

D-Mac

"Dat Nigga"

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They say that mac cop broads I'm saying who though
Cause I've done been through more drugs than a game
of uno

I'm a beast, I'm a dog, that's word to Pluto
Goofy rappers can't see me, I keep a new flow
Plural nigga, I spit news, go against I and die plan the
funeral

And on the tomb it would say that he was doomed
When he chose to run up on the illest nigga in the room
Time for the shades matching the tux, I cool the mind
Always been a popular guy since junior high
In senior high I was the cleanest guy
Dead fresh, so I wore best dress, hell yes
We can talk about college, where the women loved my
aureo

Almost had a bitch in every school to Florida yo
I hit the club, and now they ask to take picture
Bottom line is I'm izm, been that nigga, what's up

[Chorus]

Hey let them know I'm dat nigga
Hey tell them hoes I'm dat nigga
Yeah, I'm dat nigga, ah,

I'm a mac man like vince, game tighter than a pence
...but I'm the shit
For those plotting to stop me from let me do my thang
Just know that 9 on me, call me Louie...
Hoodie on, in memory of Trevon Martin,
But I be strapped, run up on me, I'ma start sparking
You ain't dealing with no scrub nigga
And do your homework, you fucking with a sub nigga
For real, you don't wanna do it, do ya?
I got 100 niggas that will do it to ya
For free of my face nigga
Meet new hoes for every dollar that I make nigga
Let's play our shit if you ever heard such
I let the money talk, I don't exchange money much
Same Derek that I was years ago and if you don't
believe me
Go and ask your hoe I bet she say I'm dat nigga

[Chorus]

Hey let them know I'm dat nigga
Hey tell them hoes I'm dat nigga
Yeah, I'm dat nigga, ah,

Kind of swag make a girl forget her man
She liking all of my photos on Instagram
Suckers hating on a nigga, man, could be a beaver
Still ain't give a damn
Running shit like Ledanien Thomason
They balling blocking like they David Robertson
But ain't no stopping the topping boy I gotta win
Until the hood's topic is mac and they say they proud of
him
Him is I, brim and tight, with my shades on
True religion, denim killing with my jays on
Bars order, the fellow in cam cords
Make a scene on the scene, they begging for encore
Hold your applauds for me and this foreign car
Accompanied by a driver and of course a gorgeous
broad
Either yellow or dark and sweet like matello
Or pretty round brown, as long as she ain't a beggar
See, when you getting green, you can paint the city red
Giving haters the blues, gold bottoms to the head
Purple on the paper, I be smoking like a dread
I'ma shine motherfucker, to the day I'm dead

[Chorus]

Hey let them know I'm dat nigga
Hey tell them hoes I'm dat nigga
Yeah, I'm dat nigga, ah,

Haha, shit is crazy right, I know my old hoes
They tweet watching a nigga, stalking my facebook
pace
My global 14
The haters too, I know they saying to themselves
God damn when is this nigga gonna fall off?
They've been waiting forever for it
They gonna be waiting forever for it man
Getting this money nigga, all hoes getting all fat and
shit
See me nigga, I'm the champion, getting right
Still count these money, still in the hood, wassup
niggas
Face clean, no pimples...fly as fuck, I'm dat nigga
Find somebody who'll say otherwise, if you can't
motherfucker...

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