

Mac Dre "2 Hard 4 The Fuckin' Radio"

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Listen up, I'm about to get dope
It ain't nothin' but some shit I wrote
About a young brotha deep in the game
They call me Mac Dre and I'm keepin the name
I sport Nikey shoes, I got a mic to use
To talk bad about suckers, I don't like the fools
Down and dirty bout spittin' my hits
And if not, I'm gettin' my grits
Playin' the game like it's supposed to be played
Makin' much more than the minimum wage
Not a pimp daddy, don't drive a Caddy
I just mack and get all that babby
Dre, you know I never slow down
Smokin cesstee until I'm really towed down
Walk into the party, fully perked
Grab the microphone and let the mouthpiece work
I got hype and the game starts flowin'
The girls get freaky and it starts showin'
And when the party's over at the end of the night
They say: Damn, Mac Dre you ain't nothin' polite
Cuz I'm the numero uno, could never be the dos
A Mack named Dre and I'm poppin the most
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though
And too hard for the fuckin' radio

"Tell me somethin' good"
I'm too hard for the fuckin' radio

My rhymes are dope cuz Mac Dre made 'em
And made you geek every time you play them
On your tape deck, hooked to your Sacco
A little hard, but brotha I'm a mack, though
Nothin' nice, makin' raps that you wanna hear
Gettin cessted, put my hands on the beer
I can't help it, that's what I like to do
Sloppy drunk, rappin' on the mic for you
A young brotha, kinda bone-skinny
I take a girl to the golden penny
Get romantic, just like I planned it
Then cut turf and leave the girl stranded
Is it hard becuz I just beat it?
Not really, that's what the girl needed

That's game, I thought that you knew this
Mack game, and mine is the smoothest
Like lotion I'm in motion
I'm a mack, I was a big ocean
But no matter what the fuck your name is
Nothin' nice is what my game is
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though
And too hard for the fuckin' radio

"Tell me somethin' new"
I'm too hard for the fuckin' radio

Come to the Northside of the V
The C the r the e the s-t
Hit Lennard, what will be seen?
20 young niggaz gettin full of the Hen
This is the Romper Room, and you know who I am
The mack named Dre, so get with the program
Nothin' proper, freaks will clock ya
And if there's funk, then punk we'll mop ya
So beware of the four-door Delta
Get your crew if you think they can help ya
And step up but not too close
Cuz the Crestside is poppin the most
And all you girls, don't you feel left out
And to the boys, I've worn that flesh out
And after that we can still be friends though
And if not, we'll be friends with the Indo
Romper Room kickin on Lennard Street
Mac Dre full of the Hennessy
18, makin' raps 'til I'm 80 though
And too hard for the fuckin' radio

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