King Pin Dream

Mack 10

[Talking]
Gangsta? (haha!, what?)
Mikkey Finest (fa sho')
Ah King Pin's Dream
Mack 10, Inglewood
I'm nigga Mikkey
Chi-Town, Birdman [Laughs]
Listen, Whatcha got nigga?...

[Mikkey]
I got a trouble find bitches in the kitchen and they cooking it row
Realisting feams like stitches with the hooker in they chow
Fuck the law, man - I'm known for cooking it row
Til the cops just chill - I got something for y'all
I got a Bentley and the Hummer and they sittin on 'em daters
I got a hot power lawyer with the million retater
Douth-South, Westside - man, I own my city
Got judges on my pay roll like they own the nigga
It's a professional with my game, I ball with the best
Birdman, Down-South - Mack 10 out West
Fuck with my money, put to put the mack to yo' chest
Want war? I take it there - or rather tattooed to there
See them Cash Money niggas - how can I iced like 'em
Cooking coke from the pill-up, it's got a prices like 'em
You know a nigga Whoopise - I got a wife like him
You heard a Micheal Jordan right! - I got a life like him
I'ma mothafuckin hustla - y'all know the game
Chi-Town Mikkey Flow - y'all know my name
Game is risky but a nigga rather died the fame
and live life - broken hungry out here, cracking for bread

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]
It's a King Pin's Dream - coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene - guns, scopes and beems
But the thing about it dream - it ain't all watta seem

[Mack 10]
(yo, yo, yo)

When it comes to drugs - these reppers ain't get none but fo'
Ohhh square ass nigga and full of brains are sold
I Know 'em Feds is on heat but I don't give a fuck
I'm so deep in the game it's like my name is stuck
From crack, more then likey is a suggestion of sell
I gives a fuck - who ya breaking and disso skell
I live life like a King Pin weed but raw
I'm the richest gang living them niggas ever saw
I with ya belly from Toyota with the biggest and baking soda
Pirates po's full of peppers and crack folders
I'ma dope dealer - and I got coke scrilla
My whole crew can sit to at x-cons and killas
and my bitches is falls who bomb, head and coochie
Rockin props, the fades - the letto pump boochie
First statis, rock rolo - when I came to the door?
and now it's Bentleys, Mansions and meats to the floor
Kickin gears on Parley's, while the straight pipe screen
and I had a block on lock - since I was fifteen
Mack Sapranos - the most of unforgiven
and fuck a job, cause dope money is how I'm living

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]
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[Baby]
(Fa sho', fucked up, look)
My homey got marries - so, you know we aint slipping
Two hoes, two Bentleys - you know we ain't dipping
Lifestyle, drug dealing - you know we ain't trippin
Got killas on the row - you know we ain't slipping
Tote trucks full of bricks - you know we ain't chickens
New cars, pretty broads - you know we been pimpin
Bitch stars, body bars - we hitting and missing
Big cars, superstars - cause wheels gon' spinning
Pretty honeys, bug stunt - cause the money we spending
Planty bitchs and warehouse - tinning piece for chicken
Riot guns shoot 'em up - for this life that I'm living
PO partners doin time - cause my homeboy miss me
The Feds, big trippin - cause they failed me to get me
Mack 10 re-shout - til ya homey my nigga
King Pin, Big Tymin - drug dealing my nigga

Transport and cocaine - and statelines my nigga

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]
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[over chorus: talking]
Hmm, hmm, hmm...uh-huh, uh-huh, fa sho' nigga
oh yeah... uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-uh, uh-uh, fa sho', look here

[Baby: talking]
This is y'all Ol' Tymers niggas, y'all know H-dash play, right!
The liquor is a lifestyle of a drug dealing nigga, y'understand
It ain't Twenty-two's is more it's twenty-five's nigga, what?
Even chicken from the hood - to the mothafuckin living ride
Y'knowwhatI'msayin, getcha nigga, come in my project see my crib nigga
We got loadin .14, for sashie, all the best up and the best nigga
It ain't none gon' stop my nigga..
We cooking bricks in the kitchen my nigga, y'understand
Don't come outside stunt boy.. unless you got it right boy
y'knowwhatI'msayin', Cash Money Hot Boy... and we doin' this nigga
Life, life, hot, hot, we got this (hot, hot) we got this (hot, hot)
WE got this (hot, hot) we on fire, don't fuck...

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