

## Back 2 Da Basics

Mac Dre

(4x)

Doing The Same Ol Thang

Back 2 Da Basics where I won't sale yak  
See I got get back mothafuck the jacks  
Strapped me a gat just in case of the rap pack  
I got another five to survive  
My boss keep sweatin' me workin' me fo days  
Shit can a nigga get a raise  
Man I got a child to support and this ain't workin'  
Can't pop yay cause the police is lerkin'  
It's gettin to point where I'm bout to say fuck it  
Jackin' muthafuckas in a bucket  
Can't I be back where I started straight cold hearted  
My family would look at me retarded disregarded  
Because I must get risk legit  
A couple Benz and a kit and they can't do shit  
See they got theirs, and y'all's got y'all's  
And now it's time to get mine and plus I got balls  
Boss fo a sec as nigga run a check on this microphone  
To see if it's on

I called a few friends  
And see if they could front me some ends  
They all talking about it depends  
What you need it fo, now ain't that strange  
How money make a muthafucka change  
And I bout had it with this job choppin down woods  
While my homies choppin ki's in the hood  
Livin' good, and I can't stand one mo case  
Because the judge would throw the fuckin book in my face  
That's why everybody is willin' to die  
To get a fat piece of the pie  
I'm coming up dry, my pockets is chapped  
I'm thinking about pimpin' the hoods up with the gat  
Silly of me how dumb could I be  
It's time to make a call to the homie MD  
Can a nigga get plugged, I heard you got juice  
And I got a few I'll like to produce  
Don't sweat the style cause I got flow  
That why I called yo ass to let you know

Now everythings fine no more grime  
The feds can't stick me with no more time  
I told my boss that he could kiss my black ass  
Cause being on this team, the longer it's gone last  
I made my rounds threw the jordans down  
And off to the crest hittin' zest by the pounds  
No more settin' trippin unless you want to trip  
With my zest hit yo ass like a Vietnam vet  
I bet I'll go far if I could be a star  
Eating chitlings and ham and I could give a damn  
Bout Uncle Sam because my army's getting paid  
Hittin' with the lyrics they know they can't fade  
So I stop scheming up a mission to plot  
Avoiding three huints and a cop  
I got to give a shoot fo my homies in the pin

Cause without yo help I'll never get in'  
Gave a in' to my mom and I drop the bombs  
Like the homeboy rhymes  
I'm Back 2 Da Basics

Doin Doin the same ol thing huh  
Doin the same old thing