

# Dopeman

## Mack 10

What's up dog?  
What you need nigga?  
Aw shit, one time  
It was once said by a man who couldn't quit  
"Dopeman, please can I have another hit"  
The Dopeman said, "Cluck, I don't give shit  
If you girl kneel down, and suck my dick"  
Gave a nigga head, and homie tried to choke her  
But he didn't care, 'cause she ain't nothing but a smoker  
That's the way it go, that's the name of the game  
Young niggas gettin' over by slangin' caine  
Lex around my wrist in 18K Heaven  
Bitches clockin' on my dick twenty four seven  
Plus I'm makin' money, keepin' baseheads waitin'  
Roll the six four with all gold Dayton's  
Live in Inglewood, California, CA.  
This oozy up your ass if i don't get paid  
Niggas beggin' for credit, I'm knockin' out teeth  
Clockin' much dollars on the first and fifteenth  
Big wad a money, nothing less than a twenty  
Yo you wanna whole chicken, Mack 10 got plenty  
To be a Dopeman, boy you must qualify  
Don't get high off your own supply  
From a Key to a G, it's all about money  
Ten piece for a ten, base pipe come free  
If people out there not hip to the fact  
If you see somebody gettin' money for crack, he's the  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Mack front me a sack)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(I'll get ya back)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Tryna stack me a grip)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Man, fuck that shit)  
You need a nigga with money, so you get a Dopeman  
Juice that fool for as much as you can  
She like his car, and he get with her  
Got a black eye, 'cause the Dopeman hit her

Let that slide, and you pay it no mine  
Find that he's slappin' you all the time  
But that's okay, 'cause hes so rich  
And you ain't nothing but the Dopeman's bitch  
Do what he say, and you keep your mouth shut  
Talkin' that drag might get ya fucked up  
You sit and cry, if the Dopeman strike you  
He don't give a fuck, he got two just like you  
There's another girl in the Dopeman's life  
Not quite a bitch, but far from a wife  
She call a Strawberry, and everyone knows  
Strawberry, Strawberry is the neighborhood hoe  
Do anything for a hit or two, give a bitch a rock  
She fuck the whole damn crew  
It might be your wife and it might make you sick  
Come home and see her mouth on the Dopeman's dick  
Strawberry, just look and you'll see her  
But don't fuck around, she'll give you Ghonorea  
If people out there, not hip to the fact  
Strawberry is a girl, sellin' pussy for crack to the  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(From a ounce to a key)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Tryna get this cheese, man)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Cluckers riding my dick)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Man fuck that shit)  
If you smoke caine, you a stupid motherfucker  
Know around the hood as the schoolyard clucker  
Doing that crack with all the money you got  
On your hands and knees searchin' for a piece of rock  
Fienin' for a hit, and you lookin' for more  
Done stole a Alpine out of Wavy six four  
Smokin' like a train, man I wouldn't want to be you  
Done took from the homies, betta run, when i see you  
Ballin' everyday, doing more drug deals  
Rollin' round town, on the twenty inch wheels  
If people out there, not hip to the fact  
If you see Mack 10, you can ask me for crack, I'm the  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(Yeah, that's me)  
Dopeman, Dopeman  
(From a ounce to a key)  
Dopeman, Dopeman

(Cookin' much as I can)  
(Yo fuck that shit, who am I)  
The Dopeman  
Mack 10, nigga, you must be slick  
Put Squeak on the team, now he stackin' chips  
Good lookin' out, for showin' love  
Now I got bitches on my dick 'cause I'm flossin' dubs

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>