

Maca-Frama-Lamma

Mac Dre

You crash-helmet wearin' heffer
You turf-dirt tramp
You sack-chasin ass cunt
Bathwaterless bitch

What's up with it ho, tell me, what's it all about?
Seems you always talkin' shit when this pimp dick not in your mouth
And then you wonder why a nigga quick to dig your helmet
And slap your ass so hard when usually I'm smooth as velvet
See trick I'm from the Bay and man we make them broads Obey
And if you don't then you gon' sport up on sling and neck brace
Word to OJ and my nigga Ike Turner
If that ho don't know her role them I'mma learn her
Since out I turned her, she get hella emotional
But don't let them square biz feelings get that ass beat down
And even now I get the feminists sayin'
"A real man would never put his hands on a woman"
But a punk-bitch ain't no lady
They shifty and shady
Crooked connivin' 5150 crazy
But I'm quick to introduce her to the Mac-Prozac
Choke-holds and back hand slaps
Now bitch dig that!

Maca-frama-lamma punk ho toe-tagga
Savage mainy-mannish plus a money hungry bastard
Big face stacker and a mouth piece master
Never chase that bitch I'd rather let you suckas catch her

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Now to understand a maca-frama-lamma
You must first know the lingo
Comprehend the grammar
Feel me when I flow, learn what I'm lacing
Mac, I Mastered the Art of Communication
365 days a year
I'm in a bitch's ear
Saying what she wanna hear
Trying to get things clear
If they ain't clear
And if she stay here
She's running like a reindeer
No playin' here, it's mackin' for real
Packin' a steel, stackin' the scroll
So if you happen to feel kinda pimperistic
You got the Furlly Ghost in ya
You feelin' my linguistics
Don't get it twisted
Let's keep this on the up and up
Pimp the Blood up out her if she out there fuckin' up
It's time to toughen up and do this cutthroatish
Them maca-frama-lamma, niggas, is the coldest!

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Oops upside your head
Keep poppin' off at the grill and I'mma beat you like a egg
See your brother's a punk and your daddy's a old man
They get in my business and I'mma send 'em back payin'
You know what I'm sayin'
No, ho, I ain't no gentleman
I'm a cutthroat nigga from that that Crestside Clan
Won't tell you check yourself cause I got it
A tested method to get a bitch back in pocket
See one of my my breezies start to bumpin' them gums
A mac black out, and get to goin' on one
And I don't give a fuck let the police come
Let's split this bitch wig because she much too dumb
Said I don't give a fuck let the police come
Let's split this bitch wig because she much too dumb
We keepin' it mackin' on the real where I'm from
A nothing-ass slut talk shit she gets stomped, stomped

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