

# Boss Tycoon

Mac Dre

Uh, what  
Nigga what... let's do it, (nigga what)  
Nigga what... Like that

I know, doe ray me  
But no I'm not a R&B sanger  
I'm a gangter rapper throwin' up the middle fanger  
To them square rubix cubes, who don't smoke and use  
I'm a cutthoat boy and I got a short fuse  
I get kind of hyphy when I'm gone off a little Gin  
You don't like it, say hello to my little friend  
Rat-ta-tat-tatta, it really don't matter  
I push a hard line cross it, niggaz gon' scatter  
I'm not the mad rapper, I'm the rapper gon' bad  
Recordin' on Pro-Tools at the pad  
I give the game a bath, boy I'm a sav  
Come through the sideshow yokin' the Cad

Fuck what it cost (what it cost)  
I'm a boss (I'm a boss), Tycoon (ty-tycoon)  
Dipped in sauce (in sauce), I floss (I floss)  
I coon (I-I coon)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
What you know about a, 600 V12  
CL's spinnin' on them Spreewells, dirty as hell  
Like fuck a detail, still knock yo female  
Mack that bitch til' she break her Lee nails  
On the track in TL, Yukmouth  
First week out 80 thousand on the street sales  
Now I'm CEO that's seven dollars on the retail, bitch  
I got niggaz poppin' they collars, poppin' E pills  
Poppin' them bottles, to poppin' them cowards with that heatelle  
And fuck Spitz, I get my ice from Vionnis  
My new york italianni, he plug me with Spanish mamis  
Bitches belly dancin' like a swami, but fuck em'  
I'm too cocky, poppin' that Don P., smokin' my broccoli  
Cause I'm a million dollar man like Ted Dediase  
The FEDz see me, watch me, baby Liberace  
The wrist stay rocky, the whips stay saucy, rims glossy  
With mackin' as Dre beside me  
Call me frosty, frosty the snowman, the Oakland dopeman  
Sell more kicks than Copeland's, bitch  
The Oakland mayor, the Oakland Raider  
With the king of Vallejo, bitch, Foldin' paper  
Tycoon

I ride around town in my clean ass Benz  
Range Rov, coughnut on some clean ass rims  
Hot like Ted Turner, I pack the lead burner  
Spit it, to get it, can't quit it I'm a bread earner (ch-ching)  
Post up at the 5-star telly, Dre touch mo' bread  
Than a motherfuckin' deli  
Young rich nigga, 20 inch nigga, P-I-M-P  
It's all on a bitch nigga  
I've been gettin' scrill, diamonds in my grill  
Rep the pill, and boy do I keep it trill

Showoff, that'll go off on a blade  
Kill like Raid and stay gon' off made  
Do what the fuck wanna, got bitches on the corner  
Not just a thizz user, I'm a thizz owner  
Sometimes I thizz, sometimes I shroom  
But whatever I do, I'm a stay a Tycoon