

Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass "Tangerine"

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I been seeing crack rock since the age of thirteen
Out the same crack spot to the same damn
Dope fiends burnt up glass and the coke screens
You know that balled up cash where that dough cream
Hit the block before the birds start chirpin'

Scope the set before I serve one person
In between cars, never out in the open
I don't trust vans and I hate black suburbans
Crack that I'm servin', pure buck tour, nigga
Uncut raw, nigga

I don't fuck with bake
I don't never get stuck with weight
Open shot, every smoker wit' a straight, brush my gate
You ain't makin' no dough 'cause you stretchin' your
shit

Fuck tryin' to make more, dog, I'm stressin' to flip
Keep smokers on them red caps, stressin' to hit
Dope fiends with they hair back, catchin' they drip
I'm tryin' to show you where the bread at
You catchin' my drift? But I see where your head at
You stressin' to bitch

Give me that hot plate and pyrax pop
Shit, I'll show you how to fire that rock, supply that block
Pee pop, set up shop, with a half a block, lock down half
the block
Turn that half a block to other half his block
Then I'll lock down the other half a block

I don't give a fuck about the chatter in the background
Never put my straps down, nigga
This is Mack Town, nigga
Ask around, bitch nigga, I never was
Kept leather gloves and the 38 tar snub

On the real, ya niggaz don't know me
Don't get found in the lake with eight shots like Kobe
It's the Gouch, what you talkin' bout homie?
I'll make your bus stop short like Gary Coleman

I got more pots and strips then you
(I make it hot)
Niggaz won't even sell nicks to you
(Not a rock)
I spit phrases that'll thrill you

I got gats with clips, with lasers that'll kill you
Got myself an uzi brother, nuzi two nines
These thugs gon' getcha, slugs gon' hit cha
(Getcha)

I got more gats and tecs than you
(I'll make it hot)
Niggaz won't even stand next to you
(I tear the rock)

When I clap down, back down your wack friends
For that "Cash Money," pull out "Mack 10's" intro tef
I'm twenty two
(Uh)
You dudes ain't worth it, keep them funny jewels
(Whoa)

I'm so street like asphalt
I spit shit like my ass talk, dog, it's Mack Mittens
Don't make me raise up and put my hands on you
[Unverified] a house sellin' raids nigga
I'll put my grams on you [unverified]

Man, I'm so fuckin' deep in the game
Got one foot to the street, the other feet to the fame
I'm seesaw, tryin' to balance shit out
Until then, I got a six gon' silence shit out

Wanna make the transition from the street to the fame
But I can't let it weaken my game, man, listen
Picture Mac flippin' like a transmission
Little nickels, with slick fifty's tryin' to stick me
Knowing one shot from a glock could stop my injured
block

So I quickly move oars like Jiffy Lube
Never had it niggas and half the fact that niggas
Snortin' magic niggas or the court rattin' niggas

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