

# Making Moves With Puff

Craig Mack

Changed my mind man Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta keep my flow  
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Gotta keep my flow Peace to Brentwood Town Shipping  
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  
And 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  
One two, Mack man's in full effect Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta keep my flow  
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Gotta keep my flow  
Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta keep my flow I'm like the greatest rapper, known to man  
Got MC's meltin' in mouth and not inside my hand  
And you can try to, write a rhyme-a  
But the pace that I race'll have you lookin' like a old timer Do you wanna pay a visit, to rhyme exquisite

That'll leave you standin' colder than a winter blizzard  
Mack's engagin', extra blazin'  
Who's you fizin'? Power Rangers ain't more amazin'  
Rhyme flipper, flip-a-rhyme-a-ripper  
Rip-a-rhyme, double-dipper while you talkin' on my zipper  
I wanna know who's been naughty or nice  
With the device, turnin' grown men into mice I can flip funk back and forth, forth and back  
Ride more super rhymes against the track, tell 'em Mack  
I got Bad Boy as my back  
As we kick on the funk called MC subtract Got flow for days, got rhymes to amaze  
Got the brand new funk  
Here's the brand new craze boyeee, Mack the dope  
We break all of the funk on down Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
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Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta keep my flow  
Gotta get the cash, gotta get the dough  
Gotta keep my flow Come on everybody, let's all get down  
Got rhymes by the ton while you weighs a pound  
Supercagafragalistic type of hyper MC  
That be me, twenty-twenty could not 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' It's this man's turn to earn  
Since my birth, a penny now is MC's worth  
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  
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  
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