

# Mafioso

Mac Dre

Ugh  
Wha wha  
What is it  
Yeah  
Yadidaholla  
Do you know whaddiholla (do you know what I holla?)  
Yeah, the itty bitty city by the water  
That's steady gettin taller  
Vallejo  
You Ho  
You just don't understand  
Check it out though

Sippin' Martinis eatin scampi and linguini  
Makin' Blunts disappear  
Like I'm Houdini  
Layed up with Asians that know tongue fu  
Gettin blew when I got the call from Young Dru  
He was speakin thizzlamic  
But I can understand it  
He said "Al Boo Boo the eagle has landed"  
My reply... pronto... cousin  
Execute stage two put the turkey in the oven  
For those who don't know that means he got the blow  
And it's time to turn the blow in to more dough  
Sell em high, buy em low, let em fly let em go  
Birdies of the snow straight from valley jo  
Who got it? Nigga Dru got it  
And if you hit him on the hip  
He'll make sure that you got it  
Me and my team  
We tryna win  
And we keep it mafiso  
You hear the violens

(godfather tune by mac dre)

I'm the yay boy, the play boy, from the bay boy  
Where I stay boy, we don't be puffin' no hay boy  
Where my son head lay boy  
I protect with the K boy  
Run in my home and get sprayed boy  
Young Dru and mac dre boy  
The yay don't play boy  
I'm a made boy highly connected spit flame boy  
I'm a payed boy  
? ? all day boy  
Never changed, I'm the same, so fuck what you say boy  
I'm not afraid boy  
Take it from wax to gun play boy  
Run away boy  
Shakin the blades and gay boys  
Movin' bricks boy  
Choppin' down kicks to picks boy  
Weighin' zips boy  
Takin' the trips for chips boy  
Coppin' whips boy

Floss cross by chicks boy  
Makin' hits boy  
Fuck with the mob and get split boy  
Loaded and lit boy  
Dre and Dru is the shit boy  
From a fix to a bitch  
We tryna get rich boy

(godfather tune by mac dre)

I'm in my sneaks with freaks on the beach was shallow  
Steady drinkin earnest and julio gallo  
I got my rallo? My butterfly knife  
I'm nothin nice  
I cut a guy twice  
All of my life I followed the path  
A D boy B boy have cash live lav-Got game like Bob Costa  
Got dread like Rasta  
Eatin' seafood sauce  
Poored over pastas  
You imposters get tried for treason  
To the nation of Thizzlam  
Is my legiance  
Write a grievance  
File a complaint  
Tell 'em Dre doin things that them otha guys can't  
Burnin' rubber all day  
Drivin' wreckless  
I cut a man throat give a man a bloody necklace  
Cuttee, they respect us cause they have to  
My niggaz mafioso  
You prepared they'll wack you'

(godfather tune by mac dre)