Helmet "How I Got This Name"

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(Mac Dre, boy)

[Mac Dre]

Since I was a young buck my mackin was cool I used to tongue-kiss girls in the back of the school And maybe sometime a nigga got mo' than a kiss I put my finger in some puss that smelled like piss And as I reminisce, huh, it's kinda funny How I talked little girls out they lunch money They didn't run from me, they used to jock young Dre Then I stepped up game and got some cock one day It was a bloody mess and yes, tight as some vice grips But I was a little nigga killin some tight shit Tossed, turned and started fuckin her few friends Cause she told two friends and they told two friends And word got out that young Dre could fuck good Then I bumped a bitch who could fuck and suck good And after that cock was nothin to me So I flipped the script and stopped fuckin for free Every bitch I dicked down, had to kick down Whoever I tossed up, had to cough up Young in the game, mayn, but quick to learn That money makes this world turn So I peep game, pop that thang And let fools know how I got that name Mac Dre, boy

(Mac Dre, boy)

[Mac Dre]

I used to creep on Crest streets with a tight mask on Posted, toasted, gettin my cash on Strapped with a gat and a bottle of Hen though Orange zig zags and big bags of that Endo I pushed pebbles to the midnight hour 24-7 same clothes, no shower Dopesacks smellin like nutsacks, but fuck it I was checkin ducats, collect in buckets But now I'm fresh out the pen with a chip on my shoulder And out of the motor my blood runs much colder

Somebody told a fed I was in the mix
Hittin licks, nigga, ain't that a bitch
I make raps, stay far from saps
Checks my traps and collect my snaps
The Country Club Crest is where I got this game
And rappin on the mic is how I got that name

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