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Say man, niggaz say no limit ain't hip hop.
Man these old fake ass niggaz don't even know what hip hop is.
Why don't you show 'em what hip hop is?
I'm 'bout to show a nigga what hip hop is. nigga gimme a motherf**kin' beat
Or something nigga. motherf**kin' clap or something.
Mac:
So uh, who's ya favorite rapper
Do he really got skills
Is he real
Can he flow like this nigga who murda kills
Is he a fool
Or you like him 'cause his single was cool
His video got bitches in bikinis hoppin' out the pool
Is he complete
Do he got tight lyrics and tight beats
Do he write his own rhymes
Do they sound like mines
Is he one of these niggaz who's on
Or is he just some other niggaz clone with no f**kin' style of his own
You probably like thugs
You probably like to fight in the clubs
You probably like him ''cause he talk about murder and drugs
He's such a thug
What if a nigga told you he lyin'
Would he still be yo' #1 or would you change yo' mind
Did you listen to his lp or just one of his songs
Is he type that just go on and on about being the don
Or what he drive, where he live at
Tell him you don't wanna hear that
You around and get jacked f**kin' wit mac!
Mac:
So who he sound like
Mystikal, makaveli, or bone
Wu tang, nas, or jay z
Man, niggaz are crazy
Niggaz will steal yo' style and f**k around be dissin' you
Knowing you the main nigga they be listenin' to
So what you like his voice
What he make you moist
I mean what
Did he sign ya autograph when you met him
Did he look at you strange and call his bodyguard like you was tryin' to
Sweat him
Did he try to f**k? did you let him?
Did he tell you he was diggin' you
And after he f**ked you he got rid of you
Promised you he would send for you
Let him penetrate ya
Then you find out he ain't really got no paper
Now ya saying he raped ya
I know the game is tight, it's alright, it's so terrific
What I write is so profilic when it's to a beat that I can live with
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