

## Fonky Situation

Mac Dre

Yeah, this Miami, one more gin  
Looie Crew related  
And uh, I'ma tell y'all what real funk is  
When you kill a motherfucker  
Keep the body for about three or four days, then smell it  
Then you handled your business  
Mac Dre, introduce these niggas to some funk, man

Chillin' at a house party, me and my 40  
Chokin' off dank rolled up in a pierogi  
Cot everywhere, I mean the bitches was at that  
I'm peepin' the scene seeing who I'm a mac at  
This bitch walked in lookin real prizznity  
With no hesitation, I step to the brizznity  
Said, "How you doin', baby, can I spit at you?  
Saucy young tender, can I get at you?"  
She musta recognized the potent pimpin' on sight  
'Cause she was jockin' MD for the rest of the night  
We smoked dank, and drank Tanqueray  
I said, "Baby, are you sure you can hang with Dre?"  
With the party still poppin' we shook the spot  
Cut to my Brougham and I took the cot  
For 25 minutes MD was shovin' it  
She was screamin' my name and I could tell she was lovin' it  
Cock was thrust, nuts was busted  
In this no good bitch that some nigga trusted  
Pulled up my pants and she put on some lipstick  
Went back in the party feelin' pimperistic  
I couldn't help but notice that this nigga was starin'  
I thought he was trippin' off the clothes I was wearin'  
But, he stepped to MD and said, "What's up, punk?  
You been fuckin' my bitch and now I want some funk"  
I said, "I'm not with the drama so you can save the theatrical  
I macked on your bitch 'cause she appeared to be mackable"  
But instead of this nigga being real on a playa  
He took a step back and tried to steal on a playa  
I said, "Look fool, nobody smashes Dre  
I throw these thangs like young Cassius Clay"  
With one blow, I sent the punk to the flo'  
And said, "Get your ass up if you want some more"  
These niggas ran up, they musta been his crew  
Now tell me what the fuck was I supposed to do?  
Cut to the Brougham and got the M-double-8  
So I can get these motherfuckers from up out of my face  
Let off a rat-a-tat, hopped in my Cadillac  
And burned long rubber on them suckers I gatted at  
No hesitation, puttin' down a demonstration  
I gets dirty in a fonky situation

Oh, you niggas ain't the fuck learned about the situation being stinky  
You must be just real retarded as your mother is  
Well, look here, man, a motherfucker done told you what to do from the gate  
And if you ain't did it, you ain't havin' no funk, trick  
Dre, tell them one more time 'fore I kick 'em in they behind

I got my choppa on my left with my finger on the trigga  
Rollin' in a glasshouse feelin' like that nigga

Suckas started static last night now I'm searchin'  
Finna put some work in, 'gnac got me perkin'  
Seen a sucka posted with his bitch at the liquor store  
Put in the clip and go, didn't mean to hit the ho  
Fully automatic Mac-11 spittin' fast  
Make sure I get that ass, then I hit the gas  
Punch it to the hood, switchin' up now I'm back  
Rollin' in the 'Lac, still sippin' 'gnac  
Rollers to their right get behind me, I don't trip  
They lookin' for a nigga in a Chev, I don't slip  
High speed chase if they want to harass me  
Put the lights on, switch lanes then pass me  
Had me kinda noid but no longer am I spooked  
And man, like I said, if they jacked me they was juke  
Creep to the spot where my homeboys romp  
Niggas on the dice gettin' paid shootin' twamps  
30 minutes later pockets fat now I'm cool  
Steppin' out the house, niggas scream "Get that fool"  
Suckers smash up in the deuce and a squirrel  
Three bald heads and this nigga with a curl  
Bullets let loose, I get it in the chest  
Fools smash off screamin', "Trick, fuck the Crest"  
Waitin' for the motherfuckin' ambulance  
Thinkin' to myself: I don't stand a chance  
Dizzy and my breathing is impossible  
Next thing I know I'm at the hospital  
Wakin' up hurt, fresh out the trauma  
Lookin' at my bitch, and my baby's mama  
They tryna act cool, but I know they hate it  
My baby's mama said, "Damn Dre, you barely made it"  
Straight tore back, sore than a motherfucker  
Thinkin' to myself: Man, I gotta smoke another sucker  
Chillin', illin', back on the street  
Strapped with my gat layin' in the back seat  
Got a white boy drivin' lookin' like a nerd  
Rollin' in a fucked up Thunderbird  
Got my gloves on, hoodie and my mask and  
Mad than a motherfucka, finna do some blastin'  
We hit this dope track like we lookin' for some rocks  
And I hop out the back door and quickly get to poppin'  
Suckers start droppin', and I stop cappin'  
And hop back in, just like nothin' happened  
No hesitation when I'm puttin' down a demonstration  
I gets dirty in a fonky situation

See, that's how it go down when you niggas creepin' on the other side of town  
And just 'cause your hutch got loose  
And Mac Dre put down the goose  
And I rode it caboose  
Don't let coolies make no more money off you niggas, man