

Way 2 Saucy

Mac

From California to the west bay I'm on a mission
I'm untochable with percision
Delux playa bitches rushin' to see me on GB
Game is running deeply, I'm like Silk (baby)
Cause they wanna Freak Me
I'm in the zone with my potnas, blaze a spliff and make a wish
Grab the chopper and make a hit
I ain't even trippin' though, we got more Heat then Al Pacino
Just me and my amigo forever counting C-notes
In the casino in Reno we leave them buzzing
Broke and disgusted dusted but f**k it
Peepin' all the latest G-shit
Peep this I be gettin' around make no secret to this hall of game
When they call my name then it's all the same
The question everyone wannts to know is will a baller change?
But my Roots is running deep as Alex Haley
So when you see me give me dap and don't play me

NIgga I sported roll before it was popular
Since grade school been a fool with the choppin' ah
Kill for cutties you couldn't see with bionoculars
Leave you in ashes or with the dirt on top of ya
Crazy like a bag of angel dust suckas don't f**k with us
I stomp you I cut you I gat slap you and tie you up
I f**k with them psychos you toy like Tyco
Your lights on I'm running through your tilt with the hype chrome
Don't ever step to Baby Capone
Boy I have your closest folks and all your family noid
See I'm a 535 never sober always high
Young pimp posted up in the high ride
Ride with them gangstas some say the Wiseguys
Wear fancy clothes but we keep them black 9's
Tomorrow gonna be the shit as long as the sun shine
And ask your bitch I'm way too saucy about mine

Why you wanna hate me cause I'm flossy?
Ha ha ya can't because I'm way to saucy
Ain't f**kin' with you bitches that be bossy
Trying to cramp my style you need to back up off me (2x)

I know why motherf**kers want to hate me cause my floss is tight
You know what the cost to bite is the loss of life
Put my mackin' in perspective, bitch it's a done deal
Keep my clique kind of selective that's how you stay protected
From you buster motherf**kers who don't know
You ran up on a crew of motherf**kers fo' sho to let it go
Hit the strip got the bitches screamin' "Papi"
The cops wanna stop me
They want to set me up but they sloppy
I'm building up my game my hustlin' gang thang
But blow up in skrilla Cali, a must to maintain my composer
Bit the bombest spot for the doja
A 9-4-3-3 soldier, a bitch will most to the square
But I ain't got no choice but to be a player
Cause I ain't even trying to go there
I'm gonna lay back in the cut breakin' bread with the crew
So all you niggas riding for me I'm riding for you

I thought you knew

Come around my way so we so we can sip E&J
Hennessy and Coke niggas gettin' smoked in the alleyway
Them Cali days nothing but sunshine running from the one time
Still hittiin' fences, lifestyle is stupendous
Spittin' true game since wayback
Nigga don't hate me because I'm way phat
Can't put too much on it
I'm saucy floss like Prego, from Diego to the Bay
I'm clockin' grip like Canseco

Now must I

Tear a page of the game for them suckas
Mac & A.K. is the name a straight hustla
Got two hoes eatin' out eachother
Pimp shit and you don't ever have to wonder
At the Ramada I done stayed smokin' ganja
Yo baby mama with Double M up on her
And y'all know what Mall do work pussy like no other
When I'm threw, get blew