

# Mac Dre Boy

Mac Dre

Yea I'm on...  
Ugh... that's real...  
For real that's you?  
He said that's real!

Since I was a young buck  
My mackin was cool  
I use to tongue kiss girls  
In the back of the school  
And maybe sometime a nigga  
Got more than a kiss  
I put my finger in some puss  
That smelt like piss  
And as I reminisce its kinda funny  
How I talked lil girls out they lunch money  
They didn't run from me  
They used to jock young Dre  
Then I stepped up game  
And got some cock one day  
It was a bloody mess  
And yes tight as some vice grip  
But I was a lil nigga killin some tight shit  
Tossed her and started fuckin her few friends  
Cause she told two friends and they told two friends  
And word got out that young Dre could fuck good  
Then I fucked a bitch who could fuck and suck good  
And after that cock was nothin to me  
So I flipped the script and stopped fuckin' for free  
Every bitch I dicked down  
Had to kick down  
Whoever I tossed up  
Had to cough up  
Young in the game man  
But quick to learn  
That money makes this world turn  
So I peeped game  
Popped that thang  
And let fools know  
How I got that name  
Mac Dre, boy...

I use to creep on Crest Streets  
With a tight mask on  
Posted, Toasted getten my cash on  
Strapped with a gat and a bottle of hendo  
Orange zig-zags and big bags of that endo  
I pushed pebbles through the midnight hour  
24-7 same clothes no shower  
Dope sacks smellin' like nut sacks  
But fuck it  
I was checkin duckets  
Collectin buckets, but now  
I'm fresh out the pen  
With a chip on my shoulder  
And now that I'm older  
My blood runs much colder  
Somebody told a Fed I was in the mix

Hittin' licks  
Nigga ain't that a bitch?!  
I make raps, stay far from saps  
Check my traps and collect my snaps  
Country Club Crest is where I got this game  
And rappin' on the mic is how I got that name...

Yea Mac Motha Fuckin Dre  
Up in here with my patna  
Young DJ Reels  
My crestside folks  
Aye tell them hoes...