

# Young Mac Dre

Mac Dre

Ain't I'm clean...Ain't I'm clean...Ain't I'm clean  
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I'm a dope rhyme thinkin', Hennessy drinkin'  
Nigga that'll do a drive-by in a Lincoln  
Crazy muthaf\*cka, straight sick in the mind  
Man, f\*ck everybody, it's me and my nine  
Switchblade in my pocket, AK in the trunk  
And when I drink fifth of Heem and get sloppy drunk  
I'm ready to do something bad to a nigga  
Straight itchin' to pull that trigga  
Rat-a-tat-tat with my Uzi machine  
No hesitation when I'm doing my thing  
'Cause niggas nowadays have no respect (No respect)  
I cut 'em by myself, put niggas in check  
Punk this, punk that, punk, here's my gat  
I ride around town with it on my lap  
'Cause ain't no tellin' when funk jumps off  
I gotta be first to get mine off  
Since age 13 I've been breaking laws  
Running up in cars with dope in my draws  
Servin' dope fiends them boulders (boulders)  
Steady soakin' game gettin' older (gettin' older)  
Started back when I used to smoke a little weed  
I got my first cot when I played Little League  
A young fool, way too cool  
Hit the 7th Grade, said 'f\*ck some school'  
I used to go so I could just hang out  
Always hear the teachers yell my name out  
Young Dre, always up to no good  
Sittin' in a class with a Walkman under my hood  
Bumpin' \$hort, rappin' to "Friends"  
Sellin' two dime and joints just to make some ends  
The young proper, way too proper  
Muthaf\*ckin' Mac, straight cherry popper  
Street fiend, never at home  
But when I was, I known to bone  
Blowin' little girl's brains up is how I came up  
Gettin' 'em hot, hittin' the spot, makin' 'em all flame up  
When I was young, I loved to f\*ck  
Break dumb hoes and make some suck  
I was a sex fiend, but never did I eat the cot  
I got 'em wet and like I savage I would beat the cot  
In '85, started cravin' for mail  
Then came the yayo and then I started to sell  
Out on the block, I used to slang rocks  
All damn day with the rollers on my jock  
I shook and shake 'em, on chases I would take 'em  
Tryna flip me a drop, a set of Vogues and some Daytons  
Way too shob, hooked with the mob  
Gats had my back, I didn't have to squab  
They didn't understand my money-makin' attitude  
I kept stackin' and my bank got fatter, dude  
Slangin' rock daily in my neighborhood  
To the roamers on the corners and they pay me good  
Hotter than grits, I went straight through the back door

With six, had another chance to stack mo'  
Thangs was cool, no funk with the Southside  
It got funky then a nigga had to hoo-ride  
Eight deep in a mob shot Chevrolet  
Police f\*ckin' with a nigga, man, every day  
In and out of the juvenile system  
They try to tell me but a nigga wouldn't listen  
Got popped, dropped in the boys ranch  
White judge couldn't give a black boy a chance  
It was crazy but the time didn't faze me  
I wrote raps on my bunk being lazy  
Touched down cold in the studio  
Makin' demos with my homeboy Coolio  
Straight spit, talkin' down on a hoe  
Then Khayree put my tape in the sto'  
Mac Dre, boy  
Rock the Bay, boy  
So vicious, a muthaf\*ckin' playboy  
They let it beat on the street for a little while  
Then I told 'em 'bout the California lifestyle  
That I live but the vision I keep spittin'  
Buy my mixtape, muthaf\*cka, 'cause it's hittin'  
( 'Cause it's hittin')

Yeah, Mac Dre, goddamn  
I'm way too ... you know  
I'ma just maintain my composure and do my time like a soldier  
Yeah, that's right, muthaf\*cka  
Come out just a little bit harder, blowin' muthaf\*ckas out the water  
Yeah, you don't hear me though  
Mac Dre is in the house

Ain't I'm clean \*cheering\*