

# 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 beems  
But the thing about it dream, it ain't all watta seem

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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 likey 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 stasis, 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 Saprinos, the most of unforgiven  
And fuck a job, 'cause dope money is how I'm living

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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 bitchs 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

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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