

Mac Dre "Shakin The Feds"

Visit "[Shakin The Feds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Feat. Goldie)

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I Drink Heem, And Smoke Green Grass Everyday
In 'em They Blaze In My Clean Ass Chevrolet
Gas Break Dip Down The Strip When I Fo Yo
With Four Hoes, That Touch Mo' Bread Than Togos
No Hobos, I Fuck With Cream-Of-The-Croppers
Head Doctors With Choppers And Bomb Ass Coppers
Orville Redenbacher Couldn't Be More Butter
I Spit These P's When I Knock Her
Ima Pimp I Don't Love Her
Undercover, I Do It Under Your Nose
I Hit A Lick On Your Partner With One Of Your Hoes
I'm Runnin' With Those Thug Niggas And Drug Dealas
That Bug Niggas That Got Skrilla I'm Godzilla Cha-
Chilla
It's What Is In My Hoes, Cause I Make'em Do Illegal Shit
To Get My Dough
Slit My Throat, If You Ever See Me Fakin'
I Betta Be Tendin' To This Pimpin' And What They
Makin'

[Chorus: x2]

Rollers On Dre But They Can't Catch Him Slippin'
Yokin' It Up Smokin' It Up
He's Rollin In The 7-Tre Gas Break Dippin'
Shakin' The Feds Makin' The Bread Ching-Ching

[Verse 2: Goldie]

I Drink 211 And Smoke On Bomb Til' It's Gone
Then Drop A Hits With The Mac-A-The-Dre From Night
Til' The Morn
It's Long So Start Your Livin It (Boom Boom)
Man I See The Niggas Sippin'(Whoa Wha)
Lustin' For Women that's Been Suckin' N Fuckin' Him'n
Them'n
Me I Jus Sav It Up Been Goin' To Hookers Pass The Buck
Master Deluxe Make A Trick Make Money Ass Up
But If The Hoe Don't Listen Then I'm Pullin Her Partner
Friends
Who Got Some Ends To Spend Nigga Look I'm In It To

Win By All Means
Cause This Rappin' Ain't Payin' For My G's
I Could Resort To Jackin' And Slayin' But That Won't
Burn
I Know These Puddles Wanna See Me In Shackles
Because I Roll With Killas And Dealas, Hyenas And
Jackals You Say You Dealin' With Network
Cut-Throat Every Nigga Laugh
Rushin' These Hoes Catch Elbows And Jabs
We In The Lab Where It Don't Stop
It's K-I-Gig You Can See Me Checkin' Chins Servin'
Dome Shots Smoke Style

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

It's The Big Dog Head Coach I'm That Nigga
Got My Hand On My Gun And My Finger On The Triggga
Playin' With My Fab Toys Running From The Bad Boys
(Trippin') Lossing Control, I Never Had Pooors
Rugged And Real, Lovin' This Skill
Game To My Folks, Hang With My Folks, Swang With My
Folks
Drunk Fucked Up Off 151, Beat My Beezy Up And Say
"What Have I Done"
Gorilla Pimp, Behind The Tent Gettin' Bent
On The Savage Ass One "I Was Collectin' My Rent"
The Mac Guy, Triple Stack Guy
Killin' Them Suckas That Give The Rap Game A Black
Eye
Roll The Weed Up, Somebody Turn The Beat Up
While I Continue To Spit Relax And Kick Your Feet Up
Mac Game So Cold I Make Your Nose Runny
Mac Dre So Cold Takin' Hoes Money

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Mac Dre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.