

Mac Dre "Let's All Get Down"

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Come on everybody let's all get down
To this old-school sound with that K-Lou pound
It goes a 1-2-3, 3 to 2-1
Can't leave my house without packin my gun
I see niggaz dying
Mamas crying
They say "keep packing Dre" I said "ugh, you lying"
Man, I hope they don't try to strike him out
Have him doing big time in Suzy's house
Hard times is coming to my town
Graduated from the pen, no cap and gown
Cuz back in '85, school was soup
I rolled in trues and vogues, so I sold goop
Oops-up-side my head
Next thing I know, I'm doing time in the feds
Big spreads- with macks and killas
415s and Black Gorillas
On the rilla -ugh- it's nothing pretty
Can't get caught slipping laying under the titty
Gotta be a savage, can't be no jerk
Boy, I do's dirt
And I'm a cold piece of work
You's a smirk
And you're scared to get down
You better do the hokey-pokey and turn yourself
around clown
It's going down
I thought you smelt it
Niggaz PH-in and they just can't help it
I keep sucka-repellent
Cuz suckas is tellin
Keep it coming out they throat, I grab my coat and I'm
bailing
Two years ago- a cuddy of mine
Had to do some time 'cuz a nigga dropped a dime
I'm super-sucka-free
And they can't fuck with me
Cuz I'm a R-O-M-P from the C-R-E-S-T
We- gets dumb
You know how we come
Making up words like shitty-run-fun
Shitty-run-fun? Yeah, is you with me?

That's when your stomach is bubbling and your booty is
drippy
Sticky, gooey
Smoke it with the Louie
Step in the throne looking real rag-gooey
Oooowheeee...! that's how I sound
So come on everybody, let's all get down

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