

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*