

Bonus Track

Mac Dre

They Say Benzes Roll Beamers Jet And Cadies Keep On Dippin'
Well I Must Be Trippin' I'm In The Old School Pie Flippin' Sellin' Them High Jippin's Tendin' To My Pimpin'
Time Flippin' Late I'm On My Way Not Enough Hours In The Day To Be Dre
I'm El Presidente' I Run Things tote Gun Things And Never Run From Things
Brave Heart But I'm Not Mel Gibson I'm Dope Like Coke That Was Cooked In The Kitchen
Dabbin' Revolution Stabbin' And I'm Goosin' Mini-Me Laptops Many Beats That Knock Lots Of Hemp Lobster Nopt Shrimp Big Perm Maybe I Pimp Some Babys
All Ways Shoppin' No More Hall Moppin' Hella Nikes With Gucci Hella Nites With coochie

I Tell Baby Play Casper Be Friendly Ghost On Em' After You Host On Em',
She ATeam Player I'll Play Coach On Em' Like A Dubbie In The Jump Play Roach On Em'
Won't Smoke On Em' If It Ain't Dalalalots Of Notes On 'em
C Status Won't Holla Till it's G Status I'm cut throat 3 c savage
What Eva Me Wont Me Have
See Me Lavish Yo' trash might be cash Gimme That Push
Like Little Mama In Labor I Push Puss
That's Real Talk All Scrill Talk cus cus
Where The Fuck U Cut 1 G Aw Naw Bitch Wasn't Enough
And Till' This Day Wont Love Wont Get Paid And 4 U This Song Is Just Like The B**** Say

This is a tape, but at the same time it's I'll
They say this is your fate to be a husalah that's real
Look at my face, I do give women the chills
These niggas see that I'm pretty they think they know what the deal
Go head get shot, buried in a hill, this is very very real, I suggest you stay very still
I draw heavy steel, whatever? and still get shot
You still punk rock still work builders on the block (?)
I'm 21 with children on the block, that kill on the spot
Grown accustomed to shootin and still won't stop. They don't stop the y rock blocks... ? tried to tell you niggas but you still don't listen
Understand that my future is in question, my life is a lesson for niggas in my profession,
These streets is deep like the womb and leave niggas with tombs, sweet like the smell of cooked keys in the room with Either that or parole hoes, in every hood like coke and 5 He fuck with trife hoes, every nigga know niggas those
I arose out the dirt and manifested a husalah
Shot for snitches, cock for bitches, rock for riches, and burn homegr own sucka

Now I Can Talk A B**** Brain Out Her Noggin, and slide across thin ic

e like toboggan
Wizzle Be A Fool fo' We Get The Smobbin', bitch quit sobbin get a tri
ck dick throbbin
Now you can be a sidekick like batman and robin no allstar pimpshit
The beat got her bobbin her head don't stop like she keep on nodding
And all I do is collect and sell the product
I knock a baywatch bitch dipped in Prada, and still check all of it e
very dollar
And I don't even call but they hear me holler, and yeah that bitch Tr
ina run game on Scholar
Get it for ya father or don't even bother, a bitch circuits overload
I won't stop her
Bitch non stop, hoed up robotic, and every piece of dough the bitch t
ouch I got it

I had nobody to call, nobody to turn to
When the feds hit my door, you like that didn't concern you
When they pulled up with that van and recovered the birds, you was ki
nda glad I got took you felt I deserved it...