

King Pin Dream

Mack 10

Gangsta?
Mikkey Finest
Ah King Pin's Dream
Mack 10, Inglewood
I'm nigga Mikkey
Chi-Town, Birdman
Listen, whatcha got nigga?

I got a trouble find bitches in the kitchen and they cooking it row
Realisting feams like stitches with the hooker in they chow
Fuck the law, man, I'm known for cooking it row
'Til the cops just chill, I got something for y'all

I got a Bentley and the Hummer and they sittin on 'em daters
I got a hot power lawyer with the million retater
South-South, Westside, man, I own my city
Got judges on my pay roll like [Incomprehensible]

International with my game, I ball with the best
Birdman, Down-South, Mack 10 out West
Fuck with my money, put to put the mack to yo' chest
Want war? I take it there or rather tattooed to there

See them Cash Money niggas, how can I iced like 'em
Cooking coke from the pill-up, it's got a prices like 'em
You know a nigga wheel slip, I got a wife like him
You heard a Micheal Jordan right, I got a life like him

I'ma mothafuckin' hustla, y'all know the game
Chi-Town Mikkey Flow, y'all know my name
Game is risky but a nigga rather died the fame
And live life, broken hungry out here, cracking for bread

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

When it comes to drugs, these reppers ain't get none but fo'
Oh square ass nigga and full of brains are sold
I know 'em Feds is on heat but I don't give a fuck
I'm so deep in the game it's like my name is stuck

From crack, more then likely is a suggestion of sell
I gives a fuck, who ya breaking and disso skell
I live life like a King Pin weed but raw
I'm the richest gang living them niggas ever saw

I with ya belly from Toyota with the biggest and baking soda
Pirates po's full of peppers and crack folders
I'ma dope dealer and I got coke scrilla
My whole crew can sit to at X-Cons and killas

And my bitches is falls who bomb, head and coochie
Rockin' props, the fades, the letto pump boochie
First statish, rock rolo, when I came to the door?
And now it's Bentleys, Mansions and meats to the floor

Kickin' gears on Parley's, while the straight pipe screen
And I had a block on lock, since I was fifteen
Mack Saprano's, the most of unforgiven
And fuck a job, 'cause dope money is how I'm living

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

My homey got marries, so, you know we ain't slipping
Two hoes, two Bentleys, you know we ain't dipping
Lifestyle, drug dealing, you know we ain't trippin'
Got killas on the row, you know we ain't slipping

Tote trucks full of bricks, you know we ain't chickens
New cars, pretty broads, you know we been pimpin'
Bitch stars, body bars, we hitting and missing
Big cars, superstars, 'cause wheels gon' spinning

Pretty honeys, bug stunt, 'cause the money we spending
Planty bitches and warehouse, tinning piece for chicken
Riot guns shoot 'em up, for this life that I'm living
PO partners doin time, 'cause my homeboy miss me

The Feds, big trippin', 'cause they failed me to get me
Mack 10 re-shout, 'til ya homey my nigga
King Pin, Big Tymin', drug dealing my nigga
Transport and cocaine and statelines my nigga

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

It's a King Pin's Dream, coke and feminines
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams
So, busting out the scene, guns, scopes and beams
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

This is y'all Ol' Tymers niggas, y'all know H-dash play, right
The liquor is a lifestyle of a drug dealing nigga, y'understand
It ain't twenty-two's is more it's twenty-five's nigga, what?
Even chicken from the hood to the mothafuckin' living ride

Y'knowwhatI'msayin', getcha nigga, come in my project see my crib nigga
We got loadin' .14, for sashie, all the best up and the best nigga
It ain't none gon' stop my nigga
We cooking bricks in the kitchen my nigga, y'understand

Don't come outside stunt boy, unless you got it right boy
Y'knowwhatI'msayin', cash money hot boy and we doin' this nigga

Life, life, hot, hot, we got this hot, hot we got this hot, hot
We got this hot, hot we on fire, don't fuck