

# Mac Man

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This shit is not a fuckin game  
Pac man, y'all niggas know my name  
It'll take a quarter key to survive in my game  
They call me Pac man, and ain't a damn thing change  
Even though I got signed I'ma still slang thangs

Ay yo I cop power pellets (and y'all call 'em bricks)  
I make little dots (and y'all chop rocks to flip)  
Before junior, they had me out on a chase  
Running from these ghost monsters y'all calling the jakes  
All I do is stack loot  
Run around and eat fruit  
And harass these lady cops named Pinky and Sue  
My whole life been a maze in a chase  
Can't keep still without these monsters on my back invadin my space  
I got two hitmen that'll bury U brothers  
They rule the underworld  
U know'em as the Mario brothers  
Straight cannons  
And won't hesitate to shoot U  
And they stay goin to war wit that latin King Koopa  
I got a worker named Frogger  
When I say jump he leap  
A highway boy who be runin the streets  
Wit that package  
Dodgin through traffic that's narrow  
And my nigga Donkey Kong bringin weed in by the barrels

I take over blocks section by section  
Shake under cover cops and make 'em change direction  
They best bet is to relax and chill  
Sonic couldn't catch me I'm good at track and field  
I might run up in your spot  
When I'm runnin' from the cops  
Sling work a Dime a dot  
A hundred a rock  
I give out cooked  
Yeah But I only get raw  
And I keep a nice stash in case I have a Pitfall  
I got a worker named turtle that be movin my snow  
He bring strait dough  
He just move it too slow  
I don't fuck with them crabs I had to blast those boys  
I caught them breakin down my rocks like asteroids  
Met ms. pac told she could go on a mission  
But first she got to let me put in pole position  
I wish I woulda knew then what I now know sooner  
Cause 10 towns later here come pac Jr.

I got drugs for every race, color, and creed  
I sling mushrooms to white boys in club Centipede  
Donkey Kong was gettin money from slinging weed  
I don't know why he wanna start a pie factory  
We can be partners  
That's murda, us connecting  
Wit the right blow  
And Burger Time doing the cheffin

We can get doe  
Can't let the cops catch us  
And if it move slow (still stack blocks like tetris)  
Whoever don't wanna get down, they stupid  
Not the one to jump around these blocks like Q-bit  
Ain't nobody out there making no noise  
Wit they own route but that nigga Paper Boy  
We can take his stuff  
He ain't tough he a nut  
He always letting Dig Dug pump em up  
I pull a plug on 'em niggas if they don't wanna set it  
Game over niggas, I'll see you next credit