

Mac Dre "Fortytwo Fake"

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[chorus]

Ho upset Mac Dre come through
(She told a nigga to come through)
Let me whoop this puss on you
(You can't whoop that puss on me)
Ain't no ho puss worth my life
(Ain't no puss worth my life)
I ain't know this ho was shyst
(I didn't know the ho was shyst)

[verse 1]

I met her on a Thursday at the DMV
She was payin' registration I was tryin' to get an I.D.
Didn't trip 'til she talked intellectual
And the way she moved was hella sexual
I threw bait, strictly experimental
Dropped my pencil made it look accidental
She bit quick like a big mouth bass
And when she picked up my pencil all I saw was ass
I said what's your name, she said my name's LaShawn
I said excuse my ebonics, but baby you the bomb!
She smiled, told me I was far from ugly
Asked me how I was doin', I said lav lav lovely
Looked at my watch, said my schedule's tight
But if you give up the number I'll call your ass tonight
Right
She was with it and gave up the digits
And when I called later on she said come visit

[chorus]

[verse 2]

Who is it? She said when I knocked on the door
I said it's young M D, oh you ain't knowin'
Stepped inside and I can tell from a distance
She was burning scented candles and maybe even
incence
Boy I tell ya she was in the mood
She said I hope your hungry cause I cooked up some
food

She lit the fireplace threw on a love ballad
Before the main course we ate shrimps and salad
We talked for a while and dranked Zinfandel
She had ass like ten games of big pin the tail
On the donkey
Chocolate, opposite from honkey
All I can think about is hittin' that monkey

[chorus]

[verse 3]

She was diggin' your folks, boy I could tell
How she served fat steaks and big lobster tail
On the first visit
Everything exquisite
The door bell rang she didn't ask who is it
She must've knew dude, cause she gave some cash
He kicked down a twomp sack and a fat gram of hash
We smashed
We turn joints to dubees
She eightysixed the music and pull out three movies
Mohogany
The Mack
Baby Got Back
She said, I'll be right back
Roll the rest of that sack
I rolled the weed up
Then I kicked my feet up
Then two niggas came in with masks all G'd up
The plot thickens
I'm slippin' like a mutherfucka
Mopped and chopped and gettin' treated like a sucka
Five minutes ago I was feelin' fuck great
But now I'm gagged up wrapped in duct tape
They choke me
Broke me
And dropped me off on the bridge
And all I can think about was killin' that bitch
My worst mistake
Fuckin' with a snake
How a playa gonna fall for that Fortytwo Fake?
That Fortytwo Fake

[chorus to end]

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