

I'm n Motion

Mac Dre

I'm in motion

Peep game, I started like this
I'm nothin' ***** nice with the mic in my fist
Never slackin when I'm mackin, get straight to the point
And always got my damn lighter to the mothaf*ckin' joint
Mac Dre, dope as you ever knew
Taxin muthaf*ckas like Internal Revenue
Knocken 'em off the top like it ain't no thang
Suckers cant hang with the way I slang
Ryhmes flow smooth like milk fom a cup
Straight cussin when I'm bustin' don't be givin a f*ck
'Cause there's no room for weak and soft ones
Square muthaf*ckas end up lost ones
I'm the type of brotha that you don't wanna see
Mobbin on the S T A G E
Doper then a joint a that D A N K
Got more soul then Koonta Kinte
Young playa', down for the mail
Even bustin' tapes when they put me in jail
Straight, from the C E double L
Nevertheless, funky fresh, boy I'm never stale
Pumpin your brain up with game gettin' groovy'en
Doper then a key of that pure Peruvian
Uncut, dope as x-rated
Some hate it 'cause they cant relate
But I'm takin' out every time
'Cause sucka, slayin is a full time job
Not one to brag, but to tell you the truth mayne
I'm funkier than a locker room after a hoop game
To put it to you straight, I'm one nice dream
I'll make your brain, melt like ice cream
Given it to you just the way you like to be gave to
You never hear Dre do or say what they do
'Cause I'm no biter, Ill just write a
Rap that caps on a young sucka that might a
Step outta line, dissin' a ryhme
becomin Mac Dre is like commitin a crime
Ill best the rest, but test the best
But nevertheless the funky fresh, rizaps
makin' lots of snizaps
Suckas try to hang, Ill make a tape fizat
But some take no?, try to throw those
Slightly dope raps but I just show those
Suckas sudden death, I never slowly kill
Knocken 'em off the box like Evander Holyfield
I cant be touched when I'm on the microphone
Ill make sucka MC's leave the mic alone
One by one, they all bow down
And get riggidy romped out to this Mac Dre sound
Sometimes I cuss but whenever I bust
I keep the fans geeked and they cant get enough
Like a dope fiend hooked on the glass pipe
Or an alchoholic hooked on the ack-right
My raps make love to your ear hole
it's the diggity dope shit you love to hear, hoe

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Saucey, yes I got flava
When I'm ***** it up man nothin' can save ya
droppin' the funky **** like a A duble S hole
Romper room soldier comin' straight from the Crest hoe
Hotter then hot sauce, love to cock toss
Bitches get sprung when I'm gettin' my rocks off
'Cause I'm not the type that be bustin' quick ones
I like to hit the cock in all positions
From the back, or with the ***** on top
With young Mac Dre, mayne, it just don't stop
There ain't a piece of p*ssy that I cant get
Hoes on my dick like stank on *****
They just love they way, I T A L K
Your so saucey, Is what they tell Dre
Then ten minutes later they be wantin' to G this
Jealous muthaf*ckas be hatin' to see this
Player haters try, to salt me up
doin' punk ****, to fault me up
But that bullshit don't faze me
Shes still sprung, and she still pays me
With the quickness, she ain't hesitant
Given up them dead presidents
That lovey dovey **** I just cant get with
I charge hoes for this black big dick
Fly young tenders with lots of green
Be kickin' me down like a slot machine
breakin' me off somethin' more than propper
Young Mac Dre's a cold cash clocker
Not the type of brother that be tastin hoes
I'm the type of ***** that be lacin hoes
'Cause the ***** ain't **** but five letters
She don't kick down, then I sweat her
Mack the *****, crack the *****, break her
She wont pay then mayne I shake her
'Cause money makes the world spin
***** a wife and a girlfreind
it's all about S N A P S
A ***** thats broke, just ain't fresh
Some ***** think they gotta pay
**** that ****, not Mac Dre
Ill tell 'em like this, it costs to toss me
'Cause ain't no *****, that damn saucey
Hoes get sprung on the S E X
And don't hesitate given up the cheques

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