

Kris Kross

"Mackin' Ain't Easy"

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Now I'm known to rock a party, and turn a party out
A nappy headed little nigga representin' for the South
When I bust, and I do frequently
I see niggas in careers trying to get with me

Now no longer am I small
See got me a ball me of women, I keep 'em wall to wall
See 'cause mackin' ain't easy
But I had to do it, get into it, and plus they love to
please me

Over age, never under, wonder in the words of Aaliyah
Age ain't nuthin' but a number
So I takes 'em, shakes 'em, show 'em the ropes
Let 'em get a little taste and then they never let go

They say, "Daddy daddy", they call me, it gets major
Surprise visits and blowin' up my pager
Asking for favors that I don't do
That's for a nigga in love, all I'm doing is mackin' you

Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it
Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it do it, do it,
do it
Now tell me whose the mack, tell me whose the mack

Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it
Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it do it, do it,
do it
Now tell me whose the mack

Now I ain't got no big hat or a Cadillac
I push a drop-top Benz and a baseball cap, say what?
I keep the pad full of women, bad bodies in bikinis on
deck
For when I wanna get wet

I tell Chris all the time, I more of a mack than he is
And it's been this way since we was real little kids
I got women saying, "Baby tie me up"
I got 'em going to mall, shop and buying me stuff

Now with me it's like the old days, ain't gone no where
A light skin-ded nigga with real long hair
Perm, corn rowed, individuals, Afros
No matter what, I'm fresh head to toe

So who's the mack? Daddy mack
Seeing all the women in my stable watch my back
From these, player haters trying to salt my game
And snatch my hoes, it ain't a possible thing

You know what I mean?, [unverified], ain't no need to
bullshit
These niggas in love, you know what I mean?
Talking about how fast [unverified]

There ain't no players, I'm drunk now, you know what I
mean?
I'm kinda, I know, I know, but I'm cool, I know
The rest is unintelligible to me, You, what I mean?

Now tell me who's the mack

Mr. Black, and we can do whatever
Flossin' in the Benz, decked out in the leather
Never slippin', just sippin' on this champagne
And I'll be spittin' pure game to this pretty young thing

My aim, to control mind, body and soul
Have her on the stroll bringing me the flow
Pimp stylin', stay smilin', profilin'
Presidential suite, gang of hoes sippin' Crystal-in'

Yeah, we puffing real La, laid back to the funk flows
I prescribed, I could write a thesis on the dime pieces
Gotcha on her, didn't flaunt, when I grab your nieces
Mack Daddy Forte, when I'm flossin' with the double K

Got all these broads showing us where they stay
Pager blowin' up all these hoes wanna skeez me
Being a mack ain't easy

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