

Ezio**"Mac-a-Fram-a-Lama"**

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You crash-helmet wearin heifer
You turf-dirt tramp
Sack-chasin ass cunt
Bathwaterless biatch

Whats up with it ho, tell me whats it all about?
Since you always talkin shit when this pimp dick not in
yo mouth
And then you wonder why a nigga quick to dig yo
helmet
And slap yo ass so hard when usually I'm smooth as
velvet

See trick I'm from the bay and man we make them
broads obey
And if you don't then you gon (?) swatter or sling (?) on
mac dre
Word to OJ and my nigga ike turner
If that ho don't know her role, them ima learn her (learn
her?)
Since out I turned her, she get hella emotional
But don't let the square be his feelins if that ass beat
down
And even now I get the feeling hes sayin "a real man
would never put his
hands on a woman"

But a punk-bitch ain't no lady
that's shifty and shady
Proven connivin 51/50 crazy
But I'm quick to introduce her to the mac-prozac,
choke-holds and back hand slaps
Now bitch dig that!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Mac-a-fram-a-lama punk ho toe-tagga
Savage mani-manish ???? the money homey bastard
Big face stacker and a mouth piece master
Never chase that bitch, id rather let you suckas catch
her

Now to, understand-a mac-a-fram-a-lama, you must
first know the lingo
comprehend the grammar
Feel me when I flow, learn when I'm lacin
Mack, I match the art of communication
365 days a year, I'm in the bitch year, sayin what she
wanna hear
Tryin to get things clear, if they ain't clear, and if she
stay here, shes
runnin like the reindeer
And I'm playin here, mackin fo real, hackin a steal,
stackin a scrill
so if you happen to feel, kinda pimperistic, you got the
??? In ya, you feelin
my linguistic
don't get it twisted, lets keep it on the up and up
The Blood about it if she out there fuckin up
Its time to toughin up, keep this cutt-throatish
Mac-a-fram-a-lama niggaz? it's the coldest!

Oops upside yo head
Keep poppin off at the grill and ima beat you like an
egg
See your brothers a punk and your daddys an old man
they get in my business and ima send 'em back payin
You know what I'm sayin, no ho I ain't no gentleman
Im a cut-throat nigga from that Crest side clan
Wont tell you check yourself cuz I got it
A tested method to get a bitch back in pocket
See when my breezys start to bumpin them gums
A mack black out, and get to goin on one
And I don't give a fuck, let the police come
Let this bitch wig because she much too dumb
Said I don't give a fuck let the police come
Let this bitch wig because she much too dumb
We keepin it mackin on the real where I'm from
A nothing-ass slut talk shit, she gets stomped,
stomped

[Chorus]

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