

Mac Dre, Sac To The Boonies

(Mac Dre)

It's that California Livin', Young Black Brotha
Boatin' that '73 Chevrolet burnin' rubberrrr
Like my nigga, Rich the Fact
Nigga it's the Mac in the back of the Lac
Soakin' tact, big indo many clouds of smoke
Make old school dance when I dip and yoke
It's like M-A-C D-R-E
Way up in KC with the boy Arby
Yeah biatch, it's presidential
On the under chronic comin' through in a rental
I'm undetected, I come protected
Two 4-4 pistols, a mask and vest biatch
Down and dirty, the cuddies call me Curty
From Mark and Leonard to Howard Hurty?
From Missouri don't worry we keep it ragooney
MD and Luni, from Sac to the Boonies

(Chorus)

We gangsta niggas ready for some tension
Fool we ain't trippin' we tryin' to keep it pimpin'
Pimpin' what does it mean?
Paper in my pocket, hoes on my team (2x)

(Luni)

They call me Coleone thug real McCoy
I'm a rider bout mine cuz trust ya boy
Get shit crackin' like eggs in a pan on fry
This do or die lifestyle got my brain on high
I hit the city streets mean mug, chip on my shoulder
Young punks they mug back but ain't no balls in these soldiers
I'm in the Mid-West, KC, N-O-K-C
Every show, every in-store the hoe framed me
Coleone (got game?) Hell yeah by the pound
Niggas hate (On my name)
Cuz they hoes crack smiles (What a shame)
Pimp nigga how ya do that there
Talk a bitch up out her check book and the weave in her hair
I bust rap cats in lips on a square ass nigga
Getting grub in an old school with a dent in the fender
Me and Mac Dre bitch stayin' on our toes
What, what, what, what they call me Coleone!
We gangsta niggas ready for some tension
Fool we ain't trippin' we tryin' to keep it pimpin'
Pimpin' what does it mean?
Paper in my pocket, hoes on my team (2x)

(Mac Dre)

We global, travel the bubble duckin trouble
Don't make us get the bury body shovel
We vicious, dumpin' bodies in ditches
And runnin pimp game on these punk ass bitches

(Luni Coleone)

Yeah, I'm the mack of the year like placa bitch
My guys they drive by with the best of the clip
Coleone, young creeper flippin shit like chitlins
Ragglin, scragglin, and cappin' I'ma handle my business

(Mac Dre)

We dog niggas, straight hog niggas
Well connected and when we call niggas
It goes down, down, bodies bein' found
Gangsta mack shit that's how we clown

(Luni Coleone)

And we down, like 4 flex on a fucked up hoopty
Big bread and get big head from a fine ass hoochie
They call me, nah fuck it can't waste my time
Nuts hangin like cellulite on yo' grandma's thighs

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Fool we ain't trippin' we tryin' to keep it pimpin'
Pimpin' what does it mean?
Paper in my pocket, hoes on my team (2x)