

# Mac Dre, Gumbo

[Da Unda Dogg]

Whassup boy?

[Mac Dre]

What's happening playa, just sitting here, you know  
putting together some of that ghetto gumbo, you know

[Da Unda Dogg]

Some motherfucking gumbo?

[Mac Dre]

Yeah nigga, gum in the mother fuck bo

[Da Unda Dogg]

Like that there?

[Mac Dre]

Yeah, I got my niggas in here, we finna put it down  
you know what I'm saying, real, real special  
You know? Check it out, like this here

Verse1(Mac Dre)

As I get to bustin'

This introduction

Of mind corruption

And rhyme seduction

I steal and fill brains

With game and mo' thangs

Like them dope thangs

And what that hoe brang

Creep on Crest streets

Speak on fresh beats

Hit the motel, and freak on fresh sheets

And wet sheets, is the end result

Been killing long cock since ten years old

See I blend this old-game with this new

And ain't no telling what a bitch will do

Now picture you

In my position

Steady getting sweated by the opposition

Could you handle

All this scandal

And keep on stepping like boots and sandals

My handle, is young Mac Dre

Silky slim, is my A.K.A

And you know that bay is my rompin' grounds

I mean stompin' grounds

But I like the way Rompin' sounds

So I'ma keep it

Romp related

And if it ain't down with the romp, I hate it

Verse2(JT the Bigga Figga)

Well let me jump into the pot with all the hustlers and players

Chop potatoes with Phillie faders,Knocking niggas with Tre Eights

But now I

See my niggas at the spot with the session

Illegal product

Then people plotted, rotted with no confessions

Smith and Wessons

Demonstrations with Fully Autos, actin'

Conversations at the lab to keep the trackers trackin'

Double backin' to the spot where all the money filter

Keep it on the down low

You never tell about your scrilla

On the reala

I breaks it down in all directions

It's the Fillmoe players with the O

and the Crest connection

All in the session with my folks, You know they got the Dolo

Hit the gateway tracks, like some fiends in a forward Volvo

Bought a Bolo  
Seen Kelly, mashed off, and then we hollered  
Trailing Coolio and Mac Dre in a green Impala  
Getting cloudy  
The laboratorys just like a porny  
Got a patient  
Cousin Quinn is making the shit get saramani  
Hella fetti  
We ready, steady, with all the bumbles  
Keeping it real with Dangerous Dame and Mac Mall in this fucking gumbo  
Straight paper  
Straight fetti  
Straight gumbo  
Verse3(Dangerous Dame)  
Niggas we pull  
Niggas will say so  
We hit the strip from San Jose, to Vallejo  
Make more scrilla by the mouth piece  
Non-talking niggas don't know shit about me  
Ignore 'em like bitches  
Respect  
There ain't a hand out  
Like a sore thumb, fake niggas always stand out  
Player hater prayer  
Praying that I buckle everyday  
Ain't worth five cents, or my knuckles to the face  
But my burners ain't feeling no flesh  
If you niggas wanna test  
Let it jump and we could put the shit to rest  
You thinking deeply  
But I be on service like a shark  
Consider me that hate, but see I serve you from the heart  
'cause love loves me  
And hate loves me  
So what the fuck you think?  
You can't fuck with me  
You paying dopefiends, to put 'em to work  
But now your money's gettin' low  
While I be getting low with this wicked flow  
You got at me last night  
but I wasn't asking who was bustin' the trigger  
I'm blowing big bomb smoke, yelling "Nothin' ass nigga"  
My pimping ain't soft  
I'm taking no losses  
So why the hell do you persist to put me in crosses?  
You thought it was shackles, but then they was ropes  
And now they're spider webs  
I broke on you hoes  
I know what you're doing before you do it  
Got an outside plan, but in the end you're looking stupid  
Huh, yeah  
'Cause Dangerous Dame got 'em riding on the freeway  
Actions speak louder  
I don't fuck with he say-she say  
Think you got game?  
Never could you have it  
You niggas are crying wolf, while I'll be fucking Jessica Rabbit  
Straight trading places  
But fool this ain't no dream  
You was happy as hell when you had me under your infra red beam  
Once again, get low for the East O  
Add a little recipe to the gumbo  
Verse4(Da Unda Dogg)  
Add me  
Mix me up

Stir me in the pot with these niggas that fix me up  
See, back in '91, Coolio was the shit  
So now we cooking a batch of gumbo and it ain't gonna quit  
My nigga the Bigga Figga, adding that spice so fool it's saucy  
You bitches thinking you'll eat for free, well this shit is costly  
So back up off me  
And recognize the sound is poppin'  
Beause we steadily droppin' dope, like the keys you coppin'  
Mother fuckers, they get to actin foul  
When they know they can't fuck with the style  
Smile punk mother fucker, sucka, hating bustas  
Ain't no friends when it comes to ends, so you can not trust us  
But trust me  
You can not dust me, or try and bust me, dumbo  
your ass gets heated in this pot of gumbo