

Retro Dance Record

Mac Dre

Mic check 1, 2
I, I'm finna throw it back
I'm finna throw it way back
Like Miami when he was havin them Remi attacks
With yo mug-love, here we go

Now this is how I'm finna break it down
Scott made the beat I like the sound
Now I'm at the plate, he's on the mound
I hit 'em out the park, never on the ground
Verbally gifted, herbally twisted
Simplistic, but futuristic
No lipstick, no mascara
I want a Bitch that blow like Irene Cara
I bring terror, scare and fright
And don't go like if dare they might
Dolemite, Pretty Tonie
If I was they age they'd be my homies
Reggaton, shrimp alfrado
I say, "Tomato not Tomato"
I'm a muscian, lookin for groupies
And if you listen, I do it groovy
It really move me when I hear a funky beat
I come with heat, make 'em get up out they seat
I make 'em freak, I can make 'em cheat
I can make 'em buy it and bring the receipt
Tweedle-leet, whistle to the rhythm
I wanna see you do the Thizzle to the rhythm
Bounce, drop, make it pop
Now One Dropp, can you make it stop
Then bring it back, yeah like that
I'm kind of cheat, it ain't fair like that, I'm a pimp

Throw it back, do it baby retro
Big booty, shake it mami ghetto
For you, I'd walk to Modesto
You look special, shake it mami let's go

Christopher Colombus, Marco Polo
Solano County, Sac and Yolo
All after me man I got warrants
I drive with no liscence or insurane
My boy in Florence, Colorado
He a legend like Danny Mollanato
El Dorado, drop berits
School boy glasses and Fila fits
BMW's, Mercedes Benz
Stunna glasses without the lens
Spinnin rims, tremendous knock
I almost forgot I gotta send a shout
To that punk rock xxxxx who made me cummy
In ten seconds flat man she's dumb
Dancin dumb, doin it live
Goin about a buck o'two on The Five
Tunes brothers, Melle Mel
Hit Thunder Valley can't you tell
Millions, scrillions, lots of cars

R&B singers and movie stars
Rave music, MDMA
Hyphy C-R-U-N-K
I said, Rave music, MDMA
Hyphy C-R-U-N-K