

Mac Dre "Boss Tycoon"

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(feat. Yukmouth)

[Mac Dre]

Uh, what

Nigga what....let's do it, (nigga what)

Nigga what....Like that

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I know, doe ray me

But no I'm not a R&B sanger

I'm a gangter rapper throwin' the middle fanger

To them square rubix cubes, who don't smoke and use

I'm a cutthroat boy and I got a short fuse

I get kind of hyphy when I'm gone off a little Gin

You don't like it, say hello to my little friend

Rat-ta-tat-tatta, it really don't matter

I push a hard line cross it, niggaz gon' scatter

I'm not the mad rapper, I'm the rapper gon' bad

Recordin' on Pro-Tools at the pad

I give the game a bath, boy I'm a sav

Come through the sideshow yokin' the Cad

[Chorus x2]

Fuck what it cost (what it cost)

I'm a boss (I'm a boss), Tycoon (ty-tycoon)

Dipped in sauce (in sauce), I floss (I floss)

I coon (I-I coon)

[Verse 2: Yukmouth]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

What you know about a, 600 V12

CL's spinnin' on them Spreewells, dirty as hell

Like fuck a detail, still knock yo female

Mack that bitch til' she break her Lee nails

On the track in TL, Yukmouth

First week out 80 thousand on the street sales

Now I'm CEO that's seven dollars on the retail, bitch

I got niggaz poppin' they collars, poppin' E pills

Poppin' them bottles, to poppin' them cowards with that
heatelle

And fuck Spitz, I get my ice from Vionnis

My new york italianni, he plug me with Spanish mamis

Bitches belly dancin' like a swami, but fuck em'
I'm too cocky, poppin' that Don P., smokin' my broccoli
Cause I'm a million dollar man like Ted Dediase
The FEDz see me, watch me, baby Liberace
The wrist stay rocky, the whips stay saucy, rims glossy
With mackin' as Dre beside me
Call me frosty, frosty the snowman, the Oakland
dopeman
Sell more kicks than Copeland's, bitch
The Oakland mayor, the Oakland Raider
With the king of Vallejo, bitch, Foldin' paper
Tycoon

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

I ride around town in my clean ass Benz
Range Rov, coughnut on some clean ass rims
Hot like Ted Turner, I pack the lead burner
Spit it, to get it, can't quit it I'm a bread earner (ch-
ching)
Post up at the 5-star telly, Dre touch mo' bread
Than a motherfuckin' deli
Young rich nigga, 20 inch nigga, P-I-M-P
It's all on a bitch nigga
I've been gettin' scrill, diamonds in my grill
Rep the pill, and boy do I keep it trill
Showoff, that'll go off on a blade
Kill like Raid and stay gon' off made
Do what the fuck wanna, got bitches on the corner
Not just a thizz user, I'm a thizz owner
Sometimes I thizz, sometimes I shroom
But whatever I do, I'ma stay a Tycoon

[Chorus]

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