

Mac Dre "All It Takes"

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[Chorus x2]

A little bit of game is all it takes
A little bit of game goes a long long way

[Verse 1]

Cuddie I dont sleep much, 'cause when I close my eyes
I hear cries from my potna's who lost they lives
Visions of bloody brutality's reality
Gotta stay focused and hope it dont affect my salary
Them calories, they keep my pockets fat, I got to stack
a grip
Try not to trip, and keep them gold diggers off my dick
I'm gettin' sick 'cause I drink 24-7
The way I'm livin' now, if I die, theres no heaven
Gotta help my potnas in the pen 'cause they livin' broke
This aint no joke, on parole and I cant smoke
No sticky indo, roll down the window
'Cause if I breathe(?) the task is back ??? like Nintendo
Gotta play the game like a professional
If you aint having money I got to let you go
I need to let you know the rules before you ???
Rule number one potna, never should you pimpatrate
I spit this pimpin' straight and cut no addatives
Just nouns and adjectives, how mad you get dont
mattter bitch
I'm a player so I serve the game
Maintain campaign, and have thangs

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Back in '92 I was drowned in them big cases
But now its '97 and I'm counting them big faces
I switched places with them sardines and squares
The ??? fillet mignon, and garlic bread
A hard head, big heart, and gorilla nuts
Got me mobbin' thru the bay like I dont give a fuck
I'm whipped, equipped, and stay dipped in butter
sauce
Pill if shes real, no scrill I cut her off
'Cause fine ass bitches with the empty bank book
Is worse than them ugly muthafuckas who cant cook

My game cooked for five years in the feds
Now its time for these game hungry niggas to get fed
I get bread, so them suckas down me
Smile in my face but clown me when they not around
me
Talk down on my every move, but I couldnt give a
damn
Playas do what they want, and suckas do what they can

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

7-5-70, my DOB, uhh
And I've been breakin' hoes since '83, what?
Money makers manual, handle my business discretely
Dont give my home phone number out, beep me
'Cause aint no tellin' who be tellin', or who they tell
And plus I heard that they be sellin' kinfolk the yayo
Boy get your mail, dont act like your lil sista
If you lackin' in this mackin' boy I bet you fist her
Get some get right as I come tight to this Doo Doo
Dumb
Track, that cat K-Lou, knew how to come
With Mac Dre, that 3 C veteran
More game than March Madness, and dope as
exederin
Hit big licks, wouldnt pull no small capers
I'm a be a dog and stay up like wall paper
Look at these break bitches like they stank
Collect my bank and stay sharp as a shank

[Chorus]

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