

## Helmet

### "Mac Dre'vious"

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[Miami Talking]

Where you going Mac Dre'vious?  
What is his name? What is his other name though?  
The guru of pimpin'.. Mac guru mo' gimpin'  
The guru of pimpin'

[Mac Dre]

As I walk through the crowd I could hear necks snappin'  
I here voices saying "Oh gee, He rappin'?"  
Its mackin' funky fresh in the flesh  
You might see me in the traffic rolling SS  
Or GS Excursion or Navi,  
Or maybe Range Rovin' perkin' with some ???  
Its daddy recruitin' hoes that love goosin'  
Robbin' and shootin', indulged in prostitution  
I'm goosin', juicin' and game inducin'  
To claim restitution, I ain't got no suits and  
Quit mother goosin' this ain't no story  
I'm a cutthroat pimp fighting for my glory  
It's me, MD, bitch follow me  
And we can get paid like dick swallowing  
Bada bing bada bang, it really ain't no thang  
I'm deep in this game, and you a freakyness dame  
So we can exchange the pimpin' for the hoe-in  
Baby you ain't knowin' the top is where I'm goin'  
There's no one that could ever do it better  
I gets my cheddar, mozzarella or whatever..  
Or whatever, the earth is my turf  
Where I roam is my home, cutthroat rolling stone  
Catch me with ladies in a fuckin' Mercedes  
Countin' fetti while I'm sucking on tetties  
I dress eighties, keep it old schoolish  
So shut the fuck up nigga and let me do this  
Who this? Oh its you  
You got ??? for me baby bring it with that other two  
I'm blinging and because of you, I live Lav'  
Everything I want is everything I have  
It's the lifestyle of the sav' and lavish  
Girl money makes the world twirl, I'm having cabbage  
Kick back relax let me bust one mo'  
I'm a gun slinger partner I do a gung ho

Got a dumb flow, keep more than one ho  
It's Mr. Hicks in the mix nigga hear me in the gumbo  
Run ho, your squares a box  
And I'm a thug, the kind of guy that will swear to your  
pops  
I fled from the cops, and sold rocks in my past time  
And jack fools straight faced with no mask I'm  
A cutthroat, I don't have to prove it to ya  
I'll leave ya ass up with buckshots movin' through ya  
I'ma do ya like you never been done  
Have you screaming "I need bullets hurry up run"

[fades with Miami talking]

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