

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