

# Boss Tycoon

## Mac Dre

(Mac Dre)

Uh, what

Nigga what... let's do it, (nigga what)

Nigga what... Like that(Verse 1: Mac Dre)

I know, doe ray me

But no I'm not a R&B sanger

I'm a gangter rapper throwin' the middle fanger

To them square rubix cubes, who don't smoke and use

I'm a cutthoat boy and I got a short fuse

I get kind of hyphy when I'm gone off a little Gin

You don't like it, say hello to my little friend

Rat-ta-tat-tatta, it really don't matter

I push a hard line cross it, niggaz gon' scatter

I'm not the mad rapper, I'm the rapper gon' bad

Recordin' on Pro-Tools at the pad

I give the game a bath, boy I'm a sav

Come through the sideshow yokin' the Cad

(Chorus 2X)

Fuck what it cost (what it cost)

I'm a boss (I'm a boss), Tycoon (ty-tycoon)

Dipped in sauce (in sauce), I floss (I floss)

I coon (I-I coon)(Verse 2: Yukmouth)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

What you know about a, 600 V12

CL's spinnin' on them Spreewells, dirty as hell

Like fuck a detail, still knock yo female

Mack that bitch til' she break her Lee nails

On the track in TL, Yukmouth

First week out 80 thousand on the street sales

Now I'm CEO that's seven dollars on the retail, bitch

I got niggaz poppin' they collars, poppin' E pills

Poppin' them bottles, to poppin' them cowards with that heatelle

And fuck Spitz, I get my ice from Vionnis

My new york italianni, he plug me with Spanish mamis

Bitches belly dancin' like a swami, but fuck em'

I'm too cocky, poppin' that Don P., smokin' my broccoli

Cause I'm a million dollar man like Ted Dediase

The FEDz see me, watch me, baby Liberace

The wrist stay rocky, the whips stay saucy, rims glossy

With mackin' as Dre beside me  
Call me frosty, frosty the snowman, the Oakland dopeman  
Sell more kicks than Copeland's, bitch  
The Oakland mayor, the Oakland Raider  
With the king of Vallejo, bitch, Foldin' paper  
Tycoon

(Chorus)(Verse 3: Mac Dre)

I ride around town in my clean ass Benz  
Range Rov, coughnut on some clean ass rims  
Hot like Ted Turner, I pack the lead burner  
Spit it, to get it, can't quit it I'm a bread earner (ch-ching)  
Post up at the 5-star telly, Dre touch mo' bread  
Than a motherfuckin' deli  
Young rich nigga, 20 inch nigga, P-I-M-P  
It's all on a bitch nigga  
I've been gettin' scrill, diamonds in my grill  
Rep the pill, and boy do I keep it trill  
Showoff, that'll go off on a blade  
Kill like Raid and stay gon' off made  
Do what the fuck wanna, got bitches on the corner  
Not just a thizz user, I'm a thizz owner  
Sometimes I thizz, sometimes I shroom  
But whatever I do, I'ma stay a Tycoon(Chorus)

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

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