

Dive

"Mackin' Ain't Easy"

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(Chris Kelly)

Now I'm known to rock a party, and turn a party out
(ho!)

A nappy headed little nigga representin' for the South
When I bust, and I do frequently

I see niggas in careers trying to get with me

Now no longer am I small

See got me a ballme of women, huh I keep 'em wall to
wall

See cause mackin' ain't easy (easy)

But I had to do it, get into it, and plus they love to
please me

Over age, never under

Wonder in the words of Aaliyah, Age Ain't Nuthin' But A
Number

So I takes 'em, shakes 'em, show 'em the ropes

Let 'em get a little taste and then they never let go

They say (Daddy Daddy), they call me, it gets major

Surprise visits and blowin' up my pager

Asking for favors that I don't do

That's for a nigga in love, all I'm doing is mackin' you

(Chorus)

Mackin' ain't easy

But somebody gotta do it (do it)

Mackin' ain't easy

But somebody gotta do it (do it, do it, do it)

Now tell me whose the mack, tell me whose the mack

Mackin' ain't easy

But somebody gotta do it (do it)

Mackin' ain't easy

But somebody gotta do it (do it, do it, do it)

Now tell me whose the mack

(Chris Smith)

Now I ain't got no big hat or a Caddilac

I push a drop-top Benz and a baseball cap (say what?)

I, keep the pad full of women, bad bodies in bikinis on
deck

For when I wanna get wet

I tell Chris all the time I more of a mack than he is
And it's been this way since we was real little kids
I, got women saying 'baby tie me up'
I got 'em going to mall, shop and buying me stuff
Now with me it's like the old days ain't gone no where
A light skin-ded nigga with real long hair
Perm, corn rowed, individuals, afros
No matter what, I'm fresh head to toe
So who's the mack?, daddy mack
Seeing all the women in my stable watch my back
From these, player haters trying to salt my game
And snatch my hoes, it ain't a possible thing

(Drunk guy sample)

You know what I mean?,(?), ain't no need to bullshit
These niggas in love, You know what I mean?
Talking about how fast(?)
There ain't no players, I'm drunk now, You know what I
mean?
I'm kinda, (I know, I know), but I'm cool (I know)....
(The rest is unintelligible to me)
You what I mean?

(Kris Kross)

Now tell me who's the mack

(Mr. Black)

Mr. Black, and we can do whatever
Flossin' in the Benz, decked out in the leather
Never slippin', just sippin' on this champagne
And I'll be spittin' pure game to this pretty young thing
My aim, to control
Mind, body and soul
Have her on the stroll bringing me the flow
Pimp stylin', stay smilin', profilin'
Presidential suite, gang of hoes sippin' Crystal-in'
Yeah we puffing real La
Laid back to the funk flows I prescribed
I could write a thesis on the dime pieces
Gotcha on her, didn't flaunt, when I grab your nieces
Mack daddy forte, when I'm flossin with the double K
Got all these broads showing us where they stay
Pager blowin up all these hoes wanna skeez me
Being a mack ain't easy

(Static noise)

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