Mafioso

Mac Dre

(feat. Young Dru)

[Mac Dre Talkin]
Ugh
Wha wha
What is it
Yeah
Yadidaholla
Do you know whadddiholla (do you know what I holla?)
Yeah, the itty bitty city by the water
That's steady gettin taller
Vallejo
You Ho
You just don't understand
Check it out though

[Mac Dre]
Sippin' Martinis eatin scampi and linguini
Makin' Blunts disappear
Like I'm Houdini
Layed up with Asians that know tongue fu
Gettin blew when I got the call from Young Dru
He was speakin thizzlamic
But I can understand it
He said "Al Boo Boo the eagle has landed"
My reply... pronto... cousin
Execute stage two put the turkey in the oven
For those who don't know that means he got the blow
And it's time to turn the blow in to more dough
Sell em high, buy em low, let em fly let em go
Birdies of the snow straight from valley jo
Who got it? Nigga Dru got it
And if you hit him on the hip
He'll make sure that you got it
Me and my team
We tryna win
And we keep it mafiso
You hear the violens

(godfather tune by mac dre)

[Young Dru]
I'm the yay boy, the play boy, from the bay boy
Where I stay boy, we don't be puffin' no hay boy
Where my son head lay boy
I protect with the K boy
Run in my home and get sprayed boy
Young Dru and mac dre boy
The yay don't play boy
I'm a made boy highly connected spit flame boy
I'm a payed boy
? ? all day boy
Never changed, I'm the same, so fuck what you say boy
I'm not afraid boy
Take it from wax to gun play boy
Run away boy
Shakin the blades and gay boys
Movin' bricks boy
Choppin' down kicks to picks boy
Weighin' zips boy
Takin' the trips for chips boy
Coppin' whips boy
Floss cross by chicks boy
Makin' hits boy
Fuck with the mob and get split boy
Loaded and lit boy
Dre and Dru is the shit boy
From a fix to a bitch
We tryna get rich boy

(godfather tune by mac dre)

[Mac Dre]
I'm in my sneaks with freaks on the beach was shallow
Steady drinkin earnest and julio gallo
I got my rallo? My butterfly knife
I'm nothin nice
I cut a guy twice
All of my life I followed the path
A D boy B boy have cash live lav-["lav" means "lavish"]
Got game like Bob Costa
Got dread like Rasta
Eatin' seafood sauce
Poored over pastas

You imposters get tried for treason
To the nation of Thizzlam
Is my legiance
Write a grievance
File a complaint
Tell 'em Dre doin things that them otha guys can't
Burnin' rubber all day
Drivin' wreckless
I cut a man throat give a man a bloody necklace
Cuttee, they respect us cause they have to
My niggaz mafioso
You prepared they'll wack you'

(godfather tune by mac dre)

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