No Slack in My Mack

Lil Ugly Mane

I got a lot of profits in my pocket
I can throw them to the sky if you bitches care to drop it
I'm cocky, switch the topic, chop the rocks up in the projects
Treat your pussies like they're objects, you can never stop the progress
Powder and some vegetables
Trap game exceptional
Commas and some decimals
Leaking out my gastrointestinal
Bitch, I'm a professional
Bitch, I am invincible
X-Men guns, catch me looking like the Sentinel
Flamethrower fire make a player melt
Steady keep the product moving quick like a conveyor belt
You can't save yourself
Praying for your saviors help
Ima straight flay you and display you on my favorite shelf
Ugly Mane Yeah you see the chain
Yeah you see them hoes flock to me say my name
I'm in that Chevy thing slinging banging run the game
You can't even see me fuckboy, we are not the sameI'm fly (Why's that?)
I got money (Why's that?)
There ain't no slack in my mackGot guns (Got guns)
Got bread (Got bread)
There ain't no slack in my mackNo slack in my mack x8
Get the money x8
I'll play you mad mother fuckers
I keep it Eddie Murphy
Laying in the hood, yeah I'm dying where they birthed me
Ima gobble up these goblins and these goons like they're turkey
I'm spitting out their bones in my Patron, Lord have mercy
Swag like nicotine, can't get enough
Plus I'm bad for your health boy I'm dangerous stuff
Lungs full of smoke and a bag full of guts
Not the innards of a Dutch just a bag full of guts
Balling on my mind, kareem abdula oblongata
Pull a Louie V. and Prada
Anything to get inside her
Call my chopper easy-rider
Call my dick the equalizer

Call my phone I'm the supplier
Call my bluff I'm not a liar
You're the liar when you're lying on your back
With a bullet in your head thinking back on all that whack shit you said
You can never attract cause you're dead
I'm ripping you to shreds
Ugly Mane is not right in the head
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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