

## 42 Fake

Mac Dre

Homegirl said, Mac Dre come through  
(She told a nigga to come through)  
Let me whoop this puss on you  
(You can't whoop that puss on me)  
Ain't no ho puss worth my life  
(Ain't no puss worth my life)  
I ain't know this ho was shiest  
(I didn't know the ho was shiest)

I met her on a Thursday at the DMV  
She was payin' registration, I was tryin' to get an I.D  
Didn't trip 'til she talked intellectual  
And the way she moved was hella sexual  
I threw bait, strictly experimental  
Dropped my pencil made it look accidental  
She bit quick like a big mouth bass  
And when she picked up my pencil all I saw was ass  
I said what's your name, she said my name's LaShawn  
I said excuse my ebonics, but baby you the bomb!  
She smiled, told me I was far from ugly  
Asked me how I was doin', I said lav lav lovely  
Looked at my watch, said my schedule's tight  
But if you give up the number I'll call your ass tonight  
Right  
She was with it and gave up the digits  
And when I called later on she said come visit

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Who is it? She said when I knocked on the door  
I said it's young MD, oh, you ain't knowin'  
Stepped inside and I could tell from a distance  
She was burning scented candles and maybe even incense  
Boy, I tell ya, she was in the mood  
She said, I hope you're hungry 'cause I cooked up some food  
She lit the fireplace, threw on a love ballad  
Before the main course we ate shrimps and salad  
We talked for a while and drank Zinfandel  
She had ass like ten games of big pin the tail  
On the donkey  
Chocolate, opposite from honky  
All I can think about is hittin' that monkey

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She was diggin' your folks, boy I could tell  
How she served fat steaks and big lobster tail  
On the first visit, everything exquisite  
The door bell rang, she didn't ask who is it  
She must've knew dude, 'cause she gave him some cash  
He kicked down a twomp sack and a fat gram of hash  
We smashed, we turned joints to doobies  
She eightysixed the music and pulled out three movies  
Mahogany, The Mack, Baby Got Back  
She said, I'll be right back, roll the rest of that sack  
I rolled the weed up, then I kicked my feet up  
Then two niggas came in with masks on, G'd up  
The plot thickens, I'm slippin' like a muthafucka  
Mopped and chopped and gettin' treated like a sucka  
Five minutes ago, I was finna fuck great  
But now I'm gagged up, wrapped in duct tape  
They choked me, broke me, and dropped me off on the bridge  
And all I can think about was killin' that bitch  
My worst mistake, fuckin' with a snake  
How a playa gonna fall for that Fortytwo Fake?  
That Fortytwo Fake

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