

I'm Dope

Mack 10

I'm dope, dope as it come to street shit
Scrapping niggaz up, down to blasting the heat shit
I'm dope, dope as it come to street shit
From gang banging hustling, to rocking the beat shit

You can catch me in the spot, with bars all around
I'm 36 pieces, when you break me down
I took planes and trains, and buses out of town
If you cook me too long, I might turn brown
Now if the police should come, make sure that I drown
Flush me down the toilet, cause I can't be found
It's certain guidelines, if I'm over a pound
And I can get you washed up, in a small hick town
If you start smoking me, that's when you out of bounds
Cause I can bring you up, if you take me out of town
You know that bitch you fucking with, that claim to be down
Yeah won't you let me and her, jump on the Greyhound
I'll hide in the bag, and I won't make a sound
You can flip me a few times, and we can go clown
Niggaz cut me with a razor, and they set me on the curb
They nicknamed me crack, and they nicknamed me bird

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I'm Ziplock'd in spots, for twenty a graham
I'm sticky no sticks, no seeds or stems
And everybody inhale me, you can sell me in zones
Catch me in a blonde, or you can catch me in a bong
I'm out of town, eight thousand a pound
Niggaz cop me seven grahams at a time, be hop's in the town
They call me do-do, I go with the drank and the mo-mo
I'm the excuse, baby giving up the stank in the Volvo
You can put me in a spot, with a strap and some help
I'm like sherm or X, I can sell myself
I'm in the air, when I get blew out
Cause I'm the one that's called, when your motherfucking case is threw out
Niggaz up North get five, and they piece up on me
Niggaz down South just found out, and they ain't up on me
I'm budded and I'll get you flooded, I'm like green
I'm like chronic, and I'm always on covers of magazines

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I go from powder to tar, I make ya shit in ya draw's
I'm a cold motherfucker, make you have withdrawals
I'ma fix y'all, put me in a spoon and heat me
If I tell you my name, you'd think dogs would eat me
Peep, we can go from 0 to 60
And I'll show you how to make, two hundred from fifty
Niggaz steal for me, niggaz kill for me
Nigga you can fuck around, and check a mill with me
Cocaine and weed is a want, I'm a need
I make people nod, scratch and bleed
I'm in the ghetto, and I'm called smack by G's
And I leave marks under your sleeve, and I can make you believe
I'm dope, and I can make you receive
You can run a train, on the tracks that I leave
Best believe, that I never lose faith in a gunner
When I'm hooked, I'm 11/5 running nigga and I'm dope

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