

# Gumbo

Mac Dre

Whassup boy?  
What's happening playa, just sitting here, you know  
Putting together some of that ghetto gumbo, you know  
Some motherfucking gumbo?  
Yeah nigga, gum in the mother fuck bo  
Like that there?  
Yeah, I got my niggas in here, we finna put it down  
You know what I'm saying, real, real special  
You know? Check it out, like this here

As I get to bustin'  
This introduction  
Of mind corruption  
And rhyme seduction  
I steal and fill brains  
With game and mo' thangs  
Like them dope thangs  
And what that hoe brang  
Creep on Crest streets  
Speak on fresh beats  
Hit the motel, and freak on fresh sheets  
And wet sheets, is the end result  
Been killing long cock since ten years old  
See I blend this old-game with this new  
And ain't no telling what a bitch will do  
Now picture you  
In my position  
Steady getting sweated by the opposition  
Could you handle  
All this scandal  
And keep on stepping like boots and sandals  
My handle, is young Mac Dre  
Silky slim, is my A.K.A  
And you know that bay is my rompin' grounds  
I mean stompin' grounds  
But I like the way Rompin' sounds  
So I'm a keep it  
Romp related  
And if it ain't down with the romp, I hate it

Well let me jump into the pot with all the hustlers and players  
Chop potatoes with Phillie faders, Knocking niggas with Tre Eights  
But now I  
See my niggas at the spot with the session  
Illegal product  
Then people plotted, rotted with no confessions  
Smith and Wessons  
Demonstrations with Fully Autos, actin'  
Conversations at the lab to keep the trackers trackin'  
Double backin' to the spot where all the money filter  
Keep it on the down low  
You never tell about your scrilla  
On the reala  
I breaks it down in all directions  
It's the Fillmoe players with the O  
And the Crest connection  
All in the session with my folks, You know they got the Dolo

Hit the gateway tracks, like some fiends in a forward Volvo  
Bought a Bolo  
Seen Kelly, mashed off, and then we hollered  
Trailing Coolio and Mac Dre in a green Impala  
Getting cloudy  
The laboratorys just like a porny  
Got a patient  
Cousin Quinn is making the shit get saramani  
Hella fetti  
We ready, steady, with all the bumbles  
Keeping it real with Dangerous Dame and Mac Mall in this fucking gumbo  
Straight paper  
Straight fetti  
Straight gumbo

Niggas we pull  
Niggas will say so  
We hit the strip from San Jose, to Vallejo  
Make more scrilla by the mouth piece  
Non-talking niggas don't know shit about me  
Ignore 'em like bitches  
Respect  
There ain't a hand out  
Like a sore thumb, fake niggas always stand out  
Player hater prayer  
Praying that I buckle everyday  
Ain't worth five cents, or my knuckles to the face  
But my burners ain't feeling no flesh  
If you niggas wanna test  
Let it jump and we could put the shit to rest  
You thinking deeply  
But I be on service like a shark  
Consider me that hate, but see I serve you from the heart  
'cause love loves me  
And hate loves me  
So what the fuck you think?  
You can't fuck with me  
You paying dopefiends, to put 'em to work  
But now your money's gettin' low  
While I be getting low with this wicked flow  
You got at me last night  
But I wasn't asking who was bustin' the trigger  
I'm blowing big bomb smoke, yelling "Nothin' ass nigga"  
My pimping ain't soft  
I'm taking no losses  
So why the hell do you persist to put me in crosses?  
You thought it was shackles, but then they was ropes  
And now they're spider webs  
I broke on you hoes  
I know what you're doing before you do it  
Got an outside plan, but in the end you're looking stupid  
Huh, yeah  
'Cause Dangerous Dame got 'em riding on the freeway  
Actions speak louder  
I don't fuck with he say-she say  
Think you got game?  
Never could you have it  
You niggas are crying wolf, while I'll be fucking Jessica Rabbit  
Straight trading places  
But fool this ain't no dream  
You was happy as hell when you had me under your infra red beam  
  
Once again, get low for the East O

Add a little recipe to the gumbo

Add me

Mix me up

Stir me in the pot with these niggas that fix me up

See, back in '91, Coolio was the shit

So now we cooking a batch of gumbo and it ain't gonna quit

My nigga the Bigga Figga, adding that spice so fool it's saucy

You bitches thinking you'll eat for free, well this shit is costly

So back up off me

And recognize the sound is poppin'

Beause we steadily droppin' dope, like the keys you coppin'

Mother fuckers, they get to actin foul

When they know they can't fuck with the style

Smile punk mother fucker, sucka, hating bustas

Ain't no friends when it comes to ends, so you can not trust us

But trust me

You can not dust me, or try and bust me, dumbo

Your ass gets heated in this pot of gumbo