

Andre Nickatina, Ike Turner

[Featuring Mack 10]

(Juss woke up, head hurt...)

(Coughing)

Sorry Ike, I was only tryin to help you

You? Tryin to help Ike?

(Mack 10)

Snatchin the bitches in the headlock

It's that nigga the M-A-C-1-0 and Dre Dog straight doggin

Punk bitches we be hoggin

It's me that nigga that post in the corner with a dunce hat

But fuck that

These hoes got a nigga on skitzo so Dre Dog, get way back

And I be, that nigga I-K-E, and we know who you gonna play

So sit back and be O.J.

For now, we gonna plot and premeditate this murder

I heard a nigga say that you can't fuck with Ike Turner

So I'm gonna be that nigga who put these hoes out

Blacked out, locced out

Ready to go all out

And rip a heffa's grill out

So spill out your brains bitch, all over the carpet

I was in the market, you got caught as a target

Now fuckin mine you see the eye of me and you say gansta

Gangsta, that's what they be yellin for me

That nigga I-K-E nigga aka murder

That nigga Ike Turner

Sorry Ike, I was only tryin to help you

You? Tryin to help Ike?

Sorry Ike, I was only tryin to help you

You? Tryin to help Ike?

(Mac 10)

Stirrin, yeah I'm gonna stir this shit like coffee

You hoes that wanna be bossy can't ball Mac cause I will off the

Like skill kill blood will be runnin off the table

The black bald headed captain's back so now you got to prey for

Your life as you look into the face of M-A-C

But you don't see me you juss see the M-I-R-A-G-E of me

And my ax as i crizack your back

For fuckin with the Mac, you dirty ass rat

See, I could be a good guy

I'd rather be a bad guy, and look deep in your izeye

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Before I see you dizeye

You can fetch a dolla, I love when I hear hoes holla

And they choke, from my hands around they collar

The Graveyard is back and, I'm in all black and

My eyes all bloodshot, cause death got me locked

So, I'm ready to snap and, Dre can't hold me back and

Cause I'm too far gone nigga too far gone

My baby mama hates me, I choked her till she couldn't breath

And tightened up, until I seen her nose bleed

I told you on Dre's album choke em until they color switch

Juss call me (cleana man, love to see your body twitch

I'm a crazy lunatic man, a murder man

But you can juss call me Mac 10

So don't cross me cause you will be offed G

Dre and Mac 10 nigga gone out the dark

(Dre Dog)

I be that nigga that be the mothafucka here

The mothafucka there

Knock a Tina out and have her sleepin like a bear

In the winter, you lookin for the dragon then enter

I'm warning ya, slapping you like President Abaloneya
So now, this indo got me snappin like an alligator
Take her up and down like a mothafuckin elevator
Serve em, I gotta get the mothafuckin money (right)
Then hit em with the force of a car crash dummy
These hoes will have a muthafuckas heart on cold
Stoppin mothafuckas like 4th and goal
And on 4th and goal, I'm legit for the blitz
But I'm gonna set up in the middle for an LT hit like bam
Bitch you think I give a God damm?
Breakin backboards on 180 jams
You little heffa, I'm breathin down your mothafuckin neck
With reactions like a black hero Vietnam vet
Upset, like you lost a fuckin million dollar check
To a heffa who's name was tattooed on his neck