

Blues Traveler

"Mac Daddy"

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"Now why ain't you over there where you supposed to be?"

"The white-trip, Goldie, he tried to off me, man."

"Let me tell you something now, you listen to me and you listen to me closely.

I don't give a shit about what happened to you, now I want you to get yourself together and get back out there and get me my money! Now I don't care how long it takes for you get out there and get it!â€¦. Now GET!"

Chorus:

Yo Big Dubez, what it look like?
Sporty Thievz, Brando be the crook type
King Kirk's sideburns be on hook, right?
We just some niggaz that keep our good looks tight
We all match

(Marlon Brando)

Hey yo where the party at? Blunts copped in Cogn-y-ac
Girls in the act, like "where the fuck Marlon at? Call him back"

Ask him where he ballin' at, thats only right,
goin' thru all the lights, with the bright motor-bikes on the 'pike

Girls be watchin' all the booming sales
talkin' 'bout "do my nails and take me to Bloomingdales"

gassed they ex-males for the Lex ginger-ale
Playa spinned the Cryst-al, trickin' french fingernails
Now, Virginia girls keep their hair looking lit up
Getting' ready for the summer, all spring doin' sit-ups
My love will make you shake-up, Call your man to break-up

Have sex all night, and I'll leave before you wake up

Chorus 2x

(Big Dubez)

Honey was bad to death, playin' the far left
Came in with some nigga, Im figurin' ??par-lef??
I runs up on shorty, you know bein' a sporty
thief, I brief shorty on lickin' my whole body
Spit a hella flame of game, what the fucks my name?
All it took was a minute to ruin this bitch's brain
She like "Don't you?", Im like "Yea, yeah"
"You ripped a- that?" "Yea there"
So why don't we, you, me, you know?" she like "yea,
where?"
Jack' with lime pieces got me straight like creases
got rid of my dime pieces, I walked in on Alisha's
Now honey all facetious, wantin' to skate
that's when her man popped up, getting' ready to hate
"Oh, so where you think you goin'?", I'm like "Yo pause,
player
we go way back, I ain't tryin' to lay her"
I can't see how a player can't see himself getting
played
Getting' hit with "I knew boo since the 10th grade"
To ease pa', I complemented the bar
then I hit money with a funny cigar
With his back turned we broke out, he gotta be burnt
I got his bitch up in the Radisson, suckin', smokin'
Madison
Even though we bounced I still lit up the place
cuz when he lit that long Cuban, it blew up in his face

Chorus 2x

(King Kirk)

Shorty in the tight gown, over there in the pink
threw a wink, almost dropped my drink
As I stopped to think, it must be the links
or the glow from the ice, reflectin' off the disco lights
So Kirk, maybe its your night, so I stepped to her polite
and tapped her, introduced King Kirk the rapper
she screamed with laughter, drink splashed, could'a
smacked her
Then my breath stopped
when I look on my shirt, I bet' not have a wet spot
(bitch)
Love, you lucky, no more to say, lifted a business card
laying to EMG,
and walked away, I don't play
Playing's for players I'm a mack, type to be in limos jet-
black
Havin' a chat, rubbin' the cat, went over and sat
in my reserved seats, waiter serving me eats
I'm observing the freeks, lookin' for asscheeks

about four of 'em or more of 'em
then I saw some, told the waiter "Call all of 'em"
They came said their name and that the club was borin'
'em
and they was watching me all night but I kept ignorin'
em
I'm just thinking 'bout lurin' em to my crib, scorin' em
As the waiter started pourin' em drinks, I peeped the
whore in 'em
Later they trapp-ted me happily, sexin' rapidly
No strategy, actually cousin?, just the mack in me
N'ahhhmean??

Chorus 2x

(Female Singing)

Hey there, Mac Daddy, if you want me badly
To hop in your caddy and groooove
You just have to spend, I'll fuck you and your friend
Or do whatever you choooose, nowww

(Sporty Thievz)

Hey miss sugar mama, we ain't spendin' nada
you gotta suck the dick (get the dick, get the dick, get
the dick)
you think you slick, you stupid bitch
Real Macks don't trick (I thought you knew, I thought
you knew)

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