

Mac Mall

"People Ever Ask You?"

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Featuring Confident One

(Khayree)

Check one two.

(Uh)

Check check one two.

Hot shit.

(Oh yea)

(Uh)

Young Black Brotha hot shit.

(What?)

Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh.

Confident One

(Representin!)

(Wha what?)

(Spit this shit for me than man)

(This Mac Mall in here)

(You feel me playa?)

(Check this out)

(I'm gon' let these niggas know what's really goin' on
though)

Chorus 2x *(Confident One)*

Do people ever ask you why you smoke so much weed?

Why yo pants saggin' while you sippin' Hennessy?

Smashin a V-12 doin' one-sixty

tryin to get this money so we in this bitch deep.

Verse 1 *(Confident One)*

Here's the reason why TC-1 don't give a fuck

cuz niggas won't lend you a dime when you down on yo
luck

plus they buck

when you up these hoolagan niggas 'll leave you stuck

an if you as cold as starvin'

nobody put a nickle in your cup

reprehensible attitudes is what we dealin' wit

an in this Millennium we die

from one stroke of our dick

what a world
when you ain't got nothin' they say "He ain't bout shit."
An when you ball to often these niggas they want you to
quit
(stop, stop!)
We up against all odds as we sippin' Hennessy
avoidin' shady niggas
quick to blast at racist police
an to you money hungry bitches
I won't even waste my time
I give a fuck how fine
I won't spend a fuckin' dime
I'm tired of you niggas an yo repitious talk
how you's a killa that stalks
a pimp wit that walk
let me shake my ashes as this THC ignites
Khayree turn the beat up an pass the weed to fix your
sight
beware of them niggas who won't look you in yo eye
smilin' all the time
but in they heart is dispise
check the blueprints
study the (sclumatics??)
learn the lesson
an as you roll four deep in your whip my niggas here's
the question.

(Chorus)

Verse 2 *(Mac Mall)*

I wrote this fo' them inquiring minds
who need to worry bout they own an stay the fuck outta
mine
punk niggas always whinin' an lyin'
all on my mutha fuckin nuts
juss like them chickens in the beauty salon, choppin me
up
suckas get so emotional
when you ridin they hoe
or when you ballin an they out there broke
but I'd a seen niggas wit loot hatin on me too
cuz I done
treated they boo juss like a prostitute
let her slide on my dick
an she gave me ya whole script
how much mail you workin wit
an where ya hide them kicks
but I ain't trippin off you trick, I'd rather spark me a
spliff
the white widow wit the Afghan-hashish mix

bitches get so passionate
when a nigga fuck the pussy
steal the heart
an take the chips an then dip
an when you tell all your friends they like, "No he
didn't!"
an in yo face they might tell ya that Mac Mall ain't shit
but that was one big mistake that was made by this
chick
see she told 'em how I fucked now her cousins my new
bitch
real mackin' hear me
go on an crack the Henny
go on an spark the Philly
we goin' straight to the land
now if I dropped ya on the track
hit the block in a Lac
when I see you later
you besta have me a grand
call me more than a playa
fool I'm more like the coach
runnin plays on the bench
"Go deep young hoe!!"

(Chorus)

Verse 3 *(Mac Mall)*

I show the world no mercy
shall let no nigga serve me
shall let no bitch disturb me
she juss ain't worthy
born in the game, forced to get my hands dirty
an life is like a house party an I'm strapped
plus perkin'
always off the Roper
you always see me loaded
I always stay paid punk an all you marks can quote it
I spit that true game
an you been fiendin fo' it
like every line is heir-on coated
hip-hop an you own it!

(Chorus)

(Mac Mall)

Deep, deep, deep!
Fa sho.
Let 'em know about it.
Let 'em know about it, Mac Mall in this bitch nigga.

Fa all my mutha fuckin folks
What's up to my niggas out in Oakland.
What's up to my mutha fuckas in Frisco.
Fa sho.
Uh-huh.
My niggas out there in South Central.
Watts!! What's up!!
(Keep it poppin man)
Yeah mutha fucka.
Always, always keep it poppin. (Mac Mall)
(Get that money so we in this bitch)

(Khayree)

Vallejo.
I ain't forget you baby.
I ain't forget you.
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo.
Uh. (Tryin' to get this money)
We in here.
Ferg!
What's up baby!
I'm comin' off a cold man.
Hit these suckas wit some of this... super simple funk,
one time ya know.
Yeah sumptin' for that trunk

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