

## Way 2 Saucy

Mac

From California to the west bay I'm on a mission  
I'm untouchable 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 want 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