

## Mac Dre "What Cha Like"

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[verse 1:]

Light yourself a dank joint, letcha mind go  
Listen to these lyrics as I let this rhyme flow  
I'm funky with this shit 'cause my style is authentic  
It keeps them suckas jockin' so my windows stay tinted  
I meant it when I said "I will pimp til I die"  
Makin' them bitches cry  
And nigga, dont ask me why  
I flow that pimp shit 'cause I know that pimp shit  
I smoke that hemp shit - not with that simp shit  
Stupid doo-doo dumb is the only way I come  
Let the track ride, gimme the mic and I'll run  
Smooth with the groove like a saxophone  
My backs is on, and man, caps is blown  
Straight off suckas' heads with the rhymes I shoot  
Fuckin with the bitch as she's kind of cute  
I find a loop  
I shake the spot  
You'll never hear a bitch say I ate the cock  
I mack, kick back, and stack that cash  
I throw these things fool, don't make me tap that ass  
The Mac named Dre is the man for real  
Hoes wanna ride in me Sedan DeVille  
Cause I'm a - young playa with that Crest Side game  
Kickin the funky shit, makin the rest sound lame, and...

[chorus:]

Every time I rap, I bust what cha like  
Cuz I'm the coldest MC to ever touch the mic [x2]

[verse 2:]

They trips when I flips cause I'm nothing respectable  
But still when I spill, boy, I'm nothing correctable  
I got raps that make them niggaz say "Goddamn -  
He the fool with the mic in his hand"  
I could teach a square everything he's lackin'  
Cause partna, I'm a playa with some uncut mackin'  
I spit that shit that makes tricks go run and hide  
Damn them clowns around town that wonder why  
I never give a bitch who ain't rich the time of day  
They got to be fucked up if they think that I'ma pay  
I'ma play

Until she's all played out  
Have her friends sayin' "Damn girl, you Mac Dre'd out!"

[chorus]

[verse 3:]

At the drop of a dime, I can rhyme a tight rap  
And make them motherfuckers say "Damn, he like  
that"  
Get them with the tongue that will run for many miles  
Gettin' niggaz sprung cause I come with many styles  
Hoes come in rows to get chose, they gettin' wit me  
Sayin I'm the flyest on the side of the Mississippi  
Banned in six states by the surgeon general  
I'm known to be addictive, sellin dope subliminals  
And I don't stop servin' like them fools at Denny's  
Like Julius Erving, Michael Jordan, and Penny  
I go coast to coast with a dose of this realness  
Slappin' your brain with this game, can you feel this?  
I flow like river water  
Ain't no nigga harder  
Others that was rockin is forgotten like Jimmy Carter  
But I'm gon' be around  
Just like hand-me-downs  
An old-ass playa still pullin' them panties down

[chorus]

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