

The M.A.C. & Mac Dre (feat. The Mac)

Mac Dre

Cherry to Peach, peach to the plum
Rite bout now I'm about to get dumb
I'm a young black brotha 4rm the V town city
Records for my uzi, hot dogs and smity
My homeboy's Sease on a Cold Crest Cut
To all u bitches I like to say Wats Up
Freak females, with that whale tale
If u wanna real man, baby come to Vallejo
3 feet down is were I kick at
Yes baby doll, u no I spit that
Game to your brain, Mac Dre's is tha name
I you feinin for my rhymes like dope from Cane
Oh yea, I'm quite a dictive, it's madatary 4 me to spit this
Mac Dre that big ol playa
So much game I need to run 4 Mayor, or even President
Just livin large, Ooo they wood hate 2 see a brotha in Charge
Drivin round town with the system Jammin
They woodn't understand to hear the president slammin
With the dead presidents or I'm stackin yah
I gotta make me another flip a maximum
Celluar phones, hot bedroom homes, and a 14th carco Microphone
I like to send a romp shot to my homeboy D
Put the R to the O to the M to the P
Just a little somethin to make u bug
Get romped out and put a hole in the rug
Wheather in a car or at a party
Don't be scared to dance like marty
Put a double romp boggie in your behind
Pay close attention while I spit this rhyme
I don't drive a caddy, cause I'm not betty
I like to drive round town in a tite ass chevy
With 2inch white walls, yea that's rite ya'll
Call me on my beeper, leave a code I mite call
And if not I'll see you in the traffic
On my way to make my money and stack it
It's the same everyday, everday is the same
I'm just a young playa with so much game, Mac Dre
And don't u 4 get, Fonky Fonky Fonky Fonky
Dope rhymes wat u get 4rm Mac D.R.E.
Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.
Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.
The Mac, it's wat my name, nigga talk down cause I'm so dam famous

But I ain't trippin, I keep on Mackin, keep on pimpin, I keep on stackin
 Them green dollars that u no I no I do
 Makin these fonky ass songs for you
 I went to Claim Bay, for a little of practice
 Now that I'm back UH! I'm at this
 Police still jack, I just laugh
 They say wheres the dope, I say u want a autograph
 I use a ink pen to sell my drug
 I'm gonna keep on writin 4 the bitches and thugs
 With a white, black, or u can slap um
 Give me a drug beat, and we'll be partyin
 I'm just like that, I ain't trippin
 And if the bitch is fine, then I'm spitin
 Cause in the party I'm a horny muthaphucka
 Gurls in tite jeans don't press your luck bout
 Step to like a pimp, then shot u to the telly then do yah
 Yea u no the Mac is real retarded
 Bout is fonk as a fat man farted
 I don't slow down, I just speed up
 A yo Mac Dre fire the weed up
 Cause I really flow, when my eyes get low
 Or I'm really really jucied at a Mac Dre song
 Wat ever the equation my eyes are red
 Fat 40 in the hand, and beleive I said that
 Been an alcohlic since the age of 13
 Believe my brotha I'm a dope fein
 I need Ol E, that's my pipe
 My mouth is a flame, I heat up the mic
 And in a battle, I'm sure as corshin
 And if your really talkin shit then I'l str8 up touch ya
 He flows down, hah, I'm 4rm the V town
 I'm bout to heat up, turn the beat up
 Now I'm short ya'll and I like to thank ya'll
 4 comin out, so fire up the dank ya'll
 And blow the smoke out at the same time
 So I can get a tic, while I'm spitin my rhyme
 I'm out of hear, bout I'll be back
 Listen to this fonky ass dope track
 Bout the Mac and don't u forget it
 Fonky Fonky Fonky dope rhymes that u get 4rm the M.A.C.
 The M.A.C. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.
 I'm the M.A.C. I'm the M.A.C.
 Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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