## **Grown Shit**

Yep, Yea, Yep, Yea, Yep Don't stop won't stop won't quit Never could never would Mac Dre back with some more shit You know (yadida mean, yadida mean) Come on man

I'm a rap matic track addict And I'm back at it Play me a beat with this heat I'm a blap at it The cat scated, when the mac spatted You don't want to see me, punk get your hat flatted Dope like a crack addict, or a hop head Spit it clear so you can hear, what I said Pot head, hot head nigga that got dreads Got bread stop red get hit with the hot lead My bed, you might see three things High heels, my pills, and hoes in G strings I see things, through my pimpin glasses Cheesy macaroni, teaching pimpin classes I dips and mashes, Mercedes Benzes Might wear stunnas without the lenses I'm off the hinges I handle business Leave no clues, witness, or forensics No co-defendance all by my lonesome Won't see Solano, Quintin, or Folsom I doce em, at the four way stop sign Forty HK don't fuck with Glock nine I rock rhymes, I'm a star I'm famous Got my own language cool when I slang it Oh, I'm all out the door 351 with the shift in the floor

Come on you beezy let's do some grown shit Put on a tight thong too small that don't fit When I'm on the thizz I'm a fool I don't quit Unborn kids, nut I own shit

Dre rock rhymes from here to New York Only smoke rope no coke or New Ports Hubotchi Benihana pork on my fork Rapping is a sport and this is my court Do anything to win my referees cheat I flagrant foul and bruise to beat Read em and weap I'm a royal flush Give me some shrums So I can get mushed Kick dust, always in something tight Hella loud with the whistle or the suction pipe Fucking dikes, in Vegas or Reno ask Kilo, nigga he know I'm well connected I know big wells Did shows in harryels been in hella jails and federals But nigga it never fails The shit don't stop when I drop hella sales Hella mail, call me the postman From Vallejo born in Oakland

Yolking, Dodge Diplomats Fuck three strikes get the bitch to bat