

## Bonus Track

Mac Dre

They Say Benzes Roll Beamers Jet And Cadies Keep On Dippin'  
Well I Must Be Trippin' I'm In The Old School Pie Flippin' Sellin' Them High Jippin's Tendin' To My Pimpin'  
Time Flippin' Late I'm On My Way Not Enough Hours In The Day To Be Dree  
I'm El Presidente' I Run Things tote Gun Things And Never Run From Things  
Brave Heart But I'm Not Mel Gibson I'm Dope Like Coke That Was Cooked In The Kitchen  
Dabbin' Revolution Stabbin' And I'm Goosin' Mini-Me Laptops Many Beats That Knock Lots Of Hemp Lobster Nopt Shrimp Big Perm Maybe I Pimp Some Babys  
All Ways Shoppin' No More Hall Moppin' Hella Nikes With Gucci Hella Nites With coochie

I Tell Baby Play Casper Be Friendly Ghost On Em' After You Host On Em',  
She A Team Player I'll Play Coach On Em' Like A Dubbie In The Jump Play Roach On Em'  
Won't Smoke On Em' If It Ain't Dalalalots Of Notes On 'em  
C Status Won't Holla Till it's G Status I'm cut throat 3 c savage  
What Eva Me Wont Me Have  
See Me Lavish Yo' trash might be cash Gimme That Push  
Like Little Mama In Labor I Push Puss  
That's Real Talk All Scrill Talk cus cus  
Where The Fuck U Cut 1 G Aw Naw Bitch Wasn't Enough  
And Till' This Day Wont Love Wont Get Paid And 4 U This Song Is Just Like The B\*\*\*\* Say

This is a tape, but at the same time it's I'll  
They say this is your fate to be a husalah that's real  
Look at my face, I do give women the chills  
These niggas see that I'm pretty they think they know what the deal  
Go head get shot, buried in a hill, this is very very real, I suggest you stay very still  
I draw heavy steel, whatever? and still get shot  
You still punk rock still work builders on the block (?)  
I'm 21 with children on the block, that kill on the spot  
Grown accustomed to shootin and still won't stop. They don't stop the y rock blocks... ? tried to tell you niggas but you still don't listen  
Understand that my future is in question, my life is a lesson for niggas in my profession,  
These streets is deep like the womb and leave niggas with tombs, sweet like the smell of cooked keys in the room with Either that or parole hoes, in every hood like coke and 5 He fuck with trife hoes, every nigga know niggas those  
I arose out the dirt and manifested a husalah  
Shot for snitches, cock for bitches, rock for riches, and burn homegrown sucka

Now I Can Talk A B\*\*\*\* Brain Out Her Noggin, and slide across thin ice

e like toboggan  
Wizzle Be A Fool fo' We Get The Smobbin', bitch quit sobbin get a tri  
ck dick throbbin  
Now you can be a sidekick like batman and robin no allstar pimpshit  
The beat got her bobbin her head don't stop like she keep on nodding  
And all I do is collect and sell the product  
I knock a baywatch bitch dipped in Prada, and still check all of it e  
very dollar  
And I don't even call but they hear me holler, and yeah that bitch Tr  
ina run game on Scholar  
Get it for ya father or don't even bother, a bitch circuits overload  
I won't stop her  
Bitch non stop, hoed up robotic, and every piece of dough the bitch t  
ouch I got it

I had nobody to call, nobody to turn to  
When the feds hit my door, you like that didn't concern you  
When they pulled up with that van and recovered the birds, you was ki  
nda glad I got took you felt I deserved it...