

Erotic

"Mafioso"

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[Mac Dre Talkin']

Ugh

Wha wha

What is it

Yeah

Yadidaholla

Do you know whadddiholla (do you know what I holla?)

Yeah, the itty bitty city by the water

Thats steady gettin taller

Vallejo

You Ho

You just don't understand

Check it out though

[Mac Dre]

Sippin' Martinis eatin scampi and linguini

Makin' Blunts disappear

Like I'm Houdini

Layed up with Asians that know tongue fu

Gettin blew when I got the call from Young Dru

He was speakin thizzlamic

But I can understand it

He said "Al Boo Boo the eagle has landed"

My reply...pronto...cousin

Execute stage two put the turkey in the oven

For those who don't know that means he got the blow

And it's time to turn the blow in to more dough

Sell him high bomb low let 'em fly let 'em go

Birdies of the snow straight from valley jo

Who got it?? Nigga Dru got it

And if you hit him on the hip

He'll make sure that you got it

Me and my team

We tryna win

And we keep it mafiso

You hear the violens

(godfather tune by mac dre)

[Young Dru]

I'm the yay boy, the play boy, from the bay boy

Where I stay boy, we don't be puffin' no hay boy
Where my son head lay boy
I protect with the K boy
Run in my home and get sprayed boy
Young Dru and mac dre boy
The yay don't play boy
I'm a made boy highly connected spit flame boy
I'm a payed boy
??? ??? all day boy
Never changed, I'm the same, so fuck what you say
boy
I'm not afraid boy
Take it from wax to gun play boy
Run away boy
Shakin the blades and gay boys
Movin' bricks boy
Choppin' down kicks to picks boy
Weighin' zips boy
Takin' the trips for chips boy
Coppin' whips boy
Floss cross by chicks boy
Makin' hits boy
Fuck with the mob and get split boy
Loaded and lit boy
Dre and Dru is the shit boy
From a fix to a bitch
We tryna get rich boy

(godfather tune by mac dre)

[Mac Dre]

I'm in my sneaks with freaks on the beach was shallow
Bossed up drinkin Ernest and Julio Gallo (wine)
I got my rallo?? My butterfly knife
I'm nothin nice
I cut a guy twice
All of my life I followed the path
Of D Boy B Boy half cash live loud
Got game like Bob Costa
Got dread like Rasta
Eatin' seafood sauce
Poored over pastas
You imposters get tried for treason
To the nation of Thizzlam
Is my legiance
Write a grievance
File a complaint
Tell 'em Dre doin things that them otha guys can't
Burnin' rubber all day
Drivin' wreckless
I cut a man throat give a man a bloody necklace

Cuttee, they respect us cuz they have to
My niggaz mafioso
You prepared they'll wack you'

(godfather tune by mac dre)

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