

Roc Marciano

"Tek to a Mack"

Visit "[Tek to a Mack](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[INTRO]

Yeah, check, Marc
Back for the crown baby
AV that's brown like gravy
Style is wavy
Lazy eye Tracy McGrady
Deliver like an 80 pound baby
I'm a horse, you a rope
I let off Macks
You crap in your clothing
Golden moments
Rolls Royce driver named Coleman
45 watch game frozen
Scared to death
Mad salty like a potato chip
You know the routine
I'm out to break a bitch
Over the stove with the bakers mitt
I'm still on that gangsta shit
Burning that dour
European footwear
I'm coming off a real good year
Kush in the air
Them niggas like books, Look square
I swear they don't even got hood flare
I'm a natural, You little rascal
Homo swag, I wouldn't put it past you
Changes invested, faith's tested
I paid for the necklace and ate breakfast
My thoughts is pour torches left corpses
My chariot pulled by horses
Ya'll doo-doo, I'll sock it to you
Pierce your rib with the spear like Shaka Zulu
Cops pursue you
When you got pies like Lu Lu
Control a whore's mind like voodoo
Suave, CL 5 grey in the driveways
MÃ©nage Ã trois on Fridays
Peel bills consistent
And just to think I willed this into existence
Memories of being broke are now distant

I insisted biscuits
For all that I did to get rich then
I hope within you forgive the kid like a
Christian
To get rich then, I hope within
You forgive the kid like a

[Hook]
From the deuce to the tre
From a tre to an eighth
From an A to a K to a 9 from a K
From a K to the grey, 45 all black
All black 45, from a tec to a mac

Big dinners, dilemmas
I ride in a Plymouth
Listening to the Spinners
I love the art but it's a business
D's trying to pin us
Cause what I do with the pen is stupendous
Young niggas look up to us like father figures
Design fly rhymes like architecture
Modern philosopher
The feds trying to pop at us
But ya'll ain't got the proper size nuts
Line me up without the iron cuff
Reclined in the truck
My mind like a diamond in the rough
Apply the cut gotta come up
Got to sit tough, Chronic is puff
Wallets is buff, I'm a stud
Dollars is spotted with blood
The nine snub
Should hold you out with thugs
You forgot what it was, huh?
Well bitch that's what is though
Pitch em an O Lou Ferrigno, indo
Flowed out the benz
Tinted windows
Pimp bones
Exotic skin tones
Ear lobes flooded with gem stones
Money put in a hoes flip ten folds
Gotta stack it
Ya squad is at the bottom of the bracket
That's why I keep the llama in the bomber
jacket
That'll push yo whole yarmulke backwards

[Hook]
From the deuce to the tre

From a tre to an eighth
From an A to a K to a 9 from a K
From a K to the grey, 45 all black
All black 45, from a tec to a mac

Gangsta Mack. Back.

Visit [Roc Marciano](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.