

Mac Dre, Fish Head Stew

(Verse 1: Mac Dre)

I'm a hutch-peeler with much scrilla and I love to get high, homie
Shady character like Don King, so you better keep your eye on me
I done bust niggaz in the grill and had 'em wearin partials
Jacked high rollers and ran from the US marshalls
It's called survival and only the strong can survive
And went the distance with the feds while some of my partners took a dive
Strive to stay alive, can't let no nigga smudder me
Got to stay f-r-double e and keep these bitches lovin me
Sippin bubbly, breakin down buds from a fat sack
Reservations at (?) arts craft shack
I stacks fat cause a mackaroni gots to have cheese
(?) pillows and cigarillos and backwood leaves
And I drinks Hen by the gallon, so sometimes I might trip
Infrared beam with black talons and that extended clip
Quick to do some sprayin, so nigga, watch what you sayin
You'll get your show cancelled like Keenan and Ivory Wayans

(Chorus)

I'm just a pimp, mane, tryin to stack some Francs
So I can have French maids pedicure my bunions
Oh, you ain't knowin, what is you, new?
Yo hutch must be feedin you fish head stew

(Verse 2: Mac Dre)

Mac Dre shake broke hoes with bolos and kids
Tell a bitch she can take a long walk off a short bridge
And hope she land in shark-infested waters
Heartless, takin over turfs like Nino did to Corace
Kidnapped by the feds and treated like a sucker
But now I'm free they see payback's a motherfucker
I'm sickenin, like dickin all they daughters and nieces
Now CO's and PO's want me restin in pieces
Gettin peace is so hard that it'll make your nose bleed
And I been smokin since niggaz was on gold weed
Born to be a player, rhyme sayer and clock grits
Strapped with two 23 speedin chop sticks
Quick to kick a bitch to the curb
And get back with her on a 33rd
I never worry, never worry, it's all copastetic
Got mo' game than needed insulin in a diabetic

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Mac Dre)

I be fitted, dipped in butter, hair cut like Kobe
Blindin 'em with science like Thomas Dolby
Pullin on black MI, sippin top-shelf Cuevo
Playin with my hutch hair while she lickin on my navel
Stable full of money-makin stallions
Been in the feds with dreads from Jamaica and Italians
Shrimp scampi eater Peter Long ()
Puffin purple cush at the building with my cousons
Strapped, armed, ready, ain't nobody goosin me
Got (?) where the airbags used to be
Boy, you should see how I act off the privilege
Hennessy is like Popeye's spinach
I'm ready to take heads off, gunplay or fight
I dot eyes and have 'em wearin they sunglasses at night
Fool, that's real, that ain't no frontin
Them punk-ass niggaz don't wanna see Dre about nothin