

## From Sac To The Boonies

Mac Dre

It's that California Livin', Young Black Brotha  
Boatin' that '73 Chevrolet burnin' rubberrrr  
Like my nigga, Rich the Fact  
Nigga it's the Mac in the back of the 'Lac  
Soakin' tact, big indo many clouds of smoke  
Make old school dance when I dip and yoke  
It's like M-A-C D-R-E  
Way up in KC with the boy Arby  
Yeah biatch, it's presidential  
On the under chronic comin' through in a rental  
I'm undetected, I come protected  
Two 4-4 pistols, a mask and vest biatch  
Down and dirty, the cuddies call me Curty  
From Mark and Leonard to Howard Hurty?  
From Missouri don't worry we keep it ragooye  
MD and Luni, from Sac to the Boonies

We gangsta niggas ready for some tension  
Fool we ain't trippin' we tryin' to keep it pimpin'  
Pimpin' what does it mean?  
Paper in my pocket, hoes on my team (2x)

They call me Coleone thug real McCoy  
I'm a rider bout mine cause trust ya boy  
Get shit crackin' like eggs in a pan on fry  
This do or die lifestyle got my brain on high  
I hit the city streets mean mug, chip on my shoulder  
Young punks they mug back but ain't no balls in these soldiers  
I'm in the Mid-West, KC, N-O-K-C  
Every show, every in-store the hoe framed me  
Coleone (got game?) Hell yeah by the pound  
Niggas hate (On my name)  
Cause they hoes crack smiles (What a shame)  
Pimp nigga how ya do that there  
Talk a bitch up out her check book and the weave in her hair  
I bust rap cats in lips on a square ass nigga  
Getting grub in an old school with a dent in the fender  
Me and Mac Dre bitch stayin' on our toes  
What, what, what, what they call me Coleone!

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Pimpin' what does it mean?  
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We global, travel the bubble duckin trouble  
Don't make us get the bury body shovel  
We vicious, dumpin' bodies in ditches  
And runnin pimp game on these punk ass bitches

Yeah, I'm the mack of the year like placa bitch  
My guys they drive by with the best of the clip  
Coleone, young creeper flippin shit like chitlins  
Ragglin, scragglin, and cappin' I'm a handle my business

We dog niggas, straight hog niggas  
Well connected and when we call niggas  
It goes down, down, bodies bein' found

Gangsta mack shit that's how we clown

And we down, like 4 flex on a fucked up hoopty  
Big bread and get big head from a fine ass hoochie  
They call me, nah fuck it can't waste my time  
Nuts hangin like cellulite on yo' grandma's thighs

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