

## DJ Visage

### "Mackin' Ain't Easy"

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(Chris Kelly)

Now I'm known to rock a party, and turn a party out  
(ho!)  
A nappy headed little nigga representin' for the South  
When I bust, and I do frequently  
I see niggas in careers trying to get with me  
Now no longer am I small  
See got me a ballme of women, huh I keep 'em wall to  
wall  
See cause mackin' ain't easy (easy)  
But I had to do it, get into it, and plus they love to  
please me  
Over age, never under  
Wonder in the words of Aaliyah, Age Ain't Nuthin' But A  
Number  
So I takes 'em, shakes 'em, show 'em the ropes  
Let 'em get a little taste and then they never let go  
They say (Daddy Daddy), they call me, it gets major  
Surprise visits and blowin' up my pager  
Asking for favors that I don't do  
That's for a nigga in love, all I'm doing is mackin' you

(Chorus)

Mackin' ain't easy  
But somebody gotta do it (do it)  
Mackin' ain't easy  
But somebody gotta do it (do it, do it, do it)  
Now tell me whose the mack, tell me whose the mack

Mackin' ain't easy  
But somebody gotta do it (do it)  
Mackin' ain't easy  
But somebody gotta do it (do it, do it, do it)  
Now tell me whose the mack

(Chris Smith)

Now I ain't got no big hat or a Caddilac  
I push a drop-top Benz and a baseball cap (say what?)  
I, keep the pad full of women, bad bodies in bikinis on  
deck  
For when I wanna get wet

I tell Chris all the time I more of a mack than he is  
And it's been this way since we was real little kids  
I, got women saying 'baby tie me up'  
I got 'em going to mall, shop and buying me stuff  
Now with me it's like the old days ain't gone no where  
A light skin-ded nigga with real long hair  
Perm, corn rowed, individuals, afros  
No matter what, I'm fresh head to toe  
So who's the mack?, daddy mack  
Seeing all the women in my stable watch my back  
From these, player haters trying to salt my game  
And snatch my hoes, it ain't a possible thing

(Drunk guy sample)

You know what I mean?,(?), ain't no need to bullshit  
These niggas in love, You know what I mean?  
Talking about how fast(?)  
There ain't no players, I'm drunk now, You know what I  
mean?  
I'm kinda, (I know, I know), but I'm cool (I know)....  
(The rest is unintelligible to me)  
You what I mean?

(Kris Kross)

Now tell me who's the mack

(Mr. Black)

Mr. Black, and we can do whatever  
Flossin' in the Benz, decked out in the leather  
Never slippin', just sippin' on this champagne  
And I'll be spittin' pure game to this pretty young thing  
My aim, to control  
Mind, body and soul  
Have her on the stroll bringing me the flow  
Pimp stylin', stay smilin', profilin'  
Presidential suite, gang of hoes sippin' Crystal-in'  
Yeah we puffing real La  
Laid back to the funk flows I prescribed  
I could write a thesis on the dime pieces  
Gotcha on her, didn't flaunt, when I grab your nieces  
Mack daddy forte, when I'm flossin with the double K  
Got all these broads showing us where they stay  
Pager blowin up all these hoes wanna skeez me  
Being a mack ain't easy

(Static noise)

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