

Dopeman

Mack 10

What's up dog?
What you need nigga?
Aw shit, one timeIt was once said by a man who couldn't quit
"Dopeman, please can I have another hit"
The Dopeman said, "Cluck, I don't give shit
If you girl kneel down, and suck my dick"Gave a nigga head, and homie tried to choke her
But he didn't care, 'cause she ain't nothing but a smoker
That's the way it go, that's the name of the game
Young niggas gettin' over by slangin' caineLex around my wrist in 18K Heaven
Bitches clockin' on my dick twenty four seven
Plus I'm makin' money, keepin' baseheads waitin'
Roll the six four with all gold DaytonsLive in Inglewood, California, CA.
This oozy up your ass if i don't get paid
Niggas beggin' for credit, I'm knockin' out teeth
Clockin' much dollars on the first and fifteenthBig wad a money, nothing less than a twenty
Yo you wanna whole chicken, Mack 10 got plenty
To be a Dopeman, boy you must qualify
Don't get high off your own supplyFrom a Key to a G, it's all about money
Ten piece for a ten, base pipe come free
If people out there not hip to the fact
If you see somebody gettin' money for crack, he's theDopeman, Dopeman
(Mack front me a sack)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(I'll get ya back)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Tryna stack me a grip)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Man, fuck that shit)You need a nigga with money, so you get a Dopeman
Juice that fool for as much as you can
She like his car, and he get with her
Got a black eye, 'cause the Dopeman hit herLet that slide, and you pay it no mine
Find that he's slappin' you all the time
But that's okay, 'cause hes so rich
And you ain't nothing but the Dopeman's bitchDo what he say, and you keep your mouth shut
Talkin' that drag might get ya fucked up
You sit and cry, if the Dopeman strike you
He don't give a fuck, he got two just like youThere's another girl in the Dopeman's life
Not quite a bitch, but far from a wife
She call a Strawberry, and everyone knows

Strawberry, Strawberry is the neighborhood hoe
Do anything for a hit or two, give a bitch a rock
She fuck the whole damn crew
It might be your wife and it might make you sick
Come home and see her mouth on the Dopeman's dick
Strawberry, just look and you'll see her
But don't fuck around, she'll give you Ghonorea
If people out there, not hip to the fact
Strawberry is a girl, sellin' pussy for crack to the
Dopeman, Dopeman
(From a ounce to a key)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Tryna get this cheese, man)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Cluckers riding my dick)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Man fuck that shit) If you smoke caine, you a stupid motherfucker
Know around the hood as the schoolyard clucker
Doing that crack with all the money you got
On your hands and knees searchin' for a piece of rock
Fienin' for a hit, and you lookin' for more
Done stole a Alpine out of Wavy six four
Smokin' like a train, man I wouldn't want to be you
Done took from the homies, betta run, when i see you
Ballin' everyday, doing more drug deals
Rollin' round town, on the twenty inch wheels
If people out there, not hip to the fact
If you see Mack 10, you can ask me for crack, I'm the
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Yeah, that's me)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(From a ounce to a key)
Dopeman, Dopeman
(Cookin' much as I can)
(Yo fuck that shit, who am I)
The Dopeman Mack 10, nigga, you must be slick
Put Squeak on the team, now he stackin' chips
Good lookin' out, for showin' love
Now I got bitches on my dick 'cause I'm flossin' dubs

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>