

Das Gesindel

"Cuz I'm the Mack"

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[Jacka]

You know these whodies be askin'

Uni Mack 10

Can I be your bitch [can I be your bitch]

Naw, you can be my ho

I put you on a track

And bring me back all my cheese

Get on your knees

So I can smoke green leaves

Paper chase for me

They found dope in my show

Catch a case for me

Act faithful to your pimp

Like a P-I-T

Wool out

Don't let go to what you got

And don't come back short

Cuz you might get mopped

I'm a pimp

And hoes ain't shit without 'em

I use to fuck 'em

And forget about 'em

Now they bring me back major skril

So I can stack 'til I peel

I can change for the good

Half an hour, I'm there [?]

She's mine

Plus she's blind to the fact that I'm The Jacka

Mista Cali Co packa

I have ta

Floss to be the boss

You just a black girl lost

But she ain't in my game plan

In some chalk

[Chorus]

It's The Jacka

Mista Cali Co packa

I got the

The major slice in a Acura

Imagine bein' brought

No clothes, no show
Gonna get high
But can't fade on the road
Fuck that!
I'd rather be the young sav on the track
Sellin' dope and pimpin' hoes
Cuz I'm the mack [I'm the mack]

[Jacka]
My momma raised me like a mack
So I stuck wit it
Tight you wanna remain wit yo Mrs.
Then keep them bitches out my side
Ain't havin' no joke on these hoes
Nigga from the start
I learned to break a hoes pockets
To break that young girl's heart
Evil whispers in my head
Tellin' me don't stop 'til I'm ballin'
You come back short wit yo cash
It'll be that ass that she crawlin'
Pimp on
But don't limit
Yourself to pimpin'
Scandalous women
Youngsta they suck their ways
In this game that'll get you paid
So I let the whispers guide me
Put the past behind me
Cuz the cash is blindin' me
Fuck bein' broke
I got my town by the throat
Coughing up major doe
But it wasn't enough
Beacuse the bomb I smoke
And the fluff I snow
Turned me into a killa
For the skrilla
Won't stop eatin'
I got ten million, dollars
Nine million acres
Plus a casino in Vegas
I'm 'bout the faces on the table
That's keepin' me in this shit
And it's real
Maybe if they kill another president
They'll make a three dollar bill
Must be the skrill

[Chorus]

[Jacka]

I had a problem wit meetin' hoes
Who try to get over on me
Thinkin' just because I [?]
Then we gonna kick 'em down
Oh not me, not one-O
I break a bitch down
Wit a blow to the nose
Cuz I'm a savage
One night we wasn't careful
Parkin' lot pimpin'
And a fine ho was yellin' like a wyno
Was comin' at me like I'm a sucka
She must of thought that I was a busta
Comin' out the club
So I slugged her in her mugg
"What's up blood"
A nigga yelled hella loud
From out the crowd [west up]
Like he was fed up puttin' work for the skirt
I'm raisin' up my shirt
He told me hollow tips hurt
So back up jerk
Cuz you don't want me
Uni M-A-C
Man you don't want me

[Chorus]

[The Jacka talking]

Cuz I'm the mack
You know
I'm the muthafuckin' mack
How many real macks you know nigga
Ask yourself that question
And I bet you only know one
Check it out
My nigga Rob Low on this tight ass beat
I don't give a fuck what nobody say
Can't nobody fuck wit it
I only know one real mack
I gotta say wussup to my nigga O Federali
My nigga S.L.O.
My nigga Young Uz
My niggas from the L.O.B
My nigga Bishop
What's goin' down

