

# Mac Dre, Young Playah

Kick back while I romp, rap, perk, and get keyed  
I got a fifth of heem and some hurt ya dick weed  
Taking fat sips of the henneseey  
And if I aint drunk now, I'm finna be  
Its the cold crest capper on the microphone  
Making sucka sounding punks straight leave it alone  
From the G-H-E-TT-O, land of the freaky hoe  
Where niggas get the cock, bust a nut, say beep me hoe  
No time for kickin' it, niggas be dickin' it  
No money for movies hoe, so dont even mention it  
'Cause times are too rough, its hard to do stuff  
The crack'll slack, I need to try some new stuff  
I need to start packin', dressin' in black and  
Come out after 12 with my gat and start jackin'  
Cars with beat, taking money from freaks  
And even jack that motherfucka on the corner who geeks  
I gotta survive and try to stay alive hoe  
Life is like cracker jacks but money's the prize though  
24-7 on a get mail mission  
Times are getting crazy but you dont listen  
Young brothas grow up, become tight and thangs  
Just a few close niggas the rollers call 'em a gang  
I cant understand how these devils think  
I need to get my nine and cold take me a drink  
And get sick wit it, they cant get wit it  
They need to eat my ass, and suck some dick wit it...  
One more time back at you  
With a nice smooth beat to rap to  
Its young MD from the romp baby  
And I'm on my way to the top baby  
I got a one way ticket, theres not return  
And sucka MC's better wait your turn  
'Cause I'm a fly young brotha with a gift of gab  
And bitch dont let it get ya mad  
I be straight shift strikin', and never would I be hikin'  
Lots of dank, and lots of drank is what a nigga be likin'  
Straight romp bandit, the rollers cant understand it  
When they run up in my house and come out empty handed  
UGH, they cant touch Dre  
'Cause I'm a cold crest creeper makin' much pay  
Doin' it the only way I know how  
And these many of styles, got me on top of the pile  
Makin' M-A-I-L, hear what I spell  
Rollers try to keep me in they J-A-I-L  
But I B-A-I-L, spending my mail  
Just to get out of the C-E-LL...  
Last... but not least  
Mac muthafuckin' Dre is on the mic G  
Listen party people as I get dumb  
I got stupid dope lyrics let me spit 'em  
It's the riggity riggity riggity romp stizzar  
You know hoes wanna ride in my cizzar  
But none never ever get fizzar  
Maybe 'til there is no stizzar  
'Cause its P-I-M-P-I-N-G  
Hoe come pay me my money  
'Cause the D-I-C-K dont come free  
As long as I got you I wont slang the D  
'Cause I'm too damn vicious, you cant get wit this  
You wont get kisses, you'll just get dick bitch  
Its MD on the mic hoe  
And never say never 'cause you might blow  
For some of you hoes it might take some time  
But when I spit that rhyme and cold blow your mind

Fuck you for a while then take a nap  
Then you're waking me up blowing me off the map  
Put on my clothes and I'm on my way  
And you wish you wouldn't've fucked with the mac named Dre...  
"and my number one rule is run up through it"