

Macosa

Young Zee

I'm allowed to fuck up whenever... whenever I want...
This the Outhouse...
Yeah

JUH!

Lemme smoke detroit! FUCK!
Lemme smoke a joint first...
Here, Pace...
95% of all y'all rappers butt
And y'all ride dick so much y'all gon' make me nuts
You'll get your jaw clocked, I'll drag your ass for four blocks
Dunk your head in Clorox, use your dreads for my floor mop
Gay or straight, my Papermate'll do a date rape
Zee can't wait, I'll go Great Bank on a blank tape
Lost like Spigg Nice, stick you for your thick ice
Good to hit twice 'fore you catch me usin' trick dice
Go to parole off of two in stolen wheels
My colon holdin' pills, fuck takin' some Golden Seal
I smoke leaky and black like BET
And fuck hoes raw dog 'til my balls catch VD
Mess with us, straight up, y'all better bust
I'm the one you'll never dust, it's still the same as it ever was
I'll leave the crowd in a Coupe with white walls
And scream, "If y'all ain't Outz then y'all could ride my balls!"
Beef with us you might just catch a black eye
And ride for your crispy 850-I
I fuck with them drugs 'cuz it gets me high
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa
Been doin' this rap shit since '85
Then 'Clef put me down with the Fugee-la
It's only right me and Yah get a piece of the pie

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Yo, all the boys in the lobby get needles filled with poison ivy
Put 'em in the hospital and give 'em a poison IV
My crew get high much off brew and Thai skunk
It makes my style off the wall like suicide jumps
We sip lots of liq' shots
It makes my hip-hop fat as your lip got when I
Kickboxed with flip-flops
And give a disk jockey six copies of this floppy
Shit I be dyin' for is your piece of shit hobby?
You borin' like Oran Dice, I'm more than hype
Bungee jumpin with cordless mics, for tourists sites
Ton Slanga, I'm dopin', pills and cokin'
Lung cancer in my throat and still smokin'

Now, when your partner die, who got the right
To do the homicide and you shot the guy?
And when you's 'bout to cry who got you high?
Say Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa
I'll blast the guy that don't pass the lye

Leave him paralyzed and agonized

Fellas, grab the thighs that's by your side
Say Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-maco
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Wanna live this Outsida business
Blunt splitters, all that
Multiple musical contracts to fallback...
On... set like I was Liu Kang for Kombat...
Armed like Emmitt when I rush crews
More hardcore than DMC and Krush Groove
Don't need hands to touch you
Mr. Perfect, the one you want to rap like
The name rap fiends have in their mouth like a crack pipe
Slap the fuck out you, remember us
I'm the man your father never was, or could've been
Maybe if they passed out weed in high school, I would've went
Got it down, yo
Even if you sing like Brownstone you couldn't "Take The Crown Home"
Try to call me out and get the dial tone
Pace Woner, dickin' 5-0 in a stolen gray Hummer

Me and Pace had to flee in haste from bein' chased
For some E & Js we boosted out of some Korean place
I get drunk and hang-glide off of St. Ides'
And spray-paint the plain sides of all the subway train rides
I got a pitbull that eats sheep and spits wool
And chews on human body tissue 'til it's stomach gets full
Skip school, barely went to class, thinkin' shit's cool
Hid a loaded pistol under this retarded kid's stool
I had a dream I blew up with half a mil' sold
And still stole a credit card, a purse, and someone's billfold
I'm from the city where the weather's always real cold
And chill mode can turn into somebody gettin' steel-toed
We be hangin' on the block 'til dawn
Stayin' spaced out like Dr. Octagon
Feelin' for the beats like they Chaka Khan
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa
Pace Won, Slang Ton, and Yah
Young Zee, Az-Izz, D.U., and muah
Bizarre Kid, Loon One and Rah
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

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Mama-se, Ma-sa, Macosa
Mama-mama-mama-mama-macosa