

## Mac Dre "Be About Your Doe"

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[Mac Dre]

I'm the kind of nigga that'll come through and yoke on  
you  
Burnin rubber in the shitnell, with the 4-0-2  
Dippin, dashin, smashin  
Through the traffic  
Smokin, chokin, hopin,  
I rap it  
Cuz my candy's look wet, three coats of clear  
Miami's on deck with three quartes of beer  
Clownin all the freaks but he still gets jocked  
Bouncin in the seat while the 15's knock  
I'm dipped in butter everybody jocks my style  
Cal hat pulled down to my eyebrow  
Polo geared down  
I'm in her ear now  
Stealin it, she's feelin it, its all clear now  
One more hoe, on my team  
I'm a pimp homeboy, what do you mean  
Its all about scrilla in the land of thugs and killers  
Gangstas, pimps, players, and drug dealers

[Chorus x2]

If you, wanna fuck with me  
Be about yo doe, I gots to have doe  
I just want to let you know

Its 2 in the morning and I'm still chasin cash  
Other niggaz in the club, still chasin ass  
Fuck theezat  
I'm all about my screezatch  
I got my fishing pole out trying to ceezatch  
A big fish, I'm hungary, need a big bitch  
I'ma bump a bitch with the quickness  
Boy its just pimpin in my blood  
Bitches, they all give him love  
The Mac name Dre bitch, take it easy  
You fuckin wit a street nigga thats greasy  
I'll buck yo brotha, fuck yo motha  
Keep it on the DL, its all undercover

I'm a hustler bitch, I pull capers  
I only fuck with thugs that get paper  
Chips, chedda, scrilla, real niggaz, killaz, and drug  
dealers

[Chorus x2]

24 hours, 7 days a week  
I do my thug thang, playin in them streets  
But the game I play really aint no joke  
Come around my way and you might get smoked  
Bullet proof vest's, Chevy SS's  
Come through in a bucket  
The next day in a Lexus  
It's a ghetto life  
I don't have no wife  
Boy I'm married to the game and I handle my  
Business, I'm in this for the money not the honey  
Square bitches spooked, they all run from me  
Dummy, bitch, if you knew better, you do better  
I'ma stay on bitch back like new sweaters  
Mac Dre baby  
Quit talkin crazy  
When you get about some money  
Its all gravy  
Ask my last bitch square, that's all realla  
I only fuck with pimps, killaz and drug dealers

[Chorus x2]

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