

# Mac Dre, I Need An Eighth

Man who got this  
Oh don't worry bout it nigga just pass the weed  
You're here suckin' up all the weed,  
mouth looks like it's a box of powdered donuts  
We're real dumb in here with the Louie's  
In this time of bammer weed  
As a Louie I know just what I need (What ya' need cuddie)  
I need an eighth of sticky goeey  
and when I get this eighth I'm blowin with the Louie  
Help me out  
(Repeat 2x)  
7 a.m. in the mornin and the monkey's at my bed  
Got me cravin' and enslavin' I need some dope for my head  
And I be kickin Backwood's fore' I hit the hood no doubt  
Monkey on my back turnked out  
Cause It's 3.5 on my rictor scale  
And if the sack aint obese you wont make the sale  
I need an eighth big body's sayin  
When you bring my shit make sure my shit aint hay  
Cause if it's hay when you bring it  
I'ma get to wingin ghetto bling blingin leave a nigga head ringin  
Fo show 3.5 of indo  
Cause heads turn and bitches scream  
when my man he pulled out that sticky green  
It was sticky goeey residuey  
one more time for my niggas in the looie  
I can't spend over satchie that could buy me too much weed  
As a louie I need goeey cause the goeey's what I need  
And they be rollin fat vegas we stayed smokin' major  
and niggas wanna hate us because we straight playas  
But ask them other niggas bout my crew and what we doin and  
We blowin crypt and that's the motherfuckin truth man  
Ya know man we aint no Kurt Dogg's flowin big things turf hoggs  
Hit the block blowin Backwoods and sew it up like a mac should you know  
And Sugarwolfeezy off the heezy eat em' up best belive me with the louie's  
And it was Dubee comin' through on the sticky goeey biotch  
Grab the bud get the scissors and cut it  
Grab the razor the blunt must be gutted  
Up the middle like a fullback  
You know we recycle the contact  
I the dogg bitch I'm a smokin major  
need a fast sack better hit me on my pager  
Dub all's and ten sacks  
ouie hold that big bomb pillows take ya way back  
My back is getting smaller and my man aint callin back  
If he don't call by tomorrow  
I'm gonna have to start on black call me damn  
(\*Cell Phone Rings\*)  
Hello  
Hey what's up my louie  
Hey man when the fuck is you comin' man  
Man three minutes  
I need an eighth know what I mean (I got some killer brown)  
Don't want no Bobby Brown I want Al Green  
Gonna hit this Bobby come around I need that shit from Humboldt County  
420 Airaqui shit that make you cough up snot  
Three and a half no more no less in a Backwood it a bust ya chest  
To have a grown man cryin tears sayin damn I aint been this high in years  
That Indo only in Cali grown and we've got fat sacks in a Valley Joe  
Blowin' big bomb at my house and leavin niggas stuck with cotton mouth  
I need an eighth  
That shit taste hella good