

Baby Animals

"Yeh Suh!"

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We Deep
(Yeh Suh!)
We Creep
(Yeh Suh!)
We throw, we blow
(Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!)
We Fly
(Yeh Suh!)
No Lie
(Yeh Suh!)
Off the Trank and the dank so High
(Yeh Suh!)
It's my arrival, and my survival
I'm skyin higher then messiah an' his bible
Watch for that rifle
Watch for that psycho
Yo breezy chosen, n she lookin' kinda tight though

Now if you talk that talk
Ya better walk that walk
Don't let this pretty face fool ya
"cause I'm a savage
Like a Dallas Maverick
Got nephews that'll do ya
Snatch that jeerzy off your skeleton with the quickness
And if it's wall ta wall betta gaurd your jaw we handlin
bi'ness
Servin this game like tennis we up in this mean Muggin
Crackin the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin
Blowin our trees cousin
It gets sticky in the pain
Tricky in the tank
And don't miss me wit that dank
500 on the street equals 65 G's
In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the piz
Bigger then show biz
So I'm stayin focused
When they holla at the club
"How much them blows is"

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I remember when my thugz
Showed me how ta slang heat Hollerin
Fixin how ta talk man we gona bring beat Ya
Now guess what I'm goin through and this what I stand
fo
Thuggin ain't that legal but I'm doin what I can boy
But I sound small I as I is
Sound as raw as I is
I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads
Down is all in it
See niggaz ballin in it
Aighty, tellin a sad story we know why I got it
Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love
That's cold nigga deal with it show'em you thug
Havin, Partnah's in prision n a few dead friends
Was the Streets way of showin me two dead ends
Then the beats got to showin me you can make ends
Goin hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't
One thug that had some said that boy Bash
That manilla world send max pain comin for that ass.
YESSAH!

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I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if it's crackin where you mackin where you at man
I'm just a mack man
I'm just a mack man
And if it's crackin where you mackin where you at man
I'm just a mack man
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