

# Mac Dre Day

Mac Dre

I'm hyphy, ain't nobody bad like me  
D-boy, B-boy in my Gucci Nikes

Call me Morris Dre, ain't nobody bad like me  
D-boy, B-boy in my Gucci Nikes  
I'm hyphy, knockin' pitches out the park  
Dre in the Bay kickin' bitches out the 'Lark  
I shit while niggas fart, I'm super flossy  
Incoming on my Sprint, outgoing on my faulty  
Get off me, boy, Dre be the most buttered  
Rims spin when I peel to the gutter  
I'll rob your mother, put one in your brother  
No witnesses, and not one word muttered  
C-U-T, T-H-O-A-T D-O-G and a H-O-G  
Mac Dre gon' be dipped when you see him  
And full of that H-double E-M  
I'm a boss, stay coonin'  
Scandal, boy, tell 'em what we doin'

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I'm hyphy, ain't nobody bad like me (Sick Wid It)  
D-boy, B-boy in my Gucci Nikes

I had to hop in my time machine and go back  
And do a song with Dre and make a new age slap  
You punks don't want no static  
I'm a soo city hog, a Sick Wid It savage  
Neffy Neffy, pop like ecstasy  
If she ain't gettin' texts from me, the ho ain't ever next to me  
I grow trees and my grow trees hoodie slangin' P  
I'm the newest living legend out the fuckin' V  
Hyphy, in Girbauds and Nikes  
My nigga S Geezy keep me Bathing fat steezy  
And a bitch'll never leave me 'cause I'm so damn peezy  
Slappin' on a blap from my nigga Sean Teezy (Sean T)  
Neffy Belafonte, he's so raw  
Send a direct message to a bitch nigga jaw (Bitch ass nigga)  
The race over, boy, you slow niggas lost (Man, you lost)  
Young Pharaoh, young king, young god

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I'm hyphy, I gets it nightly  
Three C savage, the shit's inside me  
Alright, see, I'ma say it politely

You a boring ass bitch and you don't excite me  
Bite me, but that's not likely  
I'll backhand yo' ass with this Bentley Brightling  
Ayy (Ayy) - who's your friend?  
Um, you can come but lose your friend  
My bitch with me with her Gucci ice box  
\$650 on these Gucci hi-tops  
Fuck with me, I'll leave you in ice knots  
I still ride with Kilo and his one-eyed cyclops  
J. Bledsoe, my Nikes retro  
No more iPhone, it's back to Metro  
One more, I'm gone, it's back to the hood  
Just roll me some cookies up, and make it a Backwood

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Look, in the East, I'm a beast, yeah, I'm the quarterback  
Whatever cost the most, I'ma order that (Yep)  
Across the border strapped, I know them eses with the coke white  
Got niggas out in Detroit with sub for that low price  
The steak ain't right without the A1  
And I can't leave out my house without a gun  
Look, Gucci on my tennis shoes, I'm winnin', I ain't finna lose  
That rapper gone bad, can't be slippin', gotta stick and move  
I'm hyphy, slap the shit up out your wifey  
Like twenty in my pocket but I still rock a white tee  
Four niggas in the Benz with the dreadlock hair  
I'm a California Bear, spittin' game all in your ear  
Bitch, I'm icy, I swear this lean got me screwed up  
Bounced out on the track and every ho I seen choosed up  
Look, I'm a rude boy 'til I die  
Bitch try to tell me what to do, I'm like, "That's not my job"

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I'm saucy and dippy, Dorito chippy  
I'm from Ice City so you know I'm drippy  
My niggas grow trees, they don't fuck with trippy  
Beat a bitch like Kizzy, fuck more hoes than Drizzy  
Who is he? What she say when I slide up  
Pulled off on sixes, throwin' my side up  
I fucked with the Mac, the D-R-E (The D-R-E)  
And me and The Jack was tight as PRPs  
Call Mr. Chow's, see, he our beast  
Real ass niggas, bitch, we are these  
You a rat tryna see our cheese  
Subzero on a punk rock, freon freeze  
I'm cold as ice, I'm a polar bear (Polar bear)  
Drive through the ice, you know I'm there

North Pole is my home, I'm Santa Claus  
'Bout to splash on a bitch like a cannon ball

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What's up, man?

What's up? This Dre

What's happenin' wit' you? Where you at?

I'm on the 205...