

Mac Dre, Fuck Off The Party

[Whoridas member]

What's up, what's up, let's ride
Jump in the passenger side on the 4th of July
Hella saucy and fly, didn't grind that day
I just wanted to play
And smoke with the bitches
Throw phrases at bitches
Get play from the bitches
Man, it was major bitches
At the (?) fair
Ass was over here, over there
I had to stop and stare
Take a joint from my ear
Tell this bitch to come here
Let's breathe
And we even tricked the cops, though smell of the weed
That's when they grabbed my sleeve
Told me it's time to leave
But what's next, "You're under arrest"
So grabbed the fuckin cop and slapped him on his fuckin bullet-proof vest
In the process lost a shoe, ripped a hole in my Guess
That's what the fuck I get for smokin Mexican stress

[Whoridas member]

I'm at the bar doin big shit
Gettin big lip
My niggaz, dig this
A few cats lookin like they wanna get with
So I give 'em a chance real quick
I'm real swift
It's the Wild Wild West, ask Will Smith
(?) that blew the brain
For foul-snitchin the game
I know my nigga Dre would do the same
So I ain't trippin on a motherfuckin thang
Sit back shinin like a diamond ring
Niggaz wanna see me hang
So I'm upside down
About to clown
Real gangsta shit lost and found
Kidnapped, blast in the back of the dome
Mash in a Brougham
Flashin on the phone
I'm yellin niggaz be tellin
Flowin like water from a melon
The seeds we spit, the seeds we sellin
From a westbound felon
Fuckin up your party not carin
From a westbound felon
Fuckin up your party not carin
From a westbound felon

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

I'm at a concert high and perved and a bad bitch next to me
Blown back off cognac, that bomb green and ecstasy
Bitches is buggin, niggaz is muggin
But bitches is lovin cause niggaz is thuggin
These niggaz start nuttin in the corner by the speaker
My beeper's goin off like crazy
The scene is hazy, no time to be lazy
Got to stay on my toes, all of a sudden these hoes
Come out of nowhere and grab this nigga
They stab this nigga, I'm mad this nigga
Didn't have nothin in his pockets when I ran through em
My plans is ruined, what is it I'm doin?
Link's on the flo' - no, it's not

Stupid motherfucker done dropped his Rolex watch
Put it in my pocket, proceeded to the exit
That's when this bitch I knew from the hood came through in this Lexus
I seen these other niggaz beatin down this one fool
I said, "Here come the police, y'all better run, fool"
Soon as I said that the police drew down on us all
Now I'm at the county jail with just one phone call
Ain't that a bitch, weak-ass night
All fucked up behind a weak-ass fight