

Mac Dre, Nothin Correctable

Yeah man, young Mac Dre

I pops it boy, I pops it big

[Verse One]

It all started off with the doctor telling my momma push
On that night in 1-9-7-0 mac dre hopped out that puss
I've been soaking game since rock 'em sock 'em and hot wheels
Not never the chance to pass me I keep 'em jocking, I got skills
And when I'm on the mic, styles I got so many
Drink privilege hennessy when I ain't fuckin' with brehmi
M-A-C-D-R-E, that's me
Like 'em freaky like Janet not Jackson but Jackme, whee
To all my niggas in Atlanta to Alabama
Rodreego blowin' only homie, don't fuck with bama
I planned to have a ticket and kick it in the bahamas
Watch your hutch and don't trust your baby momma
Cause I will get your scrill when I kill all in them guts
Don't give a fuck when you give a crippled crab a crutch
But they respect it if not they get rejected
I'm M-D the MC that's not to be corrected

[Chorus 2x]

???????, uno, dos, cuatro

I'm sicker than ten j-cats that be gone off that vato
Most sexual intellectuall with at least 6 figures before the decimal
Warm, hot, and respectable but I'm nothing correctable

[Verse Two]

I fucks with high rollers, shake highway patrollers
Quick to pop the trunk but will come from the shoulders
Got a cuddie named Dubee, he spit more raps than loogies
And when he hand it to me I'm funky like him to me
Baby do me is all them hutches holler
I was breakin' bitches when phantom tops was on granada
More game than keno, down to trips to reno
Sippin' cappachino with Natalia Shapino
C-note stacka' pack a P-89
Love group sex take 'em three at a time
And boy I be out of line when I'm full that tangerey
Quick to grab the chopper, cock, aim and spray
Urban guerilla warfare extraordinaire
You know a bout my macking but boy I'm more than a player
Resurrected double R elected
Haters get ejected I'm nothing to be corrected

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

Pistol packin' player, gangsta mac for real
About my scrill got to pay my bills
Boy I'm in it to win it if you weak and timid
Better watch how you spend I take yalls like timmy
Busting out like tities in a bra that's too small
Grew up off too short stackin' scrill too tall
Max Drizzay, all damn dizzay
I keep hoes dizzay in a one time busay(busy)
Been rappin' before they called mac mall Brehmis
Rompin' peace Mike Robinson son of Dennis
I'm in this to deep like Tim, Jim, and Johnny
Much love for my cuddies Jay, Ray, and Ronny
Raping pockets I get mine however it come
Boy I get dumb about my income
Mac furly up early sippin' X-O
Nothing correctable; nigga you know

[Chorus 2x]