

## Mac

### "King Pin Dream"

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[Talking]  
Gangsta? (haha!, what?)  
Mikkey Finest (fa sho')  
Ah King Pin's Dream  
Mack 10, Inglewood  
I'm nigga Mikkey  
Chi-Town, Birdman [\*Laughs\*]  
Listen, Whatcha got nigga?...

[Mikkey]  
I got a trouble find bitches in the kitchen and they  
cooking it row  
Realisting feams like stitches with the hooker in they  
chow  
Fuck the law, man - I'm known for cooking it row  
Til the cops just chill - I got something for y'all  
I got a Bentley and the Hummer and they sittin on 'em  
daters  
I got a hot power lawyer with the million retater  
Douth-South, Westside - man, I own my city  
Got judges on my pay roll like they own the nigga  
It's a professional with my game, I ball with the best  
Birdman, Down-South - Mack 10 out West  
Fuck with my money, put to put the mack to yo' chest  
Want war? I take it there - or rather tattooed to there  
See them Cash Money niggas - how can I iced like 'em  
Cooking coke from the pill-up, it's got a prices like 'em  
You know a nigga Whoopise - I got a wife like him  
You heard a Micheal Jordan right! - I got a life like him  
I'ma mothafuckin hustla - y'all know the game  
Chi-Town Mikkey Flow - y'all know my name  
Game is risky but a nigga rather died the fame  
and live life - broken hungry out here, cracking for  
bread

[Mikkey (Chorus)] 2x  
It's a King Pin's Dream - coke and feminines  
Belley's on triple beams, got scuffles with triple feams  
So, busting out the scene - guns, scopes and beams  
But the thing about it dream - it ain't all watta seem

[Mack 10]

(yo, yo, yo)

When it comes to drugs - these reppers ain't get none  
but fo'

Ohhh square ass nigga and full of brains are sold  
I Know 'em Feds is on heat but I don't give a fuck  
I'm so deep in the game it's like my name is stuck  
From crack, more then likey is a suggestion of sell  
I gives a fuck - who ya breaking and disso skell  
I live life like a King Pin weed but raw  
I'm the richest gang living them niggas ever saw  
I with ya belly from Toyota with the biggest and baking  
soda

Pirates po's full of peppers and crack folders  
I'ma dope dealer - and I got coke scrilla  
My whole crew can sit to at x-cons and killas  
and my bitches is falls who bomb, head and coochie  
Rockin props, the fades - the letto pump boochie  
First stasis, rock rolo - when I came to the door?  
and now it's Bentleys, Mansions and meats to the floor  
Kickin gears on Parley's, while the straight pipe screen

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and I had a block on lock - since I was fifteen  
Mack Saprano's - the most of unforgiven  
and fuck a job, cause dope money is how I'm living

[Mikkey (Chorus)] 2x

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[Baby]

(Fa sho', fucked up, look)

My homey got marries - so, you know we aint slipping  
Two hoes, two Bentleys - you know we ain't dipping  
Lifestyle, drug dealing - you know we ain't trippin  
Got killas on the row - you know we ain't slipping  
Tote trucks full of bricks - you know we ain't chickens  
New cars, pretty broads - you know we been pimpin  
Bitch stars, body bars - we hitting and missing  
Big cars, superstars - cause wheels gon' spinning  
Pretty honeys, bug stunt - cause the money we  
spending  
Planty bitches and warehouse - tinning piece for chicken  
Riot guns shoot 'em up - for this life that I'm living  
PO partners doin time - cause my homeboy miss me  
The Feds, big trippin - cause they failed me to get me  
Mack 10 re-shout - til ya homey my nigga

King Pin, Big Tymin - drug dealing my nigga  
Transport and cocaine - and statelines my nigga

[Mikkey (Chorus)] 2x

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[over chorus talking]

Hmm, hmm, hmm...uh-huh, uh-huh, fa sho' nigga  
oh yeah... uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, fa sho', look here

[Baby {talking}]

This is y'all Ol' Tymers niggas, y'all know H-dash play,  
right!  
The liquor is a lifestyle of a drug dealing nigga,  
y'understand  
It ain't Twenty-two's is more it's twenty-five's nigga,  
what?  
Even chicken from the hood - to the mothafuckin living  
ride  
Y'knowwhatl'msayin, getcha nigga, come in my project  
see my crib nigga  
We got loadin .14, for sashie, all the best up and the  
best nigga  
It ain't none gon' stop my nigga..  
We cooking bricks in the kitchen my nigga,  
y'understand  
Don't come outside stunt boy.. unless you got it right  
boy  
y'knowwhatl'msayin', Cash Money Hot Boy... and we  
doin' this nigga  
Life, life, hot, hot, we got this (hot, hot) we got this (hot,  
hot)  
WE got this (hot, hot) we on fire, don't fuck...

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