

Mack 10, King Pin Dream

(feat. Big Tymers, Mikkey)

[Talking]

Gangsta? (haha!, what?)

Mikkey Finest (fa sho')

Ah King Pin's Dream

Mack 10, Inglewood

I'm nigga Mikkey

Chi-Town, Birdman [Laughs]

Listen, Whatcha got nigga?...

[Mikkey]

I got a trouble find bitches in the kitchen and they cooking it row

Realisting feams like stitches with the hooker in they chow

Fuck the law, man - I'm known for cooking it row

Til the cops just chill - I got something for y'all

I got a Bentley and the Hummer and they sittin on 'em daters

I got a hot power lawyer with the million retater

Douth-South, Westside - man, I own my city

Got judges on my pay roll like they own the nigga

It's a professional with my game, I ball with the best

Birdman, Down-South - Mack 10 out West

Fuck with my money, put to put the mack to yo' chest

Want war? I take it there - or rather tattooed to there

See them Cash Money niggas - how can I iced like 'em

Cooking coke from the pill-up, it's got a prices like 'em

You know a nigga Whoopise - I got a wife like him

You heard a Micheal Jordan right! - I got a life like him

I'ma mothafuckin hustla - y'all know the game

Chi-Town Mikkey Flow - y'all know my name

Game is risky but a nigga rather died the fame

and live life - broken hungry out here, cracking for bread

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]

It's a King Pin's Dream - coke and feminines

Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams

So, busting out the scene - guns, scopes and beams

But the thing about it dream - it ain't all watta seem

[Mack 10]

(yo, yo, yo)

When it comes to drugs - these reppers ain't get none but fo'

Ohhh square ass nigga and full of brains are sold

I Know 'em Feds is on heat but I don't give a fuck

I'm so deep in the game it's like my name is stuck

From crack, more then likey is a suggestion of sell

I gives a fuck - who ya breaking and disso skell

I live life like a King Pin weed but raw

I'm the richest gang living them niggas ever saw

I with ya belly from Toyota with the biggest and baking soda

Pirates po's full of peppers and crack folders

I'ma dope dealer - and I got coke scrilla

My whole crew can sit to at x-cons and killas

and my bitches is falls who bomb, head and coochie

Rockin props, the fades - the letto pump boochie

First statis, rock rolo - when I came to the door?

and now it's Bentleys, Mansions and meats to the floor

Kickin gears on Parley's, while the straight pipe screen

and I had a block on lock - since I was fifteen

Mack Sapranos - the most of unforgiven

and fuck a job, cause dope money is how I'm living

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]

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[Baby]

(Fa sho', fucked up, look)

My homey got marries - so, you know we aint slipping
Two hoes, two Bentleys - you know we ain't dipping
Lifestyle, drug dealing - you know we ain't trippin
Got killas on the row - you know we ain't slipping
Tote trucks full of bricks - you know we ain't chickens
New cars, pretty broads - you know we been pimpin
Bitch stars, body bars - we hitting and missing
Big cars, superstars - cause wheels gon' spinning
Pretty honeys, bug stunt - cause the money we spending
Planty bitches and warehouse - tinning piece for chicken
Riot guns shoot 'em up - for this life that I'm living
PO partners doin time - cause my homeboy miss me
The Feds, big trippin - cause they failed me to get me
Mack 10 re-shout - til ya homey my nigga
King Pin, Big Tymin - drug dealing my nigga
Transport and cocaine - and statelines my nigga

[Chorus x2: Mikkey]

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[over chorus: talking]

Hmm, hmm, hmm...uh-huh, uh-huh, fa sho' nigga
oh yeah... uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-uh, uh-uh, fa sho', look here

[Baby: talking]

This is y'all Ol' Tymers niggas, y'all know H-dash play, right!
The liquor is a lifestyle of a drug dealing nigga, y'understand
It ain't Twenty-two's is more it's twenty-five's nigga, what?
Even chicken from the hood - to the mothafuckin living ride
Y'knowwhatl'msayin, getcha nigga, come in my project see my crib nigga
We got loadin .14, for sashie, all the best up and the best nigga
It ain't none gon' stop my nigga..
We cooking bricks in the kitchen my nigga, y'understand
Don't come outside stunt boy.. unless you got it right boy
y'knowwhatl'msayin', Cash Money Hot Boy... and we doin' this nigga
Life, life, hot, hot, we got this (hot, hot) we got this (hot, hot)
WE got this (hot, hot) we on fire, don't fuck...