

Dre Dr "Ackrite"

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Hittman]

It's fuckin ackrite

Question is - can I get some? Knahmsayin?

Ackrite bitch

When I see you in the spot, you just ackrite,
youknahmsayin?

When I yank you by the fuckin perm

don't be lookin at a nigga crazy

Just get with the digits and be the fuck out,
youknahmsayin?

Let me break it down for y'all

It was just one of those days

when I wanted to catch sunrays

Fun to get blunted on a Sunday, afternoon

Nigga ? got room, grab the gat for misbehaviors

and the chocolate faded boom, flossin hip-hop tunes

Zoom-zoom like the Commodores

Wonder will we have drama or, end up clownin whores

Around the full good-to-go girls

like them Barbary Coast girls, riding shotgun, baby

I be postin all-world in The Ra

Sippin 151 that gave me too much pride to back down

Soon as we get to The Beach I'ma put my fuckin mack
down

I'm playin lead, not the background

It's time to put Bronson on the map now

Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile

Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite

I'ma have to ack-wild

Chorus: sung by Hittman

Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right

Strap by my waistline, cause niggaz don't fight

Sucker free for life, so you better think twice

(Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)

I'm the type of nigga playa haters don't like

Snatchin up your honey for some late night hype

And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite

(Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right)

[Hittman]

Uhhhhh.. drink kickin in, I'm stimulated

For those that don't know big words, I'M FUCKIN FADED

Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot

Our first spot was cool til some gangsters made it hot

Now we plot and pose

plus we watchin hoes, with lots of flesh exposed

gettin swarmed by those type of niggaz

with no game but brown-nose

So I impose only like pros can

"Yo, is this your man?" "No."

Grab the bitch's hand, "I'm Hittman."

Bling! Gold chain gleam

"You're very eligible for my summer league team."

Maybe too extreme cause the sister got steamed

Then Miss Thing tried to scream on my brethern

I got mad spit flame on the name

Stefan, tattooed on her arm

Hoe you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke

witcho' lips swoll, and give a nig' some ackrite

Chorus (minus the word "Aight" both times)

[Hittman]

Frontin on the ack-rite, causin me to act up

Good Samaritan save that hoe from gettin slapped up

My homies crack up at the scene I made

Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade

If it wasn't for the one-time brigade

I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp

As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp

Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes

from fake macks {*CAR HORN*} aiyyo, chase them
girls

in that black Maxima, the passenger, almost fractured
her

neckbone, lookin back at us

Plus, they on the dick cause the Caddy's plush

They blush, I bumrush the hush, with the largest crush

Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in
touch

Keep it on hush without the tip-in

Mackin interrupted by some niggaz set-trippin

Clip in the strap, I showed these niggaz how to act

Chorus

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