

White Zombie

"I Keep Hoes Broke *"

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* based on Eric B. & Rakim's "I Ain't No Joke"

[VERSE 1: Mac Mall]

I keep hoes broke, you'll never see me crack a joke
I go gorilla on a bitch, I bet she have my dough
When I'm on ring the alarm, we breakin em tricks
You can't hate it or debate it, square, straight pimp shit
I like to stand in a club, the spot where the strippers
dance
Gettin money and the Mall can't understand
I'm just a mack with a pimpin influence
100 carat mouthpiece, I gotta use it
Now she can be your sister or your baby mom
I take a bitch in and bring her out live hoe form
I lace a hooker with ingredients, every hoe you see me
with
Slave for conversation, Mac Mall could never be a simp
Hookers is wild and they need to be tamed
I treat em like a child, give em new hoe names
She's on the winning team gettin that currency
But she get bust in the dome she hold out on me
She's schemin, breakin all the pimp/hoe laws
You must be dreamin thinkin that the money was yours
Now as I stand over ya, look in your face, you seem
slow
Remember me, the one you got the good game from?
And shit gon' get rougher, it's sho nuff tougher
The bitch start to stutter, I slap her with another
Mackin, that's all I know, that's how I roll
I go loco for c-notes, nigga, I keep hoes broke

[VERSE 2: Mac Mall]

I got a question: can the vice or the punk police
Stop a Mac from gettin all my cheese?
Ridin in a Cadillac, and no, I ain't smilin
I'm tryin to touch enough to buy me an island
A chickenhead need a real mack in her life
She know them L7 niggas just ain't her type
That's when I get that bitch, give her wigs and lipstick
Get the style down pat, now it's time for a trip
Said her man was a bore, pussy-whipped to the core

And now he jealous because he couldn't make you his
whore
A M-a-c, baby, don't even try to be
When you come up and speak, don't even lie to me
You like to try to infiltrate, talk shit and pimpstrate
Then turn it all around and try to player-hate
Me, but if you try to step to a gee
I hit you with the AR-15
I'm callin you a new jack, a pooh put, a dirty mack
Comin at me wrong, you get your cap moved back
Sucker, I keep it movin, gettin loot and
Suckers make me mad, nigga, fuck you and
Your off-brand lame game, all y'all small change
And I'm that nigga, Mac from the Greater Bay
Sucker, you need to let that go fo sho
You can get a smack for this, nigga, I keep hoes broke

[VERSE 3: Mac Mall]

I give a loose hoe laws like a judge
Put her on a corner and she bet' not budge
No need for hesitation, save the drag for a trick
And bring me back g stacks, little lame-ass bitch
Suckers way wild, this ain't a freestyle, there's a fee to
see
So kick end and come off the currency
Big bread, large loot by the lump sums
C-notes, homie, ain't nothin like pimpin
Before you know it I was sellin hoes dreams and
Boss-mackin felines, all about my cream and
Whores, I got em poppin pussy for the cheddar
Got me mackin through busted bad weather
Never faded by the lame folks or the haters
About a bitch, I rather send her than save her
Cutthroat, bossin up for the dough
And when I'm gone, the whole world of tricks'll be
broke
So ask Rally Ral we on the pimpish tip
Play with mine and girl, you gon' get clipped
I even pimp-walk straight through hell
Just to bust your dome, if you don't have my mail
Bitch, I'm on some Crestside mob shit
And when it all go down, fo sho we bomb shit
Game is cold and my mackin is strong
So you squares know why I keep my paper long
And hoes broke

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