

M.J.G.

"Black Mac Is Back"

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F/ Eightball

[MJG & Eightball]

Ha, ha, ha, ha

Ain't nothin' but the best (Ha, ha)

Ain't nothin' but the biggest shit goin' on nigga

Hell yeah nigga, nothin' but that stay true, playa shit

Baby, we gotta keep it real ya know what I'm saying

Go on with your shit G (Ooh)

MJG is in your shit

Ain't no use in talkin that I'll shit

Yeah, listen to this man he the real shit, it's so real

MJG, soak that shit up nigga (Ooh)

[MJG]

Big space-age pimpin' I'm schoolin' and teachin'
bitches

These hoes on they toes suppose to bring riches

To a nigga like me, MJ fuckin' G

Get down on your knees, advance to suck a D (Ooh)

Take ya draws off baby, I'm comin' to knock it off

That is if ya dyke ass friend don't block it off

It's the big dick bandit, larger than real life

You fuckin' one of my hoes, I'm fuckin' ya real wife

(Ooh)

Feels nice, to hold that ass just like Africa

Something like the motherland, I'm goin' back to her

Top-notch school for hoes who boost clothes

Rob niggas throws or killers that kick doors (Ooh)

Or the property, of any imposter who think he stoppin'
me

Eleven million volts of hatin' that ain't shockin' me

Nothin' like a quality bitch to break tricks

Control by a pimp ass nigga who take shit (Ooh)

I'm reliable, hoes close ya mouth and don't speak

I'll work you non-stop in the streets for twelve weeks

Here's the plan, find me a woman with lots of class

Who knows how to carry herself with lots of ass (Ooh)

[Chorus 1: MJG & (Eightball)]

The black mac is back, (He's comin' with twenty hoes)

Cars and condos, (Down with ten toes)
Braids and afros, (Fades and perm rolls)
Pussy that turn gold, (A nigga that sittin' dro) [Ooh]

[Chorus 2: MJG & (Eightball)]

The black mac is back, (Prepare to come strong)
Keepin' it goin' on, (Up in his home zone)
Bitches be gettin' boned, (Tricks be needing loans)
All my hoes grown, (Leave me the fuck alone) [Ooh]

[Eightball]

Now who be the nigga with the six-pack of hoes
Doing anything for a little something up they nose,
clothes
Ridin' clean on Vogues, drinkin Mo's
In the presidential suite givin' private shows (Ooh)
Mississippi, Chi-Town, New York, to L.A.
Freaky hoes love kissin' on my big bel-lay
Every summer in a Hummer, flippin' Texas beaches
Seventy-eighter to Decatur tryin' to pick me some
peaches (Ooh)
Shake hoes in diguise, show me some love
Ugly hoes turn to models when they walk in the club
High paid, non-educated bitch with an attitude
Butt motherfucking naked talkin' bout I'm actin' rude
(Ooh)
I be the nigga in the corner with the Hennessey
Did like that "Men In Black" stick erasing memory
Con I pop, tryin' to increase the flock
Workin' hard to do better so the cheddar won't stop
This for bout the king-sized beds and rides
Gettin' live up in dies kickin' shit with my guys
Over time I done made profit slangin' pussy
Tell the world the black fat mac is back baby (Ooh)

[Chorus 1]

[MJG]

As the cash keeps comin', I'm keepin' the bitches fed
Room with the bed, some shelter over they head
If you scared ho let it be known before long
Tuck ya tail into ya ass go on, on (Ooh)
Weak coward, ya false as game is goin' sour
Came back empty, from workin' for twelve hours
Don't nothin' but the bitches move as I improve
Fuck what society say, I make the rules (Ooh)
I'm too cool to be a busta, must a nigga try me
You shot thirty times, the bullets went right by me
Ya better run this my town, it's goin' down
Don't forget ya gun, hundreds of killers I be around
(Ooh)

Oh wait, wanna jump up, itchin' to pop the trunk up
Reaching to pull the pump up, hittin' whoever run up
Gun up a whole crew of the troop who was on attack
Prepare to smoke a sack, the black mac is back (Ooh)

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

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