

The Mac

Kamaiyah

Show a little love to Mac Dre, ayy
Show a little bit of love to Mac Wanda, ayy
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From the Bay, show a little love to Mac Dre
Fuck the police, get to stompin' on a Honda, ayy
Show a little love to Mac Dre, ayy
Pop a molly, get to smokin' marijuana (Keep It Lit)

Started makin' bank, got lots of haters
Gettin' dolla-la-la-la, lots of paper
Countin' up bread, it's not a pay cut
Got dolla-la-la-la, lots of paper
Big Bentley coupe, this bitch is spacious
Gettin' dolla-la-la-la, lots of paper
I'ma keep mobbin' with all my day-ones
'Bout dolla-la-la-la, lots of paper

You say we's friends, but you not the homie, ayy
Ho, I could tell, how you hatin' on me, ayy
I wear Chanel, got fresh makeup on me, ayy
My shooter tell and he stinkin', homie, ayy
Rich bitch, got like four whips, ayy
You broke as shit, ain't got no chips, ayy
Arm, neck, wrist frozen, ayy
I'm so Eastside Oakland, ayy
I do what I wanna, watch me bend the corner
Fuck OPD, fuck around, start doin' donuts
Tonight, you fuckin' me, I forget it in the mornin'
Got the city litty every time a nigga showin' up
Went stupid on shit and I ain't slowed up
Big gold chain, gold rings, now it's froze up
I fuck with it all day, I be on one
Glock in my purse, I won't change, I don't trust no one

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Punk rock, asked me to go grocery shop
No siree, Bob, I'm in the mob, that's not my job
You know whatty? I do it for the cuddy
Thizz face in a bitch face, that snow bunny
Game on Viagra, I go hard
And I treat my bitch like an ATM card
Won't buy her Goyard nor a Birkin bag
Save the drama for your mama, you're not worth all that
Dust myself off like I just stole third
Talk baseball when you're in the presence of nerds
Gee willikers, jiminy crickets, and them shenanigans
I'm dipped in butter, fly as a mannequin
Saucy, fresh as a manicure, ooh

Throwback Dope Era, tracksuit is velour
And I'm still S-T-U-P-I-D
And I own the club, I don't need ID, yee

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