

# Cuz I'm The Mack

The Jacka

You know these whodies be askin'  
Uni Mack 10  
Can I be your bitch (can I be your bitch)  
Naw, you can be my ho  
I put you on a track  
And bring me back all my cheese  
Get on your knees  
So I can smoke green leaves  
Paper chase for me  
They found dope in my show  
Catch a case for me  
Act faithful to your pimp  
Like a P-I-T  
Wool out  
Don't let go to what you got  
And don't come back short  
Cuz you might get mopped  
I'm a pimp  
And hoes ain't shit without 'em  
I use to fuck 'em  
And forget about 'em  
Now they bring me back major skril  
So I can stack 'til I peel  
I can change for the good  
Half an hour, I'm there She's mine  
Plus she's blind to the fact that I'm The Jacka  
Mista Cali Co packa  
I have ta  
Floss to be the boss  
You just a black girl lost  
But she ain't in my game plan  
In some chalk

It's The Jacka  
Mista Cali Co packa  
I got the  
The major slice in a Acura  
Imagine bein' brought  
No clothes, no show  
Gonna get high  
But can't fade on the road  
Fuck that!  
I'd rather be the young sav on the track  
Sellin' dope and pimpin' hoes  
Cuz I'm the mack (I'm the mack)

My momma raised me like a mack  
So I stuck wit it  
Tight you wanna remain wit yo Mrs.  
Then keep them bitches out my side  
Ain't havin' no joke on these hoes  
Nigga from the start  
I learned to break a hoes pockets  
To break that young girl's heart  
Evil whispers in my head  
Tellin' me don't stop 'til I'm ballin'  
You come back short wit yo cash

It'll be that ass that she crawlin'  
Pimp on  
But don't limit  
Yourself to pimpin'  
Scandalous women  
Youngsta they suck their ways  
In this game that'll get you paid  
So I let the whispers guide me  
Put the past behind me  
Cuz the cash is blindin' me  
Fuck bein' broke  
I got my town by the throat  
Coughing up major doe  
But it wasn't enough  
Beacuse the bomb I smoke  
And the fluff I snow  
Turned me into a killa  
For the skrilla  
Won't stop eatin'  
I got ten million, dollars  
Nine million acres  
Plus a casino in Vegas  
I'm 'bout the faces on the table  
That's keepin' me in this shit  
And it's real  
Maybe if they kill another president  
They'll make a three dollar bill  
Must be the skrill

I had a problem wit meetin' hoes  
Who try to get over on me  
Thinkin' just because I Then we gonna kick 'em down  
Oh not me, not one-O  
I break a bitch down  
Wit a blow to the nose  
Cuz I'm a savage  
One night we wasn't careful  
Parkin' lot pimpin'  
And a fine ho was yellin' like a wyno  
Was comin' at me like I'm a sucka  
She must of thought that I was a busta  
Comin' out the club  
So I slugged her in her mugg  
"What's up blood"  
A nigga yelled hella loud  
From out the crowd (west up)  
Like he was fed up puttin' work for the skirt  
I'm raisin' up my shirt  
He told me hollow tips hurt  
So back up jerk  
Cuz you don't want me  
Uni M-A-C  
Man you don't want me

Cuz I'm the mack  
You know  
I'm the muthafuckin' mack  
How many real macks you know nigga  
Ask yourself that question  
And I bet you only know one  
Check it out  
My nigga Rob Low on this tight ass beat  
I don't give a fuck what nobody say

Can't nobody fuck wit it  
I only know one real mack  
I gotta say wussup to my nigga O Federali  
My nigga S.L.O.  
My nigga Young Uz  
My niggas from the L.O.B  
My nigga Bishop  
What's goin' down