Rapper Gone Bad

Mac Dre

[VERSE 1]I'm a young gifted and black mack, rap sweet like candy yams
And I make you put your fist up to your mouth and say, "Goddamn!"
Boy, I got heat, flame-o, pull a mic, liquid draino
Verbal volcano, they love me, cause they know
I'm cut from the cloth that real men are made of
Bitches get sprayed up with clips of this Bay love
Attackin you with vernacular, dialect and lingo
The Rapper Gone Bad, boy, peep the first single
Bounce and shake what your mama gave you
It's the drapers, can you feel it? Nothin can save you
>From the dapper rapper who stay fitted like a mannequin
Hoes see me in the traffic and say, "Girl, there go that man again"
I'm fabulicious, game nutricious
Break bitches like dishes and drink like them fishes
Boy, put some of that yukon jack in the bag
And come fuck with yo partner, the rapper gone bad
(Rapper gone bad)
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)
(Baaad)
[VERSE 2]I'm a old schooler like Grandmaster and the 5 that was Furious
Bitches goin delirious even though it ain't that serious
You're curious? Well, listen to these lyricals
Them suckers tryin to knock this, it's gonna take a miracle
I'm seasoned with the game that o.g.'s told me
Got laced like Luke did by Obi Won Kenobi
Or Yoda, hold a, mic in my right hand
And when I'm sleep you know I keep a fat strap in my nightstand
I strike men, my height, man, is l-o-double d

I see us after the show at the hotel Double Tree
Cool, calm and collected, but sometimes I get mean
Cause suckers sick of the scene like they Jack and I'm the Green
Giant, defiant, bitches get dealt with quick
Can't be on this ball team unless you wanna help get grits
Let's get rich, is what I tell em, sell em dreams like horoscopes
They try to fight the feeling, but it's hard to ignore your folks
Mac D with the r connected to the e (me)
Might be at the bar drinkin Hennessy
In between the sheets I'm a freak and a cold piece of work

My body over her body like Johnny, Keith and Levert
(Rapper gone bad)
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)
(Baaad)
[VERSE 3]A thug like 2pac, wanna mack like Too $hort
Smoke punks like Newports, get drunk off 2 quarts
Bendin corners in somethin ninety-new
Lookin real ragoon on my way to see Chuey
Boy, I'm on the air gettin heavy rotation
But I'm still a player with a Chevy on Daytons
I'm hi-po, and the five-o really can't stand me
Got posse, Flowmasters and Shift, King and Tranny
Chirpin every time I shift gears
In that '95 Impala with them gold-dipped gears
Put some of that 1-5-1 in the bag
Come fuck with yo partner, the rapper gone bad
(Rapper gone bad)
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)
(Baaad)

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