

# The M.A.C. & Mac Dre (feat. The Mac)

## Mac Dre

Cherry to Peach, peach to the plum  
Rite bout now I'm about to get dumb  
I'm a young black brotha 4rm the V town city  
Records for my uzi, hot dogs and smity  
My homeboy's Sease on a Cold Crest Cut  
To all u bitches I like to say Wats Up  
Freak females, with that whale tale  
If u wanna real man, baby come to Vallejo  
3 feet down is were I kick at  
Yes baby doll, u no I spit that  
Game to your brain, Mac Dre's is tha name  
I you fein in for my rhymes like dope from Cane  
Oh yea, I'm quite a dictive, it's madatary 4 me to spit this  
Mac Dre that big ol playa  
So much game I need to run 4 Mayor, or even President  
Just livin large, Ooo they wood hate 2 see a brotha in Charge  
Drivin round town with the system Jammin  
They woodn't understand to hear the president slammin  
With the dead presidents or I'm stackin yah  
I gotta make me another flip a maximum  
Celluar phones, hot bedroom homes, and a 14th carco Microphone  
I like to send a romp shot to my homeboy D  
Put the R to the O to the M to the P  
Just a little somethin to make u bug  
Get romped out and put a hole in the rug  
Wheather in a car or at a party  
Don't be scared to dance like marty  
Put a double romp boggie in your behind  
Pay close attention while I spit this rhyme  
I don't drive a caddy, cause I'm not betty  
I like to drive round town in a tite ass chevy  
With 2inch white walls, yea that's rite ya'll  
Call me on my beeper, leave a code I mite call  
And if not I'll see you in the traffic  
On my way to make my money and stack it  
It's the same everyday, everday is the same  
I'm just a young playa with so much game, Mac Dre  
And don't u 4 get, Fonky Fonky Fonky Fonky  
Dope rhymes wat u get 4rm Mac D.R.E.

Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.  
Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.  
The Mac, it's wat my name, nigga talk down cause I'm so dam famous  
But I ain't trippin, I keep on Mackin, keep on pimpin, I keep on stackin  
Them green dollars that u no I no I do  
Makin these fonky ass songs for you  
I went to Claim Bay, for a little of practice  
Now that I'm back UH! I'm at this  
Police still jack, I just laugh  
They say wheres the dope, I say u want a autograph  
I use a ink pen to sell my drug  
I'm gonna keep on writin 4 the bitches and thugs  
With a white, black, or u can slap um  
Give me a drug beat, and we'll be partyin  
I'm just like that, I ain't trippin  
And if the bitch is fine, then I'm spitin  
Cause in the party I'm a horny muthaphucka  
Gurls in tite jeans don't press your luck bout  
Step to like a pimp, then shot u to the telly then do yah  
Yea u no the Mac is real retarded  
Bout is fonk as a fat man farted  
I don't slow down, I just speed up  
A yo Mac Dre fire the weed up  
Cause I really flow, when my eyes get low  
Or I'm really really jucied at a Mac Dre song  
Wat ever the equation my eyes are red  
Fat 40 in the hand, and beleive I said that  
Been an alcoholic since the age of 13  
Believe my brotha I'm a dope fein  
I need Ol E, that's my pipe  
My mouth is a flame, I heat up the mic  
And in a battle, I'm sure as corshin  
And if your really talkin shit then I'l str8 up tource ya  
He flows down, hah, I'm 4rm the V town  
I'm bout to heat up, turn the beat up  
Now I'm short ya'll and I like to thank ya'll  
4 comin out, so fire up the dank ya'll  
And blow the smoke out at the same time  
So I can get a tic, while I'm spitin my rhyme  
I'm out of hear, bout I'll be back  
Listen to this fonky ass dope track  
Bout the Mac and don't u forget it  
Fonky Fonky Fonky dope rhymes that u get 4rm the M.A.C.  
The M.A.C. Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.  
I'm the M.A.C. I'm the M.A.C.

Mac D.R.E. Mac D.R.E.

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

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