

Gift 2 Gab

Mac Dre

Nick nack patty whack give a ho sum donkey
Listen to the bass line don't it sound funky
Who could be in the place to stay
That's right Ho, Mac muthafuckin Dre
One more time back in your ear
Those dope ass raps u luv to hear
Cold as ice, nuthin nice
If I thrus u once, I wanna thrus u twice
That's right and u no the deal
U don't want the baby ho take the pill
Cause I'm bust fables back to back
And when I get tired, I'm a take a nap
And when wake up, I'm a bath sum more
It's the same ruteen until It's time to go
U, U watz in my drawz, until I get the suga wallz
Oh, u didn't no about me
The A the N the D the R the E
Well peep game it goes like this
I hold my mic tight, like my dick when I piss
Cause when it comes to cock
Girl I won't quiet it
Always got the good rights to the muthafuckin gym
Cold and bold, 19 years old
Iwit hate full of game feet tall
I'm 4rm the V town, and the C down
A sucka don't wanna see me clown
Who, Who could it be
Thatz right Mac Dre
Funky fresh, nuthin less
It's me Kease and my joint in zess
Doinin it, like a porno star
In your box, or in your car
Cool, like the sweat 4rm a snowman
Kick back relax, listen here we go man
4rm the land of the dope rhyme
And the song goes on
I really hope I'm not to dirty I rap so strong
With my mouth piece, man watz really goin on
4rm Vallejo, California all the 2 China
Hoes of the world
No I'm a stone cold Mack that give the speech
Nuthin but that dope shit

So damn fly, don' ask me Y
I smoke indo and I smoke Tai
Mac Dre, I thought u new
Down and dirty doin things that only playas can do
The coldest MC on this Earth
Can't hang with these fools 4rm the Crestside turf (Crestside!)
Southside sucka, who thinks he can rhyme
But a crestside playa that's strapped with a 9
(A 9) A 9 (A 9) A 9
And it don't stop, (and it don't stop)
I say microphone check 1 2 1 2
It's young Mac Dre, right back at u
4 the luv of dope of the dope
See I'm way more holy then the pope
The young black brotha on the mic yoll
I'm gonna rock this muthafucka all night yoll
U ain't with it, don't hit, until your man enough 2 hit it
Cold as ice, clean as soap
I keep a fresh wrap of zags in my dirty coat
24 hours around clock, 7 days a week I'm a pound a nock
Day in and day out
I spit and shout
A true new game, u no wat I'm talkin about
I spit game, no shame, get back and let me that frame
Listen to the big ass little fits
I put the money 2 the wallet and the pussy 2 the dick
Smack a bitch, slap a pet
Hit the shit until your god damn wet
Man take the bitch, break the bitch
All my cuddies man shake the bitch
Straight out side when I come thru top
Leave a muthaphuckin crowd in the parkin lot
No sum things, do sum things
Put mouth to your money man fuck the change
Play that ho like a game of checkers
Treat her like take your money and break her
Cause a hoe (hoe) ain't no good
Put the hoe down, man I sure wood
It's nike (nike), u got 2 be deaf
Take all the money until there ain't none left
See sum young brotha who get her tongue (get her tongue)
Listen to the bitch, then she'll get u sprung
That ain't the tip, oh nah (oh nah)
U stupid muthaphucka witz wrong with yal
It don't take all that, 2 get that hoe
If u can't get the bitch, than trick that hoe
Cause when u come up, she'll be jockin
On the front door man she'll be knockin
On her way in straight 2 the bed

That's the way it goes, believe me brotha
If been threw it all, it don't mean nuthin
The pussy ain't shit make the hoe pay somethin
It's Mac Dre, yeah wat I say
I spit the GIFT TO GAB, nigga everyday
Pimpin, straight Pimpin, I don't want 2 see u slippin
Listen 2 my tape play it all the time
And when it's over, man press rewind
Cause it's dope shit, u got 2 hear it
And when I'm dun nigga u gonna clear it
After that I'm goin
Bitch, I'm flowin
The romp ho the romp ho the rom the rom the rom romp ho
The romp ho the romp ho the rom the rom the rom romp ho
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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