That Y'all (Album Version)

Craig Mack

Changed my mind man.
"Makin moves y'all."
Gotta get the cash gotta get the dough
Gotta keep my flow
Gotta get the cash gotta get the dough
Peace to Brentwood Town Shipment
I'm smoother than that Lex your whipping
with the rack and pinion
and Firelli tires that be gripping
Sometimes I wonder if MC's really know
Mack's eternal bought to burn you
while in ten feet, of snow
I grab the mic and turn in-to Ali Baba
With just a dabber, my rhymes are guaranteed to grab ya
I got funk with the bass and soul
Cause I've been rockin on the mic since nine years old
And I can groove with that, stupid fat
rhymers when you're soupin that
MC's catch a headache
and find where some Nuprin's at
I'm on the case like Magnum P.I., F.B.I.
lookin for a man with the reason why
And it'll cost more than Lee Majors
to fix MC's after I kicks my flavor
Puff and Puff and blow the House down
is what the Mack do whenever I get down
Gettin down, boyeee (get down)
One two, Mack man's in full effect
Gotta get the cash gotta get the dough
Move with the funk
Cause we makes the moves on down
Kick the funk, hahhhh. boyeee
I'm like the greatest rapper, known to man
Got MC's meltin in mouth and not inside my hand (c'mon)
And you can try to, write a rhyme-a
but the pace that I race'll have you lookin like a old timer (old timer)
Do you want to pay a visit, to rhyme exquisite (aheh)
that'll leave you standin colder than a winter blizzard (AHH)
Mack's engagin, extra blazin

Who's you fazin? Power Rangers ain't more amazin (amazin)
Rhyme flipper, flip-a-rhyme=a-ripper (uh-huh, say what)
Rip-a-rhyme-double-dipper while you talkin on my zipper
I want to know who's been naughty or nice
with the device, turnin grown men into mice (yeah)
I can flip funk back and forth, forth and back
Ride more super rhymes against the track, tell em Mack (tell em)
I got Bad Boy as my back (that's right)
As we kick on the funk called MC subtract
Got flow for days, got rhymes to amaze (uh-huh, c'mon)
Got the brand new funk, here's the brand new craze boyeee
Mack the dope (one two)
We break all of the funk on down (yeah)
Gotta get the cash gotta get the dough
Mo Bee, make it.
Bustin out, in the House
Makin moves, with the flavor
One two, as we get busier
We gon' get like this
Come on everybody, let's all get down
Got rhymes by the ton while you weighs a pound (whoo!)
Supercagafragalistic type of hyper MC
That be me, twenty-twenty could not see (can't see)
I don't feel the pressure, of an MC aggressor
that I got a rhyme for in my top dresser
Craig Mack, Bad Boy representin
Fat Funkster be gettin, for Fat Funk be hittin (c'mon)
It's this man's turn to earn
Since my birth, a penny now is MC's worth (c'mon)
And MC's are nuttin but a joke-a take a toke-a
Smoke fatter than the Ayatollah
Can't nuttin ever stop the Craig Mack plans
to grab MC's, and crush em in my hands (as we get busier)
Like I said before, here comes the Mack
Power-packed in black, to make you see mad graphics
As we get busier
in nine-four with the funk that hits on the floor
Gotta get the cash gotta get the dough
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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