

## How I Got This Name

Mac Dre

Since I was a young buck my mackin was cool  
I used to tongue-kiss girls in the back of the school  
And maybe sometime a nigga got mo' than a kiss  
I put my finger in some puss that smelled like piss  
And as I reminisce, huh, it's kinda funny  
How I talked little girls out they lunch money  
They didn't run from me, they used to jock young Dre  
Then I stepped up game and got some cock one day  
It was a bloody mess and yes, tight as a vice grip  
But I was a little nigga killin some tight shit  
Tossed, turned and started fuckin her few friends  
Cause she told two friends and they told two friends  
And word got out that young Dre could fuck good  
Then I fucked a bitch who could fuck and suck good  
And after that cock was nothin to me  
So I flipped the script and stopped fuckin for free  
Every bitch I dicked down, had to kick down  
Whoever I tossed up, had to cough up  
Young in the game, mayn, but quick to learn  
That money makes this world turn  
So I peep game, pop that thang  
And let fools know how I got that name  
Mac Dre, boy

I used to creep on Crest streets with a tight mask on  
Posted, toasted, gettin my cash on  
Strapped with a gat and a bottle of Hen-do  
Orange zig zags and big bags of that Endo  
I pushed pebbles through the midnight hour  
24-7 same clothes, no shower  
Dope sacs smellin like nutsacks, but fuck it  
I was checkin duckets, collectin buckets  
But now I'm fresh out the pen with a chip on my shoulder  
And now that I'm older my blood runs much colder  
Somebody told a fed I was in the mix  
Hittin licks, nigga, ain't that a bitch  
I make raps, stay far from saps  
Checks my traps and collect my snaps  
The Country Club Crest is where I got this game  
And rappin on the mic is how I got that name