

## Evil Superstars

### "Mac-a-Fram-a-Lama"

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You crash-helmet wearin heifer  
You turf-dirt tramp  
Sack-chasin ass cunt  
Bathwaterless biatch

Whats up with it ho, tell me whats it all about?  
Since you always talkin shit when this pimp dick not in  
yo mouth  
And then you wonder why a nigga quick to dig yo  
helmet  
And slap yo ass so hard when usually I'm smooth as  
velvet

See trick I'm from the bay and man we make them  
broads obey  
And if you don't then you gon (?) swatter or sling (?) on  
mac dre  
Word to OJ and my nigga ike turner  
If that ho don't know her role, them ima learn her (learn  
her?)  
Since out I turned her, she get hella emotional  
But don't let the square be his feelins if that ass beat  
down  
And even now I get the feeling hes sayin "a real man  
would never put his  
hands on a woman"

But a punk-bitch ain't no lady  
that's shifty and shady  
Proven connivin 51/50 crazy  
But I'm quick to introduce her to the mac-prozac,  
choke-holds and back hand slaps  
Now bitch dig that!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]  
Mac-a-fram-a-lama punk ho toe-tagga  
Savage mani-manish ???? the money homey bastard  
Big face stacker and a mouth piece master  
Never chase that bitch, id rather let you suckas catch  
her

Now to, understand-a mac-a-fram-a-lama, you must  
first know the lingo  
comprehend the grammar  
Feel me when I flow, learn when I'm lacin  
Mack, I match the art of communication  
365 days a year, I'm in the bitch year, sayin what she  
wanna hear  
Tryin to get things clear, if they ain't clear, and if she  
stay here, shes  
runnin like the reindeer  
And I'm playin here, mackin fo real, hackin a steal,  
stackin a scrill  
so if you happen to feel, kinda pimperistic, you got the  
??? In ya, you feelin  
my linguistic  
don't get it twisted, lets keep it on the up and up  
The Blood about it if she out there fuckin up  
Its time to toughin up, keep this cutt-throatish  
Mac-a-fram-a-lama niggaz? it's the coldest!

Oops upside yo head  
Keep poppin off at the grill and ima beat you like an  
egg  
See your brothers a punk and your daddys an old man  
they get in my business and ima send 'em back payin  
You know what I'm sayin, no ho I ain't no gentleman  
Im a cut-throat nigga from that Crest side clan  
Wont tell you check yourself cuz I got it  
A tested method to get a bitch back in pocket  
See when my breezys start to bumpin them gums  
A mack black out, and get to goin on one  
And I don't give a fuck, let the police come  
Let this bitch wig because she much too dumb  
Said I don't give a fuck let the police come  
Let this bitch wig because she much too dumb  
We keepin it mackin on the real where I'm from  
A nothing-ass slut talk shit, she gets stomped,  
stomped

[Chorus]

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