

# If You

Mac Dre

Yeah, what's up cuddie  
Pass me that Radio Raheem  
So I can do my thing  
Yeah, Mac Drizzle

I'm the kind of nigga that'll come through and yoke on you  
Burnin rubber in the shitnell, with the 4-0-2  
Dippin, dashin, smashin, through the traffic  
Smokin, chokin, hopin I don't wrap it  
Cause my candy's look wet, three coats of clear  
Miami's on deck with three quarts of beer  
Clownin all the freaks but he still gets jocked  
Bouncin in the seat while the 15's knock  
I'm dipped in butter everybody jocks my style  
Cal hat pulled down to my eyebrow  
Polo geared down, I'm in her ear now  
Spillin' it, she's feelin it, it's all clear now  
One more hoe, on my team  
I'm a pimp homeboy, what do you mean  
Its all about scrilla in the land of thugs and killers  
Gangstas, pimps, players, and drug dealers

If you, wanna fuck with me  
Be about yo doe, I gots to get my doe  
I'm just want to let you know  
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Its 2 in the morning and I'm still chasin cash  
Other niggas in the club, still chasin' ass  
Fuck thizat, I'm all about my scrizatch  
I got my fishing pole out trying to cizatch  
A big fish, I'm hungry, need a big bitch  
I'ma bump a bitch with the quickness  
Boy it's just pimpin in my blood  
Bitches, they all give him love  
The Mac named Dre bitch, take it easy  
You fuckin wit a street nigga that's greasy  
I'll buck yo brotha, fuck yo mothra  
Keep it on the DL, it's all undercover  
I'm a hustla bitch, I pull capers  
I only fuck with thugs that get paper  
Chips, chedda, scrilla, real niggas, killas, and drug dealers

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24 hours, 7 days a week  
I do my thug thang, playin in them streets  
But the game I play really ain't no joke  
Come around my way and you might get smoked  
Bulletproof vests', Chevy SS's

Come through in a bucket, the next day in a Lexus  
It's a ghetto life, I don't have no wife  
Boy I'm married to the game and I handle my  
Business, I'm in this for the money not the honey  
Square bitches spooked, they all run from me  
Dummy, bitch, if you knew better, you do better  
I'ma stay on bitch back like new sweaters  
Mac Dre baby, quit talkin crazy  
When you get about some money, it's all gravy  
Ask my last bitch square, that's all reala  
I only fuck with pimps, killaz and drug dealers

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