

# Mac Dre, Klyde, Mall & Dre

-=talking=-

Testin' yea let's do this shit baby  
Shit I don't know I can't hear that shit

[RyDAH J. Klyde]

You know my niggaz they control the weight  
From the Golden State  
I hold your fate in the palm of my hand  
Wit this here throw away  
I empty out and load the K  
The lil' figga wit the gun that's bigger than him  
It's kinda hard to hold it straight  
But still I knock Louie  
Seen shit rip through him  
Got stooie wit my killa click  
Cop, chop shoot him  
Like I'm fresh in the game  
Just reppin' my name  
Young and in love wit the tec when it flame  
You know my name  
Shit I was on the block  
Wit a freshly chop though  
Didn't have spinners  
I'm out the bag that's my knock bro  
Fresh out the box wit the glock though  
Plus my niggaz ridin' tonight  
Two of em waitin' for that fiend rental to slide through  
Then my hustle gon' pause  
For this tooly by the muscle in my drawls  
Me no tinsel wit y'all  
I touch y'all  
Half way niggaz rookies  
And will never touch raw  
Buy the crack and watch me bring the applause  
Blocka, Blocka!

[Mac Mall]

Mac-matic slanguistics  
Break it down in fractions  
Every verse a nigga spit is like a commercial for boss mackin'  
When it hit the streets you should just see how they re-actin'  
Animal attraction  
You fiends is relaxin'  
Hit it once and back spin  
Mac slap the captain  
Body bag the boss man  
You don't want it to happen  
Cutthroat approach  
Leavin' t-shirts soaked  
Bust shots at your throw back  
Leave hoes where the team go  
Valley Joe Crest Coast  
Mackin' to the next level  
Highly professional  
Street level but high post  
Ghetto to ghetto  
Boonies to barrios  
Cess spot turf  
Every H double O-D  
Meezie and Dreezie make it look easy  
Grimy and greezy  
Don't make me leave yo moms weepin'  
My nigga J. Klyde will leave em where you'll never peep em  
All my peoples quick to push that line for they seaman

[Mac Dre]  
A few years ago when I used to grind  
Police used to fuck wit me all the time  
A young Codwell banker  
A Gunthy Ranker  
Strapped wit thump thanker  
A cold drunk tanker  
Stupid dumb, mentally disturbed  
I used to bother people  
And get on people nerves  
Standin' on the curb  
Trynna get it off  
I sell it to em hard  
But I buy it from em soft  
I'm a felon and a boss  
It's funk I spray dude  
Dump out the prelude  
On them punks and gay dudes  
I pay dues  
You can't fit Mac Dre shoes  
I break laws  
And I don't obey rules  
I drive wit my L's suspended  
Get apprehended  
Cop gets commended  
Now I'm a defendant  
They forcin' me to spend it on fines and fees  
P.D. mad cause I'm makin' all kinds of cheese