

Mac Dre, How I Got This Name

(Mac Dre, boy)

[Mac Dre]

Since I was a young buck my mackin was cool
I used to tongue-kiss girls in the back of the school
And maybe sometime a nigga got mo' than a kiss
I put my finger in some puss that smelled like piss
And as I reminisce, huh, it's kinda funny
How I talked little girls out they lunch money
They didn't run from me, they used to jock young Dre
Then I stepped up game and got some cock one day
It was a bloody mess and yes, tight as some vice grips
But I was a little nigga killin some tight shit
Tossed, turned and started fuckin her few friends
Cause she told two friends and they told two friends
And word got out that young Dre could fuck good
Then I bumped a bitch who could fuck and suck good
And after that cock was nothin to me
So I flipped the script and stopped fuckin for free
Every bitch I dicked down, had to kick down
Whoever I tossed up, had to cough up
Young in the game, mayn, but quick to learn
That money makes this world turn
So I peep game, pop that thang
And let fools know how I got that name
Mac Dre, boy

(Mac Dre, boy)

[Mac Dre]

I used to creep on Crest streets with a tight mask on
Posted, toasted, gettin my cash on
Strapped with a gat and a bottle of Hen though
Orange zig zags and big bags of that Endo
I pushed pebbles to the midnight hour
24-7 same clothes, no shower
Dopesacks smellin like nutsacks, but fuck it
I was checkin ducats, collect in buckets
But now I'm fresh out the pen with a chip on my shoulder
And out of the motor my blood runs much colder
Somebody told a fed I was in the mix
Hittin licks, nigga, ain't that a bitch
I make raps, stay far from saps
Checks my traps and collect my snaps
The Country Club Crest is where I got this game
And rappin on the mic is how I got that name