

# Mackin' Ain't Easy

Kris Kross

Now I'm known to rock a party, and turn a party out  
A nappy headed little nigga representin' for the South  
When I bust, and I do frequently  
I see niggas in careers trying to get with me Now no longer am I small  
See got me a ball me of women, I keep 'em wall to wall  
See 'cause mackin' ain't easy  
But I had to do it, get into it, and plus they love to please me Over age, never under, wonder in the words of  
Aaliyah  
Age ain't nuthin' but a number  
So I takes 'em, shakes 'em, show 'em the ropes  
Let 'em get a little taste and then they never let go They say, Daddy daddy, they call me, it gets major  
Surprise visits and blowin' up my pager  
Asking for favors that I don't do  
That's for a nigga in love, all I'm doing is mackin' you Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it  
Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it do it, do it, do it  
Now tell me whose the mack, tell me whose the mack Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it  
Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it do it, do it, do it  
Now tell me whose the mack Now I ain't got no big hat or a Cadillac  
I push a drop-top Benz and a baseball cap, say what?  
I keep the pad full of women, bad bodies in bikinis on deck  
For when I wanna get wet I tell Chris all the time, I more of a mack than he is  
And it's been this way since we was real little kids  
I got women saying, Baby tie me up  
I got 'em going to mall, shop and buying me stuff Now with me it's like the old days, ain't gone no where  
A light skin-ded nigga with real long hair  
Perm, corn rowed, individuals, Afros  
No matter what, I'm fresh head to toe So who's the mack? Daddy mack  
Seeing all the women in my stable watch my back  
From these, player haters trying to salt my game  
And snatch my hoes, it ain't a possible thing You know what I mean?, [unverified], ain't no need to bullshit  
These niggas in love, you know what I mean?  
Talking about how fast [unverified] There ain't no players, I'm drunk now, you know what I mean?  
I'm kinda, I know, I know, but I'm cool, I know  
The rest is unintelligible to me, You, what I mean? Now tell me who's the mack Mr. Black, and we can do  
whatever  
Flossin' in the Benz, decked out in the leather  
Never slippin', just sippin' on this champagne  
And I'll be spittin' pure game to this pretty young thing My aim, to control mind, body and soul  
Have her on the stroll bringing me the flow

Pimp stylin', stay smilin', profilin'  
Presidential suite, gang of hoes sippin' Crystal-in'Yeah, we puffing real La, laid back to the funk flows  
I prescribed, I could write a thesis on the dime pieces  
Gotcha on her, didn't flaunt, when I grab your nieces  
Mack Daddy Forte, when I'm flossin' with the double KGot all these broads showing us where they stay  
Pager blowin' up all these hoes wanna skeez me  
Being a mack ain't easy

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