

Not My Job

Mac Dre

Dre rock the jewelry with the clear stones
And get on a nigga head like some earphones
I finna spit it, with a clear tone
Get yo attention, the biggest thang since the T.V. invention
Dope as yola, I'm a big shot, a show off
Plus I'm a big pimp, I get tow off
Fuck a good job, she need a good jaw
And sell BJ's until her mouth get raw
I'm from the California coast, beaches and riches
Hit the cot, get ghost, no more sleepin' with bitches
I got a coughnut, sittin' on wires
On Vogues bitch, not Michellin tires
Can't control my desires, I buy from Nordstroms not Fred Myers
Do a lot of weed, love my supplier
She keep it, fuck the blood out my supplier
Man I'm bigger than life, I do it Magnum
And bout these broke bitches, I'm through with havin' em'
Dre bogard, he shove and he push
And start war for nothin' G.W. Bush
We be lovin' the cush, but only in the backwood
It ain't a backwood, it ain't all that good
I'm from the streets, where most need heat
But I slice a nigga up like some roast beef meat

I can bust you a rap, but anything else, not my job
I peel ya cap back, but anything else, not my job
I get ya for racks, but anything else, not my job
I make you a slap, but anything else, not my job

Bitch gone ask me to come with her to grocery shop
I told her straight up like this, "no siree bob! "
That's not my job, I don't do that
I'm a pimp slash rapper, I thought you knew that
And where yo dude, should I serve em' the news
And let him know you finna be walkin' in some brand new shoes
Ooh, you a fool, gotta watch thy self
One false move, and you could stop thy self
Sometimes I'm not myself, I'm another man
I'm a rockstar, in another band
Plus I'm the man with plan in his hands
Soon we'll all be playing in sand
Cause to my estimations, and these calculations
And all the money I made off the Rompalation
I finna get as many didgets that's on my license plate
I shit on some of these midgets bitch I can't wait

When I dip, they trip off what Furl dressed in
Plus I got a mouth full girl's best friends
I'm a back to the future new game kind of nigga
Y'all lames is plain, drinkin' the same kind of liquor
Wearin' the same kind of clothes, fuckin' the same kind of clothes
And you bedrock pimpin', meanin' yo games kind of old
You don't want it with me, I'll bother ya
So get lost pal, before I clobber ya
I got golden gloves, I give ya a new look
With stiff left and a sharp right hook
Niggaz know snitches, they ride and they go with them

It's all gravy, as long as they don't tell on them
Me and my team, see we a machine
Fuck with my mans, and I'm a have to intervene
I'm a sporco, and a sauncho
Always lookin' out for Benny Blanco