

## Young Zee

### "Macosa"

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[Young Zee]

[Talking]

I'm allowed to fuck up whenever... whenever I want...

This the Outhouse...

Yeah

JUH!

Lemme smoke detroit! FUCK!

Lemme smoke a joint first...

Here, Pace...

[Verse 1-Young Zee]

95% of all y'all rappers butt

And y'all ride dick so much y'all gon' make me nuts

You'll get your jaw clocked, I'll drag your ass for four blocks

Dunk your head in Clorox, use your dreads for my floor mop

Gay or straight, my Papermate'll do a date rape

Zee can't wait, I'll go Great Bank on a blank tape

Lost like Spigg Nice, stick you for your thick ice

Good to hit twice 'fore you catch me usin' trick dice

Go to parole off of two in stolen wheels

My colon holdin' pills, fuck takin' some Golden Seal

I smoke leaky and black like BET

And fuck hoes raw dog 'til my balls catch VD

Mess with us, straight up, y'all better bust

I'm the one you'll never dust, it's still the same as it ever was

I'll leave the crowd in a Coupe with white walls

And scream, "If y'all ain't Outz then y'all could ride my balls!"

Beef with us you might just catch a black eye

And ride for your crispy 850-I

I fuck with them drugs 'cuz it gets me high

Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

Been doin' this rap shit since '85

Then 'Clef put me down with the Fugee-la

It's only right me and Yah get a piece of the pie

[Chrous: Young Zee]

Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

Mama-se, Mama-sa, Ma-macosa  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Ma-macosa  
Mama-se, Ma-sa, Ma-macosa  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Ma-macosa

[Verse 2: Slang Ton]

Yo, all the boys in the lobby get needles filled with  
poison ivy  
Put 'em in the hospital and give 'em a poison IV  
My crew get high much off brew and Thai skunk  
It makes my style off the wall like suicide jumps  
We sip lots of liq' shots  
It makes my hip-hop fat as your lip got when I  
Kickboxed with flip-flops  
And give a disk jockey six copies of this floppy  
Shit I be dyin' for is your piece of shit hobby?  
You borin' like Oran Dice, I'm more than hype  
Bungee jumpin with cordless mics, for tourists sites  
Ton Slanga, I'm dopin', pills and cokin'  
Lung cancer in my throat and still smokin'

[Az-izz]

Now, when your partner die, who got the right  
To do the homicide and you shot the guy?  
And when you's 'bout to cry who got you high?  
Say Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa  
I'll blast the guy that don't pass the lye  
Leave him paralyzed and agonized

Fellas, grab the thighs that's by your side  
Say Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

[Chrous: D.U.]

Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-maco  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-maco  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-maco  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-maco

[Verse 3: Pace Won]

Wanna live this Outsida business  
Blunt splitters, all that  
Multiple musical contracts to fallback...  
On... set like I was Liu Kang for Kombat...  
Armed like Emmit when I rush crews  
More hardcore than DMC and Krush Groove  
Don't need hands to touch you  
Mr. Perfect, the one you want to rap like  
The name rap fiends have in their mouth like a crack  
pipe  
Slap the fuck out you, remember us  
I'm the man your father never was, or could've been

Maybe if they passed out weed in high school, I  
would've went  
Got it down, yo  
Even if you sing like Brownstone you couldn't "Take  
The Crown Home"  
Try to call me out and get the dial tone  
Pace Woner, dickin' 5-0 in a stolen gray Hummer

[Eminem]

Me and Pace had to flee in haste from bein' chased  
For some E & Js we boosted out of some Korean place  
I get drunk and hang-glide off of St. Ides'  
And spray-paint the plain sides of all the subway train  
rides  
I got a pitbull that eats sheep and spits wool  
And chews on human body tissue 'til it's stomach gets  
full  
Skip school, barely went to class, thinkin' shit's cool  
Hid a loaded pistol under this retarded kid's stool  
I had a dream I blew up with half a mil' sold  
And still stole a credit card, a purse, and someone's  
billfold  
I'm from the city where the weather's always real cold  
And chill mode can turn into somebody gettin' steel-  
toed  
We be hangin' on the block 'til dawn  
Stayin' spaced out like Dr. Octagon  
Feelin' for the beats like they Chaka Khan  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa  
Pace Won, Slang Ton, and Yah  
Young Zee, Az-Izz, D.U., and muah  
Bizarre Kid, Loon One and Rah  
Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa

[Young Zee]

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And ride for your crispy 850-I  
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Mama-se, Mama-sa, Mama-macosa  
Mama-se, Ma-sa, Ma-macosa  
Mama-se, Ma-sa, Ma-macosa  
Mama-se, Ma-sa, Macosa  
Mama-mama-mama-mama-macosa

