

# Mac Dre, Mac Stabber

Un-fuckin-believable  
Mac stabbas  
Smile in your face  
Stab you in the back  
Mac stabbas  
It's time to pull the sheets off these niggas main  
You heard?  
I done heard you tape Mac  
That shit is wack  
Why the fuck you sellin' that?  
You need to go back to sellin' crack  
Take it from a nigga that been from hell and back  
Oh yeah, I forgot  
You ain't sold a god damn crumb  
You's a studio gangsta chump  
Where the fuck you from?  
No love for the niggas that done laced your muthafukin' boots  
Niggas that slave went to the grave for ya  
Niggas that ain't scared to shoot  
Giligan ass nigga I remeber I was makin' your promos  
Now you want to diss your real folks and chop it up with these homos  
Like that nigga Khayree you let that sissy cross game  
Sock me up usin' your name  
Guess it's just a hoe thang  
Y'all niggas killin' me  
With all that gay shit  
All y'all niggas came up  
Fuck that Mac Dre shit  
Mark Mall you need to be fucked up the booty hole  
Knowin' the first time you touched the mic it was in my studio  
You niggas must have forgot before I was bustin' raps and rhymes  
I was on the track with a sack sippin yack strapped with a gat and a nine  
I've been to your house  
I've seen your chrome  
But you ain't gone bust a grape in Napa valley with golf shoes on  
A bitch made nigga gets no love from a real G  
Cutties from the 3 C's I know you feel me  
I should have known when I came home somethin was wrong  
Yo own crew tried to have your dome  
And just left that shit alone  
Now you wanna fuck with a cut throat nigga that been doin dirt  
Since creased 5-0-1's, Chuck Taylors and them Izod shirts  
Them 5-trey-5 niggas don't like you  
Don't believe it how come Yo Jaguar slide through  
You'll be lucky to leave the ghetto with just a leakin lip  
You feelin focus I'm feelin hogish boy we can slip  
In granny back yard  
Then when you act hard  
I'm a treat you like a Mac Bitch  
Young Mac Mark  
Young Black Brothas Records is a goddamn flop  
Khayree needed to stop  
Way back when his ass got dropped  
From that major label  
That nigga had a major stable  
But he shot himself in the head boy  
Blow was fatal  
God don't like that man  
Boy ask yo mamma  
Now everywhere you travel you best to have bussalami  
Mac Mall gets no love ask my nigga Dubee  
He shook us for videos and pretty hoes and went him out his movie  
That nigga left me for dead when I was doin' time in jail  
Couldn't shoot a nigga nathan when he was havin' major mail

He's a back stabba  
Should I say a Mac stabba  
Heres some Mac magic nigga - abra cadabra  
I just turned your ass into an official bitch  
Fuck you and your cousin Gilla- dirty snitch  
That fool got real niggas never comin' home  
And that's the type of shit niggas like you condone  
I used to have love for ya  
I used to bust with ya  
But now that you've crossed game nigga  
I can't fuck with ya