

## Mac Dre "Always Inta Somethin'"

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(feat. J. Diggs, Sleep Dank, Da' Unda' Dogg)

[VERSE 1: Mac Dre]

Back in December, or was it November?  
It's kind of shady, I can vaguely remember  
I was at the Peppermill, popping at the bartender  
He made me a drink called uh, Bodybender  
That's when a smurf pulled on my shirt  
Said (Hey, get off my girl, dog, before you get hurt)  
I said, "Hold on, I don't know what you think  
You better back the fuck up and let me order my drink"  
He backed the fuck up and did more than you think  
He had a AP, not a nine, but it's sort of the same  
So now it's one lonely R-o-m-p  
I'm all by myself without nobody  
Slightly noided, sense death, can I avoid it?  
Somebody slammed the do' on the way comin from the  
toilet  
He looked back, then I pulled out my strap  
Slapped him it twice but uh, I should've clapped  
Cause this other goon nigga started wildin  
I pulled out my faulty phone and started dialin  
Told my niggas to come on the double  
They finna put a nigga on the gong show, bust his  
bubble  
He said yeah, he know he comin  
"But damn my nigga, you always into somethin"

[VERSE 2: J. Diggs]

Recently, June 4th, released from jail  
And 'bout to hit the streets like a beast from hell  
It's that nigga y'all done heard about, young J. Diggs  
Love to play the game and I play big  
I see suckers havin money and I gots to have some  
You in the double R, I gots to have one  
I'm all up in his backdo' like knock-knock-knock  
The nigga moved too fast, so I pop-pop-popped  
Should've stood still, there would be no firing  
But it's a little late, all I'm hearin is sirens  
So now I'm in the wind like leaves on trees  
I'm in the crowd tryin to blend like d's on v's  
I'm sweatin bullets, I'm an ex-con out on parole

What the fuck was I thinkin, I'm out of control  
I'm at the Romp House and I'm huffin and puffin  
My niggas lookin at me crazy cause I'm always into  
somethin

[VERSE 3: Sleep Dank]

Yo, we fuck with heavy guns, fuck around and pump  
heavy slugs  
We drinkin R?my doin heavy drugs  
Nigga, we stay explosive, it's about a quarter to six  
Step out the limousine, my wallet's 'bout a quarter inch  
thick  
Nigga, we shittin on em, I pop the three-piece, savage  
So many carats up in my ice I could choke a rabbit  
Bitches screamin for me but all it took was one dirty  
look  
We hit that nigga with that murder book  
Nigga tried to step fast, hit him in the face with a Mo?t  
glass  
Spilled drink on his bitch, the whole club hit the do' fast  
Trunks is poppin, niggas wingin in the parking lot  
We keep it gangsta with them choppers out  
S-I double, I smell trouble, boy, it's nothin  
Keep your peace, muthafucka, I'm always into  
somethin

[VERSE 4: Da' Unda' Dogg]

Let me tell you somethin 'bout a nigga like me  
Never should've been let out the penitentiary  
Cause niggas done switched up, I guess they got it  
mixed up  
Now I'ma dust the heater off my shelf and leave em  
bitched up  
Like this one nigga actin like a dumb nigga  
S-in on his chest with no vest, yeah, he a dumb nigga  
Ain't no love in this thug shit  
Now he at the club tryin to hug on my thug bitch  
Plus she done gave me the run-down on how this nigga  
run round  
Town speakin on my name, tonight he get gunned  
down  
His bitch about to set him out, open the door and let  
him out  
Caught his ass scared and out, Bronc style, dead him  
out  
Never have beef with a nigga who bitch you wanna  
sleep with  
Cowards get devoured on that sweet shit  
Hit him with the venom, then bounce with my  
adrenaline pumpin  
Yo nigga always up into somethin

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