

# Mac Dre, Izreal

[Messy Marv]

Believe all what you see, and 50% of these tapes  
cuz half these rap niggas is fake  
cousin we bang hard even behind bars  
with c.o's and guards, my niggas run the yard  
they knocking' Messy Marv, cuz the dope so clean  
415, B.G.F, crips, and 14  
im a top hat rap cat you niggas locals  
and couldn't recognize the game with bi-locals  
im big shit and operation by a coastle  
and the mob woke up when we suppose to  
keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke  
keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke  
aint no jobs niggas so we forced to sale dope  
and roll with all gold and chrome on one spoke  
I hit yo house party jeweled and bandana  
im from the Cartel the real Tony's Montana's  
we put drums and bananas on iz real  
hood nut niggas spencing on e pills  
i could see the niggas head bitch had him  
so i let the 50 cal get with him  
I keep it real I don't rap about fake shit  
its California man we draw down and take shit  
I don't rap about fake shit this California man we draw down and take shit

[Mac Dre]

Hoop out the coo-nut, change over to the range rover  
mouth full of diamonds spitting like a flame thrower  
I aint sober im ripped and tilted  
half of it the remi but nigga i killed it  
damn near spilt it on my encey cloths  
its the cutthroat committiee punk we play hoes  
20 inch doe, wood grain, leather, strapped riding  
with a eagle in the desert  
its the Mac almighty, Andre Hicks  
and aint a punk rock bitch that i cant get  
and nigga I cant trip on making nothing but my scrill  
and that iz real , like a iz pill  
and i will kill, put one to yo liver  
im a pimp nigga taking everything you give up  
flossing while you suckas is starving  
im eating crab and crust-striations  
with my nigga Messy Marvin