

## Mac 11 on the Dresser

Nipsey Hussle

It's like 2 o'clock in the studio  
Backed up on the leaks, man, my shit crasp  
But I'm back at you niggas though, you know?  
I guess this fifty five thousand  
So we gon' do it like this  
Uh, Hussle, nigga  
One take too  
Look, uh

Mac 11 on my dresser drawer  
Model bitches like, "Nipsey, what's the weapon for?"  
Niggas tryna take, I give 'em nothin' less than war  
So what's understood there is no explanation for  
Put the box in concrete, then put the safe in floor  
Extra thick carpet, that's what we laid it for  
Young niggas gettin' money's what I make it for  
Play this out your Range Rover and Mercedes door  
Uh  
I graduated from havin' haters  
Now I see it all as fake love, so don't congratulate us  
And thank god for my imagination  
I seen the vision, I'm in it, and now I'm after greatness  
I know that God got me so I practice patience  
Most the time I look inside and find the answers waitin'  
Been tryna change my life but it's aggravating  
Making the same mistakes twice, I'm shackled to Satan  
So let's make a toast to the real niggas  
Self-made success, know how it feel, nigga  
Uh, now raise your glass to the real women  
You know the one who man in jail but she still with him  
Out here on her own but she deal with it  
So I'm gon' tip my S-dome 'cause I'm feeling ya  
I represent that any means necessary  
Chopper in the window pane, lifestyle legendary  
Been treated a lot of ways, it was never fairly  
So we gon' shoot before we march like February  
And they don't like when I rap like that  
They rather I talk about the crime that's always black on black  
And say, "Neighborhood of sixty Crip," in every rap  
So they can play my tape in court and try to lock me up for that  
But I'm cool  
Tell them judges, "Look, I'm never goin' back"  
It's a marathon, nigga, run a lap  
Uh

Fifty six thousand  
All Money In, in  
All Money In, in  
No motherfuckin' money out, nigga  
Alright, that's it, they good

You think I don't know that?  
You know, what I know  
How many times I been on the other end of that fuckin' phone?  
Twenty six times  
Ray, but you just got done saying you and Sonny Black are friends  
You were, you know?

Donnie, I got sent for  
In our thing, you get sent for  
You go in alive, you come out dead  
And it's your best friend that does it