

Beanie Sigel, Macman

This shit is not a fuckin game

Chorus 2X

Pac man, y'all niggas know my name
It'll take a quarter key to survive in my game
They call me Pac man, and ain't a damn thing change
Even though I got signed I'ma still slang thangs

Verse 1

Ay yo I cop power pellets (and y'all call 'em bricks)
I make little dots (and y'all chop rocks to flip)
Before junior, they had me out on a chase
Running from these ghost monsters y'all calling the jakes
All I do is stack loot
Run around and eat fruit
And harass these lady cops named Pinky and Sue
My whole life been a maze in a chase
Can't keep still without these monsters on my back invadin my space
I got two hitmen that'll bury U brothers
They rule the underworld
U know'em as the Mario brothers
Straight cannons
And won't hesitate to shoot U
And they stay goin to war wit that latin King Koopa
I got a worker named Frogger
When I say jump he leap
A highway boy who be runin the streets
Wit that package
Dodgin through traffic that's narrow
And my nigga Donkey Kong bringin weed in by the barrels

Chorus 2X

Verse 2 (Missing Verse)

I take over blocks section by section
Shake under cover cops and make 'em change direction
They best bet is to relax and chill
Sonic couldn't catch me I'm good at track and field
I might run up in your spot
When I'm runnin' from the cops
Sling work a Dime a dot
A hundred a rock
I give out cooked
Yeah But I only get raw
And I keep a nice stash in case I have a Pitfall
I got a worker named turtle that be movin my snow
He bring strait dough
He just move it too slow
I don't fuck with them crabs I had to blast those boys
I caught them breakin down my rocks like asteroids
Met ms. pac told she could go on a mission
But first she got to let me put in pole position
I wish I woulda knew then what I now know sooner
Cause 10 towns later here come pac Jr.

Chorus 2X

Verse 3

I got drugs for every race, color, and creed
I sling mushrooms to white boys in club Centipede
Donkey Kong was gettin money from slinging weed
I don't know why he wanna start a pie factory

We can be partners
That's murda, us connecting
Wit the right blow
And Burger Time doing the cheffin
We can get doe
Can't let the cops catch us
And if it move slow (still stack blocks like tetris)
Whoever don't wanna get down, they stupid
Not the one to jump around these blocks like Q-bit
Ain't nobody out there making no noise
Wit they own route but that nigga Paper Boy
We can take his stuff
He ain't tough he a nut
He always letting Dig Dug pump em up
I pull a plug on 'em niggas if they don't wanna set it
Game over niggas, I'll see you next credit

Chorus 2X