

Helmet

"Mac Stabber"

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Un-fuckin-believable
Mac stabbas
Smile in your face
Stab you in the back
Mac stabbas
It's time to pull the sheets off these niggas main
You heard?

I done heard you tape Mac
That shit is wack
Why the fuck you sellin' that?
You need to go back to sellin' crack
Take it from a nigga that been from hell and back
Oh yeah, I forgot
You ain't sold a god damn crumb
You's a studio gangsta chump
Where the fuck you from?
No love for the niggas that done laced your
muthafukin' boots
Niggas that slave went to the grave for ya
Niggas that ain't scared to shoot
Giligan ass nigga I remeber I was makin' your promos
Now you want to diss your real folks and chop it up with
these homos
Like that nigga Khayree you let that sissy cross game
Sock me up usin' your name
Guess it's just a hoe thang
Y'all niggas killin' me
With all that gay shit
All y'all niggas came up
Fuck that Mac Dre shit
Mark Mall you need to be fucked up the booty hole
Knowin' the first time you touched the mic it was in my
studio
You niggas must have forgot before I was bustin' raps
and rhymes
I was on the track with a sack sippin yack strapped with
a gat and a nine
I've been to your house
I've seen your chrome
But you ain't gone bust a grape in Napa valley with golf

shoes on
A bitch made nigga gets no love from a real G
Cutties from the 3 C's I know you feel me
I should have known when I came home somethin was
wrong
Yo own crew tried to have your dome
And just left that shit alone
Now you wanna fuck with a cut throat nigga that been
doin dirt
Since creased 5-0-1's, Chuck Taylors and them Izod
shirts
Them 5-trey-5 niggas don't like you
Don't believe it how come Yo Jaguar slide through
You'll be lucky to leave the ghetto with just a leakin lip
You feelin focus I'm feelin hogish boy we can slip
In granny back yard
Then when you act hard
I'm a treat you like a Mac Bitch
Young Mac Mark
Young Black Brothas Records is a goddamn flop
Khayree needed to stop
Way back when his ass got dropped
From that major label
That nigga had a major stable
But he shot himself in the head boy
Blow was fatal
God don't like that man
Boy ask yo mamma
Now everywhere you travel you best to have bussalami
Mac Mall gets no love ask my nigga Dubee
He shook us for videos and pretty hoes and went him
out his movie
That nigga left me for dead when I was doin' time in jail
Couldn't shoot a nigga nathan when he was havin'
major mail
He's a back stabba
Should I say a Mac stabba
Heres some Mac magic nigga - abra cadabra
I just turned your ass into an official bitch
Fuck you and your cousin Gilla- dirty snitch
That fool got real niggas never comin' home
And that's the type of shit niggas like you condone
I used to have love for ya
I used to bust with ya
But now that you've crossed game nigga
I can't fuck with ya

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