

## 2 Hard 4 The Fuckin' Radio

Mac Dre

Listen up, I'm about to get dope  
It ain't nothin' but some shit I wrote  
About a young brotha deep in the game  
They call me Mac Dre and I'm keepin the name  
I sport Nikey shoes, I got a mic to use  
To talk bad about suckers, I don't like the fools  
Down and dirty bout spittin' my hits  
And if not, I'm gettin' my grits  
Playin' the game like it's supposed to be played  
Makin' much more than the minimum wage  
Not a pimp daddy, don't drive a Caddy  
I just mack and get all that babby  
Dre, you know I never slow down  
Smokin cesstee until I'm really towed down  
Walk into the party, fully perked  
Grab the microphone and let the mouthpiece work  
I got hype and the game starts flowin'  
The girls get freaky and it starts showin'  
And when the party's over at the end of the night  
They say: Damn, Mac Dre you ain't nothin' polite  
Cause I'm the numero uno, could never be the dos  
A Mack named Dre and I'm poppin the most  
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though  
And too hard for the fuckin' radio

"Tell me somethin' good"  
I'm too hard for the fuckin' radio

My rhymes are dope cause Mac Dre made 'em  
And made you geek every time you play them  
On your tape deck, hooked to your Sacco  
A little hard, but brotha I'm a mack, though  
Nothin' nice, makin' raps that you wanna hear  
Gettin cessted, put my hands on the beer  
I can't help it, that's what I like to do  
Sloppy drunk, rappin' on the mic for you  
A young brotha, kinda bone-skinny  
I take a girl to the golden penny  
Get romantic, just like I planned it  
Then cut turf and leave the girl stranded  
Is it hard becuz I just beat it?  
Not really, that's what the girl needed  
That's game, I thought that you knew this  
Mack game, and mine is the smoothest  
Like lotion I'm in motion  
I'm a mack, I was a big ocean  
But no matter what the fuck your name is  
Nothin' nice is what my game is  
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though  
And too hard for the fuckin' radio

"Tell me somethin' new"  
I'm too hard for the fuckin' radio

Come to the Northside of the V  
The C the r the e the s-t  
Hit Lennard, what will be seen?

20 young niggaz gettin full of the Hen  
This is the Romper Room, and you know who I am  
The mack named Dre, so get with the program  
Nothin' proper, freaks will clock ya  
And if there's funk, then punk we'll mop ya  
So beware of the four-door Delta  
Get your crew if you think they can help ya  
And step up but not too close  
Cause the Crestside is poppin the most  
And all you girls, don't you feel left out  
And to the boys, I've worn that flesh out  
And after that we can still be friends though  
And if not, we'll be friends with the Indo  
Romper Room kickin on Lennard Street  
Mac Dre full of the Hennessy  
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though  
And too hard for the fuckin' radio