

Crest Creepers

Mac Dre

I be that cold crest creeper, stompin' and rompin'
Puttin' the crest on the map, like NWA did Compton
Got my finger on the trigger, don't make me pull it and bail
Plus I'm ski masked down, all you see is bullets and shells
From that HK, they say Dre is slightly crazy
But ain't nothin' but the way them crestsides streets raised me
I'm shady, all my game make you trust me
Players love me, haters dodge and duck me
They hidin' while I'm ridin, Crestsidin' through the fog
I'm a double R hog, doin' dirt with my dogs
Crest gorilla makin' scrilla, boy I gets G's
Put more holes in a nigga than they put in Swiss cheese

Now check credential, these niggas be killa status
Pack a tech, tote a tommy, you know I brandish
Some don't understand, niggas I hog about my scrillions
Pill young knuckle heads, stoppin by my building
Built in the game, founded since '74
It's that Mark Ave nigga... You know
Get your millimeter, these niggas round here be heated
And if you need it, eat it up when I feed it
So giddy up, get game, if you ain't knowin' that it'll happen
That's that real shit... fuck all that rappin'
So go on and ask your folks
'Cause these crest niggas ain't no joke

Pussy ain't the prize so you can miss me with that bullshit
Young hog through the hallways, strapped down with them full clips
Catch 'em on surveillance, a murder that's how I read it
So potna if you saw it, play like you ain't seen it
I'm the cleanest in this murder shit, cuddie who you with?
Represent that Sawyer all star killa click
Wave both hands and watch me yoked in the stands
This them creepers coward, so could you understand
Faulty information keep on gettin' sold to the FBI
So what you gon' do? big baller don't cry
Everybody in this world can't get by
We love to be high, so pop yo collar, let it go
'Cause this crest creep shit is gettin' sold like blow

Look it, at who just crept up out the bushes
Without warning, swarming in black garments
Performing like an OG, crest vet, oh yes it's Naked
But I'm forced to wear clothes, because it's cold on the North Pole
This 4-4 got the enemy behind the line
'Cause once they cross it, aww shit, another violent crime
Has been committed in the itty bitty city called Vallejo
All hell breaks loose when you fuck with lou
Me and my people 'cause we deep in this shit
Brought heat to this shit, just in case a hater wanna trip
Off the fact that the country club is in the building
Hit the ceiling with your 3 C's if ya feeling
Where I'm coming from, now who in the fuck you running from
Them cuddie top dogs are on there way and they coming dumb

Hoes they, hoes they love me
'Cause I'm the U-N-D-A-D-O double G

Crestsidin', hittin' switches, let me drop you a line
If you ridin' then you bitches better be on time
You fucking with my pleasures now
In L.A., fuck Da Unda Dogg won't let you down
So let me bust a nut, we creepin', so hurry up get yo ass in this telly
No time for speakin', remove your clothes and lay on your belly
I got that Watts shit, mixed with that Crestside twist
Block shit, bitches love to fuck with this

Reek Daddy the muthafuckin' instigator
Mr. get this shit started right now, fuck later
From the Crest to the muthafuckin' Midwest, Reckless
15 cuddies on a dead nigga chest
Bitch have you ever rolled with a rider?
Bouncin' in the low hollerin' out Crestsider!
Ripped, don't even trip, it's gon' be some more shit
I got the big clip, filled up with hollow tips
Cold Crest creeper and I always keep my cannon on me
Don't forget the dope 'cause I'm a lay you where you standin' homie
Hoe if you know me, you know what I'm about
Act like a snake bit my dick and suck the poison out

Cuddie I go way back, sippin' heem straight like chris mack
In the 'lac, yac up, aliens better back up
Playa like OG bust
See there ain't nothing like that ball hog soup, for country club hog nuts
Smash fools like Barlow, serve big game like tip toe
Might catch me mackin' in Chicago
Smokin' on some?
Pimp shit, talkin' smooth, armani man, I'm out to conquer the globe
Might start off in Vegas, hookers bringin' more of those papers
Boss mackin' got me scuffin' my gators
Call me Luke Skywalker, the alien stalker
Cuddie, fuck ya friends, ya folks, even ya potna
Lil' soldier got a chopper plus he gone off one
And OG's think the penitentiary is fun
So he's bread to kill, and ain't scared to die
Nuclear age titan up out the Crest side