

Mac Dre, Giggin'

=Mac Dre talking=-

Ah, what, ah, what

Mall Macenroe, like what!

Andre Macassi ah, ugh

Street Sampras, what it do?

What that is?

What it do?

Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh

[Mac Dre]

This ain't no love ballad

Or romance song

This a dance song for you can get yo dance on

It's hard to keep my pants on when I'm giggin'

And when I'm giggin' it look like I'm diggin'

I do the pigeon, bird like a nerd

I'm on Hennessy rappin' every line every word

I dust myself off

Like I stoled thurr

Skinny nigga giggin' wit no shirt

I get chauffer so I can passenger gig

Get the chips and don't trip off her mask and her wig

So that's why I'm askin' her this:

Can you do the thing?

Can you really do the dew and pursue the green?

I ask her who the king

She tell me I'm is [Nothin' but the hook]

It's almost time kid

I'm trynna see some grindin'

Can you dig?

Yeah you fine bitch but can you gig?

[Chorus] - 3X : Mac Dre

Baby can you gig?

You so crazy when you gig

Eew she giggin'

Lady can you gig?

Girl you so crazy when you gig

Eew he giggin'

[RyDAH J. Klyde]

She was doin' the twist and pop

While I was trynna get the cork out the Crys then pop all in her hair

The champagne shampoo was flash dance too

Baby want me to dance too but that I can't do

She was giggin' too hard for me

Turned around and my dick stretched the yard you see

I can't play wit you lil' mama

Thizzle got you crazy

Shocked her when I stood up and walked on her lazy

Broke it down touched the ground; rolls wit the 80's shit

Lit that hazy, asked her "What you know about Thizz?"

"What you know about this? Naw Bitch Thizz"

Cuz that's what it is

DJ put us in the mix

Watch us pump up the party

Cuz we didn't come to bothy nobody

It's 300 Bay cats in the lobby

Swing them dreads, movin' heads, getting' stupid

Naw that's the old look they gig to this new shit watch me

[Chorus] - 3X

[Mac Mall]

I'm a fan of the running man

Old school Cabbage Patch

Might mix some prep wit a lil' Roger Rabbit

Robo Cop, up-rock, pop lock, boogaloo

I don't know about you but where I'm from you see we act a fool

Lil' mama giggin' wit me tryin' hard to keep up
But I'm bustin' moves that she never even heard of
Feelin' it, Thizz face look permanent
Advance Bird Dance now we call the shit "The Buzzer" bitch
Humpty Dance don't got nothin' on me
Quick to Michael Jackson spin and do the Mahoney
You squares is phony
But your bitch still want me
Cuz I do the George Jefferson oh so coldly
Yeah it's a celebration bitch
So I'm a break it down to the fresh outfit
Lil' mama movin' but you know she can't handle it
I'm in the middle of the floor wit my hands on my dick
[Chorus] - 3X