

White Zombie

"Shakin' in the Alley"

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[CHORUS]

I'm like a dopefiend shakin in the alley fiendin for a hit
Can you bring this?
Huuuh, when I listen to your tape, I can feel it
Nothing but them bomb beats, comin straight from Cali
This is for them players, can you sing this?
Dopefiend shakin in the alley, fiendin for a fix
Cause baby, I need it

[VERSE 1]

East Coast, West Coast, worldwide and all over the
globe
MC's got this rap game wrong
Suckers think being the greatest on the microphone
Is when you're ridin in stretches and the stations
playing your song
In a tiny studio there's a wanna-be star
With big hopes and dreams of rappin and livin large
The clothes, plus the cars and the video broads
At a show he gets a call by a crooked A&R
You know how the rest go, the snake told the boy he
gon' blow
"Sign your name right here, we even front you some
dough"
And he did it, no lawyer, no care
Daydreamin of kickin it with Les and Joe Claire
Lyin on the tube 'bout how you'se a player
Or some type of gangsta with a rappin career
Or one of them fools yellin 'bout 'keep it real'
Are you a platinum artist with that four point deal?
That's major ill, you shoulda been like double M and
Played for scrill, boss boller appeal
I set up shop to serve all rap fiends
And all you gotta do is just repeat after me

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

I was gone for a minute, but now the man is back in it
Shob rotation like them chrome twomps spinnin
Consumers be spendin they cash

On weak rap albums, because the single's a smash
Just the thought of it make me laugh
And his rap style old and towed and that production
was trash
I know you needed somethin to slam when you mash
Have you high speedin, I make your whip crash
You can turn it up if you want whiplash
I'm steady bobbin your head cause I'm comin like that
Rap fans goin through a drought
Cause they ain't had no Mall
Cold turkey, but now you're back perky
Goin out to all the b-boys and the girlies
I'ma keep ya bouncin like the Sugarwolf Shirlies
Suckers ain't worthy to get near
As I bless this track, all a young mack hear...

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

The drought is over, the drought is over, yeah y'all
The drought is over, the drought is over, Mac Mall
Got that perfect drug
Some of that supernova game that I know you love
Record stores double up, rap shows filled to capacity
With all souls possessed by my flow and its speed
On this radio station over thousands of watts
And the rollers can't stop my knot
Media can't take my props, I'm in the studio preparin a
hit
Manny mannish on some blow up shit
And you can't kick this habit, so submit
California to Miami, I got your fix
Name ringin in your ear like when you slam this here
See, my name is young Mac Mall and servin game is
my career
Surgeon General say this style (is addictive)
The more I keep comin, the more you keep listening
Like a dopefiend, know what I mean
Real soldier about the green
Industry can't boost my esteem
Mean-muggin as the moeny is made
Me and my deejay as the whole crowd say...

[CHORUS]

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