## Mac Dre "Izreal"

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## F/ Messy Marv

[Messy Marv] Believe all what you see, and 50% of these tapes Cuz half these rap niggas is fake Cousin we bang hard even behind bars With c.o's and guards, my niggas run the yard They knocking' Messy Marv, cuz the dope so clean 415, B.G.F, crips, and 14 I'm a top hat rap cat you niggas locals And couldn't recognize the game with bi-locals I'm big shit and operation by a coastle And the mob woke up when we suppose to Keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke Keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke Aint no jobs niggas so we forced to sale dope And roll with all gold and chrome on one spoke I hit yo house party jeweled and bandana I'm from the Cartel the real Tony's Montana's We put drums and bananas on iz real Hood nut niggas spencing on e pills I could see the niggas head bitch had him So I let the 50 cal get with him I keep it real I don't rap about fake shit It's California man we draw down and take shit I don't rap about fake shit this California man we draw

## [Mac Dre]

down and take shit

Hoop out the coo-nut, change over to the range rover Mouth full of diamonds spitting like a flame thrower I aint sober I'm ripped and tilted Half of it the remi but nigga I killed it Damn near spilt it on my encey cloths It's the cutthoat committiee punk we play hoes 20 inch doe, wood grain, leather, strapped riding With a eagle in the desert It's the Mac almighty, Andre Hicks And aint a punk rock bitch that I can't get And nigga I can't trip on making nothing but my scrill And that iz real, like a iz pill And I will kill, put one to yo liver

I'm a pimp nigga taking everything you give up Flossing while you suckas is starving I'm eating crab and crust-striations With my nigga Messy Marvin

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