

# They Don't Understand

Mac Dre

Once upon a time, before I had a 9  
I didn't have to grind all the time  
Thangs was cool and brothers hung out  
The South with the North and the North with the South  
As time went on I started cravin for mail  
Then came the lley' and then I started to sell  
Money, money, money was all I knew  
Cause 24-7 the fiends came through  
Enjoyed this livin in the fast lane  
But little did I know it wouldn't last, mayne  
From sellin the base cocaine I caught me a case  
And then they put me away in a correctional place  
They said I was beyond parental control  
A hard-headed fool with no mental control  
But for months and months I wrote and wrote  
And when I got out of jail, I was funky and dope

Yeah I was straight spittin it to them fools up there, man  
They didn't understand this mouthpiece I had, you know  
I knew I was comin up  
Yo, that's what I try to tell 'em, man  
They don't realize this is how you come up in the nineties  
Aiyo, but what happened when you got back to the hood, though?

Back in the hood thangs was so different  
The rollers was jackin and the brothers was trippin  
Uzis and 9's was kept in the trunk  
Cause the North and the South had high-powered funk  
Thinkin to myself: Dre, leave it alone  
Khayree hooked me up with a microphone  
Deeper and deeper the funk would get  
But I wasn't trippin, I had to keep spittin  
Now I'm cold chillin on the t-o-p  
And still ain't trippin off the funk, baby  
And if you don't get the point of the story I tell  
Quit trippin off the funk and make some mail

I grew up on the westside of Ro'  
Slangin and gangbangin, hangin and smokin do'  
'Stay in the house, don't even think about goin out!'  
My room was a jail cell, so young Ray sneaks out  
I run with the rat pack, stack that, jack that  
Need go mack that  
Tender for dollars and don't take no less  
Than a c-note and stack that with the rest  
Thinkin and knowin it's all about the game  
Dropped out of school for big fortune and much fame  
Runnin around with a rag in your knapsack  
Necks is cracked, Jack, now you pack, black  
Why? To smoke another brotherman?  
Mac Dre, I don't see why don't understand

Never was much of an athlete  
Always craved stages and pages of rhyme sheets and rap beats  
Wakin inside my room through the late night  
Damn near goin blind writin rhymes by a dim light  
Changin up my styles, learnin to flow fast and slow

Kickin the funky tempo, bass breakin the bedroom window  
But now at age 19 I'm made with a crazy fade  
Pockets feelin fat because a brother's crazy paid  
Back to where I used to kick it at  
But since it got crazy everyone comes with a gat  
Got myself a ounce and a bottle of boons  
I checked my watch cause I knew I soon  
Now I'm just sittin here thinkin 'bout days past  
When the police stayed in a brother's ass  
While some brothers every week were gettin bailed out  
I stayed my little black behind out of the jail house