Mac Dre, Boss Tycoon

(Mac Dre)
Uh, what
Nigga what....let's do it, (nigga what)
Nigga what....Like that

(Verse 1: Mac Dre)
I know, doe ray me
But no I'm not a R&B sanger
I'm a gangter rapper throwin' the middle fanger
To them square rubix cubes, who don't smoke and use
I'm a cutthoat boy and I got a short fuse
I get kind of hyphy when I'm gone off a little Gin
You don't like it, say hello to my little friend
Rat-ta-tat-tatta, it really don't matter
I push a hard line cross it, niggaz gon' scatter
I'm not the mad rapper, I'm the rapper gon' bad
Recordin' on Pro-Tools at the pad
I give the game a bath, boy I'm a sav
Come through the sideshow yokin' the Cad

(Chorus 2X)
Fuck what it cost (what it cost)
I'm a boss (I'm a boss), Tycoon (ty-tycoon)
Dipped in sauce (in sauce), I floss (I floss)
I coon (I-I coon)

(Verse 2: Yukmouth)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
What you know about a, 600 V12
CL's spinnin' on them Spreewells, dirty as hell
Like fuck a detail, still knock yo female
Mack that bitch til' she break her Lee nails
On the track in TL, Yukmouth
First week out 80 thousand on the street sales
Now I'm CEO that's seven dollars on the retail, bitch
I got niggaz poppin' they collars, poppin' E pills
Poppin' them bottles, to poppin' them cowards with that heatelle
And fuck Spitz, I get my ice from Vionnis
My new york italianni, he plug me with Spanish mamis
Bitches belly dancin' like a swami, but fuck em'
I'm too cocky, poppin' that Don P., smokin' my broccoli
Cause I'm a million dollar man like Ted Dediase
The FEDz see me, watch me, baby Liberace
The wrist stay rocky, the whips stay saucy, rims glossy
With mackin' as Dre beside me
Call me frosty, frosty the snowman, the Oakland dopeman
Sell more kicks than Copeland's, bitch
The Oakland mayor, the Oakland Raider
With the king of Vallejo, bitch, Foldin' paper
Tycoon

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Mac Dre)
I ride around town in my clean ass Benz
Range Rov, coughnut on some clean ass rims
Hot like Ted Turner, I pack the lead burner
Spit it, to get it, can't quit it I'm a bread earner (ch-ching)
Post up at the 5-star telly, Dre touch mo' bread
Than a motherfuckin' deli
Young rich nigga, 20 inch nigga, P-I-M-P
It's all on a bitch nigga
I've been gettin' scrill, diamonds in my grill
Rep the pill, and boy do I keep it trill

Showoff, that'll go off on a blade
Kill like Raid and stay gon' off made
Do what the fuck wanna, got bitches on the corner
Not just a thizz user, I'm a thizz owner
Sometimes I thizz, sometimes I shroom
But whatever I do, I'ma stay a Tycoon

(Chorus)