

Gumbo

Mac Dre

Whassup boy?
What's happening playa, just sitting here, you know
Putting together some of that ghetto gumbo, you know
Some motherfucking gumbo?
Yeah nigga, gum in the mother fuck bo
Like that there?
Yeah, I got my niggas in here, we finna put it down
You know what I'm saying, real, real special
You know? Check it out, like this here

As I get to bustin'
This introduction
Of mind corruption
And rhyme seduction
I steal and fill brains
With game and mo' thangs
Like them dope thangs
And what that hoe brang
Creep on Crest streets
Speak on fresh beats
Hit the motel, and freak on fresh sheets
And wet sheets, is the end result
Been killing long cock since ten years old
See I blend this old-game with this new
And ain't no telling what a bitch will do
Now picture you
In my position
Steady getting sweated by the opposition
Could you handle
All this scandal
And keep on stepping like boots and sandals
My handle, is young Mac Dre
Silky slim, is my A.K.A
And you know that bay is my rompin' grounds
I mean stompin' grounds
But I like the way Rompin' sounds
So I'm a keep it
Romp related
And if it ain't down with the romp, I hate it

Well let me jump into the pot with all the hustlers and players
Chop potatoes with Phillie faders, Knocking niggas with Tre Eights
But now I
See my niggas at the spot with the session
Illegal product
Then people plotted, rotted with no confessions
Smith and Wessons
Demonstrations with Fully Autos, actin'
Conversations at the lab to keep the trackers trackin'
Double backin' to the spot where all the money filter
Keep it on the down low
You never tell about your scrilla
On the reala
I breaks it down in all directions
It's the Fillmoe players with the O
And the Crest connection
All in the session with my folks, You know they got the Dolo

Hit the gateway tracks, like some fiends in a forward Volvo
Bought a Bolo
Seen Kelly, mashed off, and then we hollered
Trailing Coolio and Mac Dre in a green Impala
Getting cloudy
The laboratorys just like a porny
Got a patient
Cousin Quinn is making the shit get saramani
Hella fetti
We ready, steady, with all the bumbles
Keeping it real with Dangerous Dame and Mac Mall in this fucking gumbo
Straight paper
Straight fetti
Straight gumbo

Niggas we pull
Niggas will say so
We hit the strip from San Jose, to Vallejo
Make more scrilla by the mouth piece
Non-talking niggas don't know shit about me
Ignore 'em like bitches
Respect
There ain't a hand out
Like a sore thumb, fake niggas always stand out
Player hater prayer
Praying that I buckle everyday
Ain't worth five cents, or my knuckles to the face
But my burners ain't feeling no flesh
If you niggas wanna test
Let it jump and we could put the shit to rest
You thinking deeply
But I be on service like a shark
Consider me that hate, but see I serve you from the heart
'cause love loves me
And hate loves me
So what the fuck you think?
You can't fuck with me
You paying dopefiends, to put 'em to work
But now your money's gettin' low
While I be getting low with this wicked flow
You got at me last night
But I wasn't asking who was bustin' the trigger
I'm blowing big bomb smoke, yelling "Nothin' ass nigga"
My pimping ain't soft
I'm taking no losses
So why the hell do you persist to put me in crosses?
You thought it was shackles, but then they was ropes
And now they're spider webs
I broke on you hoes
I know what you're doing before you do it
Got an outside plan, but in the end you're looking stupid
Huh, yeah
'Cause Dangerous Dame got 'em riding on the freeway
Actions speak louder
I don't fuck with he say-she say
Think you got game?
Never could you have it
You niggas are crying wolf, while I'll be fucking Jessica Rabbit
Straight trading places
But fool this ain't no dream
You was happy as hell when you had me under your infra red beam

Once again, get low for the East O

Add a little recipe to the gumbo

Add me

Mix me up

Stir me in the pot with these niggas that fix me up

See, back in '91, Coolio was the shit

So now we cooking a batch of gumbo and it ain't gonna quit

My nigga the Bigga Figga, adding that spice so fool it's saucy

You bitches thinking you'll eat for free, well this shit is costly

So back up off me

And recognize the sound is poppin'

Beause we steadily droppin' dope, like the keys you coppin'

Mother fuckers, they get to actin foul

When they know they can't fuck with the style

Smile punk mother fucker, sucka, hating bustas

Ain't no friends when it comes to ends, so you can not trust us

But trust me

You can not dust me, or try and bust me, dumbo

Your ass gets heated in this pot of gumbo