

# All It Takes

Mac Dre

(2x)

A little bit of game is all it takes  
A little bit of game goes a long long way

Cuddie I don't sleep much, 'cause when I close my eyes  
I hear cries from my potna's who lost they lives  
Visions of bloody brutality's reality  
Gotta stay focused and hope it don't affect my salary  
Them calories, they keep my pockets fat, I got to stack a grip  
Try not to trip, and keep them gold diggers off my dick  
I'm gettin' sick 'cause I drink 24-7  
The way I'm livin' now, if I die, there's no heaven  
Gotta help my potnas in the pen 'cause they livin' broke  
This ain't no joke, on parole and I can't smoke  
No sticky indo, roll down the window  
'Cause if I breathe the task is back like Nintendo  
Gotta play the game like a professional  
If you ain't having money I got to let you go  
I need to let you know the rules before you Rule number one potna, never sho  
uld you pimptrate  
I spit this pimpin' straight and cut no addatives  
Just nouns and adjectives, how mad you get don't mattter bitch  
I'm a player so I serve the game  
Maintain campaign, and have thangs

Back in '92 I was drowned in them big cases  
But now it's '97 and I'm counting them big faces  
I switched places with them sardines and squares  
The fillet mignon, and garlic bread  
A hard head, big heart, and gorilla nuts  
Got me mobbin' thru the bay like I don't give a fuck  
I'm whipped, equipped, and stay dipped in butter sauce  
Pill if shes real, no scrill I cut her off  
'Cause fine ass bitches with the empty bank book  
Is worse than them ugly muthafuckas who can't cook  
My game cooked for five years in the feds  
Now it's time for these game hungry niggas to get fed  
I get bread, so them suckas down me  
Smile in my face but clown me when they not around me  
Talk down on my every move, but I couldn't give a damn  
Playas do what they want, and suckas do what they can

7-5-70, my DOB, uhh  
And I've been breakin' hoes since '83, what?  
Money makers manual, handle my business discretly  
Don't give my home phone number out, beep me  
'Cause ain't no tellin' who be tellin', or who they tell  
And plus I heard that they be sellin' kinfolk the yayo  
Boy get your mail, don't act like your lil sista  
If you lackin' in this mackin' boy I bet you fist her  
Get some get right as I come tight to this Doo Doo Dumb  
Track, that cat K-Lou, knew how to come  
With Mac Dre, that 3 C veteran  
More game than March Madness, and dope as exederin  
Hit big licks, wouldn't pull no small capers  
I'm a be a dog and stay up like wall paper  
Look at these break bitches like they stank

Collect my bank and stay sharp as a shank