

Mac

"Backyard Boogie"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah

Verse One:

Saturday morning at the crack of sunrise
Thank the man upstairs for lettin me open my eyes
It's a whole new game for me like T-Lee
It's nine-seven now and I'ma stay sucka free
Thinkin about all my homeboys behind bars
as I crease up my khakis and lace up my stars
And everthang is straight I'm in the full zone
Gettin paper every day, it's all I'm trippin on
Cause ain't nothin like a ride in Californ-ia
with the top back, rollin on a hot sunny day
It's one-oh, fo'-sho', and I'm clownin all the rookies
With a pocket full of cookies
and mashin to the backyard boogie

Get yo' boogie on [repeat 3X]
And then we comin wit that

Chorus:

Backyard boogie oogie oogie (yeah)
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (it's all about that)
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (unh)
Backyard boogie oogie oogie (it's the backyard boogie)
[repeat 3X]
Backyard boogie oogie oogie [repeat 2X]

Verse Two:

Now just throw yo hands up high in the sky
Representin where you from cause it's West till I die
Put it down anywhere, take thangs for what they worth
been a rider since birth, and the earth is my turf
So I bails in the party, everythang is cool
It's niggaz in the hood I ain't seen since high school
And everybody gots stripes cause we all paid dues
Crips, Damus, and other clicks and crews
Just gettin they boogie on, hoochie bitches gettin loose

It kinda remind me of the truce in nine-deuce
I'm even kickin back, and I'm usually chicken hawkin
The bloods shootin dice, and the crips are C walkin
Now the party is jumpin, and the crowd's gettin bigger
Looked up and saw four hoes to every nigga
And it's off the hook, got ya grindin and humpin
Cause the backyard boogie be bumpin

(Unh, straight from Inglewood, and you know that it's
all good
You can put that on yo' hood, everyday
And we comin with that)

Chorus

Verse Three

Now it's out of control, and everywhere you look
ain't nothin but real niggaz, the bustas got shook
And everybody left with the whole hustla bang
and Daisy Dukes and khakis do seem to be the thang
You choose or you lose while you conversatin
enough cock to go around, so ain't no playa hatin
I want homegirl over there in red
cause Baby Got Backs like Mix-a-Lot said
When I keep my composure, kick back like a pro
Cause Mack one-oh just refuse to save a hoe
But it's a done deal, locked up throw away the key
Cause she gonna lead a backyard boogie with me
(Get yo' boogie on, yeah
Get yo' boogie on, Inglewood
Get yo' boogie on, Inglewood, pause
Get yo' backyard boogie on)

Chorus

Straight from Inglewood, and you know that it's all
good
You can put that on yo' hood, everyday
Mackness, mackness, unh!
Get yo' boogie on, get yo' boogie on
Get yo' boogie on, nigga get yo' boogie on
Get yo' boogie on, get yo' boogie on baby, pause
Get yo' backyard boogie on
Gangstas don't dance we boogie
Niggaz run out and get yo' cookies
Gangstas don't dance we boogie
Mack 10 ain't no motherfucker rookie
Backyard boogie oogie oofie [repeat 8X]

