

# Mac Dre, Rapper Gone Bad

## [ VERSE 1 ]

I'm a young gifted and black mack, rap sweet like candy yams  
And I make you put your fist up to your mouth and say, "Goddamn!"  
Boy, I got heat, flame-o, pull a mic, liquid draino  
Verbal volcano, they love me, cause they know  
I'm cut from the cloth that real men are made of  
Bitches get sprayed up with clips of this Bay love  
Attackin you with vernacular, dialect and lingo  
The Rapper Gone Bad, boy, peep the first single  
Bounce and shake what your mammy gave you  
It's the drapers, can you feel it? Nothin can save you  
>From the dapper rapper who stay fitted like a mannequin  
Hoes see me in the traffic and say, "Girl, there go that man again"  
I'm fabulicious, game nutritious  
Break bitches like dishes and drink like them fishes  
Boy, put some of that yukon jack in the bag  
And come fuck with yo partner, the rapper gone bad  
(Rapper gone bad)  
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)  
(Baaad)

## [ VERSE 2 ]

I'm a old schooler like Grandmaster and the 5 that was Furious  
Bitches goin delirious even though it ain't that serious  
You're curious? Well, listen to these lyricals  
Them suckers tryin to knock this, it's gonna take a miracle  
I'm seasoned with the game that o.g.'s told me  
Got laced like Luke did by Obi Won Kenobi  
Or Yoda, hold a, mic in my right hand  
And when I'm sleep you know I keep a fat strap in my nightstand  
I strike men, my height, man, is l-o-double d  
I see us after the show at the hotel Double Tree  
Cool, calm and collected, but sometimes I get mean  
Cause suckers sick of the scene like they Jack and i'm the Green  
Giant, defiant, bitches get dealt with quick  
Can't be on this ball team unless you wanna help get grits  
Let's get rich, is what I tell em, sell em dreams like horoscopes  
They try to fight the feeling, but it's hard to ignore your folks  
Mac D with the r connected to the e (me)  
Might be at the bar drinkin Hennessy  
In between the sheets I'm a freak and a cold piece of work  
My puddy over her body like Johnny, Keith and Levert  
(Rapper gone bad)  
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)  
(Baaad)

## [ VERSE 3 ]

A thug like 2pac, wanna mack like Too \$hort  
Smoke punks like Newports, get drunk off 2 quarts  
Bendin corners in somethin ninety-new  
Lookin real ragoon on my way to see Chuey  
Boy, I'm on the air gettin heavy rotation  
But I'm still a player with a Chevy on Daytons  
I'm hi-po, and the five-o really can't stand me  
Got posse, Flowmasters and Shift, King and Tranny  
Chirpin every time I shift gears  
In that '95 Impala with them gold-dipped gears  
Put some of that 151 in the bag  
Come fuck with yo partner, the rapper gone bad  
(Rapper gone bad)  
(Ra-ra-ra-ra-rap)  
(Baaad)