

Grown Shit

Mac Dre

Yep, Yea, Yep, Yea, Yep
Don't stop won't stop won't quit
Never could never would
Mac Dre back with some more shit
You know (yadida mean, yadida mean)
Come on man

I'm a rap matic track addict
And I'm back at it
Play me a beat with this heat I'm a blap at it
The cat scated, when the mac spat
You don't want to see me, punk get your hat flatted
Dope like a crack addict, or a hop head
Spit it clear so you can hear, what I said
Pot head, hot head nigga that got dreads
Got bread stop red get hit with the hot lead
My bed, you might see three things
High heels, my pills, and hoes in G strings
I see things, through my pimpin glasses
Cheesy macaroni, teaching pimpin classes
I dips and mashes, Mercedes Benzes
Might wear stunnas without the lenses
I'm off the hinges I handle business
Leave no clues, witness, or forensics
No co-defendance all by my lonesome
Won't see Solano, Quintin, or Folsom
I doce em, at the four way stop sign
Forty HK don't fuck with Glock nine
I rock rhymes, I'm a star I'm famous
Got my own language cool when I slang it
Oh, I'm all out the door
351 with the shift in the floor

Come on you beezy let's do some grown shit
Put on a tight thong too small that don't fit
When I'm on the thizz I'm a fool I don't quit
Unborn kids, nut I own shit

Dre rock rhymes from here to New York
Only smoke rope no coke or New Ports
Hubotchi Benihana pork on my fork
Rapping is a sport and this is my court
Do anything to win my referees cheat
I flagrant foul and bruise to beat
Read em and weap
I'm a royal flush
Give me some shrums
So I can get mushed
Kick dust, always in something tight
Hella loud with the whistle or the suction pipe
Fucking dikes, in Vegas or Reno ask Kilo, nigga he know
I'm well connected I know big wells
Did shows in harruels been in hella jails and federal
But nigga it never fails
The shit don't stop when I drop hella sales
Hella mail, call me the postman
From Vallejo born in Oakland

Yolking, Dodge Diplomats
Fuck three strikes get the bitch to bat