you just the way you like to be gave to  
You never hear Dre do or say what they do  
'Cause I'm no biter, Ill just write a  
Rap that caps on a young sucka that might a  
Step outta line, dissin' a ryhme  
becomin Mac Dre is like commitin a crime  
Ill best the rest, but test the best  
But nevertheless the funky fresh, rizaps  
makin' lots of snizaps  
Suckas try to hang, Ill make a tape fizat  
But some take no?, try to throw those

Slightly dope raps but I just show those  
Suckas sudden death, I never slowly kill  
Knocken 'em off the box like Evander Holyfield  
I cant be touched when I'm on the microphone  
Ill make sucka MC's leave the mic alone  
One by one, they all bow down  
And get riggidy romped out to this Mac Dre sound  
Sometimes I cuss but whenever I bust  
I keep the fans geeked and they cant get enough  
Like a dope fiend hooked on the glass pipe  
Or an alcoholic hooked on the ack-right  
My raps make love to your ear hole  
it's the diggity dope shit you love to hear, hoe  
I'm in motion Saucey, yes I got flava  
When I'm \*\*\*\*\* it up man nothin' can save ya  
droppin' the funky \*\*\*\*\* like a A duple S hole  
Romper room soldier comin' straight from the Crest hoe  
Hotter then hot sauce, love to cock toss  
Bitches get sprung when I'm gettin' my rocks off  
'Cause I'm not the type that be bustin' quick ones  
I like to hit the cock in all positions  
From the back, or with the \*\*\*\*\* on top  
With young Mac Dre, mayne, it just don't stop  
There ain't a piece of pussy that I cant get  
Hoes on my dick like stank on \*\*\*\*\*  
They just love they way, I T A L K  
Your so saucey, Is what they tell Dre  
Then ten minutes later they be wantin' to G this  
Jealous muthafuckas be hatin' to see this  
Player haters try, to salt me up  
doin' punk \*\*\*\*\* , to fault me up  
But that bullshit don't faze me  
Shes still sprung, and she still pays me  
With the quickness, she ain't hesitant  
Given up them dead presidents  
That lovey dovey \*\*\*\*\* I just cant get with  
I charge hoes for this black big dick  
Fly young tenders with lots of green  
Be kickin' me down like a slot machine  
breakin' me off somethin' more than propper  
Young Mac Dre's a cold cash clocker  
Not the type of brother that be tastin hoes  
I'm the type of \*\*\*\*\* that be lacin hoes  
'Cause the \*\*\*\*\* ain't \*\*\*\*\* but five letters  
She don't kick down, then I sweat her  
Mack the \*\*\*\*\* , crack the \*\*\*\*\* , break her  
She wont pay then mayne I shake her  
'Cause money makes the world spin  
\*\*\*\*\* a wife and a girlfreind

it's all about S N A P S  
A \*\*\*\*\* thats broke, just ain't fresh  
Some \*\*\*\*\* think they gotta pay  
\*\*\*\*\* that \*\*\*\*\*, not Mac Dre  
Ill tell 'em like this, it costs to toss me  
'Cause ain't no \*\*\*\*\*, that damn saucey  
Hoes get sprung on the S E X  
And don't hesitate given up the cheques I'm in motion  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>