

## Jarboe

### "Mac God"

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[Rasheed]

I wake up early to the sticky green on the indonesia  
Give back to the day, the puff, the pint, all at my leisure  
Pleasure and pain, give and take it's all the same  
So many rotten forgotten up in this dirty game  
I flip a solo to scope to your open pupils  
Stated neutral, weeded up from the indo strupals  
They bust they pistols at my click but they miss  
So being that this is ghetto treason, g's up in this hatin  
season  
Through all this anonmosity I keep it playalistic  
Lay your ballistic, how to make it and I get it twisted  
You repo what you sold, but if you keep it low pro  
No pis-tol, you bound to gain the heat bro  
Aproprate buisness, associates is a must  
Just don't get stuck in the dust, and never have no trust  
Lust them, never love a hoe, leave em when they pay  
Looks can be decieving, please believe everything I say

[Chorus x2]

Gotta get your game and paper right  
The Mac God yo  
Stay on your toes all day and night  
And then he said  
And never ever love a hoe  
The Mac God yo  
Watch for the state and the federal  
And then he said

[Baby Beesh]

Well I woke up with tears in my eyes  
I knew I was finna be player baptised  
He led me to the path blessing me with holy water  
Then he introduced me to his fluffy green daughter  
Her name was Mary Jane, very same girl I met when I  
was ten  
But I never let her in cuz I wasn't ready then  
But now your boy's a player prophet  
Mac God you been so gracious  
You tightened up my laces then you dealt me those  
four aces

[South Park Mexican]

It was all crystal clear like vodka  
I knew she was my girl since then first day I robbed her  
Eighty seven elbows, sell those, share holds like  
Melrose  
Cell phones be ringing in my stingin, who the hell  
knows  
Bring those pop, shoo-be-do-wop like hot lead  
Cuz I'm a pothead, I'll quit when I drop dead  
Pop said I ran him out the crib when I was three  
I been a g since the third day that me eyes began to  
see

[Chorus x2]

[Rasheed]

Livin life in the world of a pirahna  
Goin through drama with baby mama  
Keepin a player persona, listenin to them old timers  
Criminal grimer, cervesa ain't as good as bomber  
Hey no need to rush young g, go ahead and take a  
comma  
You gots to whirl up in your hands with some marijuana  
Don't worry bout mama, just keep your focus on your  
dollars  
Don't be so quick to judge what we do  
Cuz everyday them haters are just waitin to hit you  
And I wont even mention you gots the killers on a  
regular basis  
Smiling faces, at the same time plotting on giving you  
cases  
You wanna roll through there all with your lady  
But regardless you still gotta raise the babies  
And I'ma be the first one to tell you not to love these  
hoes  
But love your mama, and the though Lord knows  
And actually women be hounding me from state to  
state  
Guess thats part of the being platinum player paid

[Chorus x2]

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