

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 fucked 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 gotten 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...