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Freak Toast ''Black Mac is Back''

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[MJG & Eightball] Ha, ha, ha, ha Ain't nothin' but the best (Ha, ha) Ain't nothin' but the biggest shit goin' on nigga Hell yeah nigga, nothin' but that stay true, playa shit Baby, we gotta keep it real ya know what I'm saying Go on with your shit G (Ooh) MJG is in your shit Ain't no use in talkin that ill shit Yeah, listen to this man he the real shit, it's so real MJG, soak that shit up nigga (Ooh)

[MJG]

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Big space-age pimpin' I'm schoolin' and teachin' bitches

These hoes on they toes suppose to bring riches To a nigga like me, MJ fuckin' G

Get down on your knees, advance to suck a D (Ooh) Take ya draws off baby, I'm comin' to knock it off That is if ya dyke ass friend don't block it off It's the big dick bandit, larger than real life You fuckin' one of my hoes, I'm fuckin' ya real wife (Ooh)

Feels nice, to hold that ass just like Africa Something like the motherland, I'm goin' back to her Top-notch school for hoes who boost clothes Rob niggas throws or killers that kick doors (Ooh) Or the property, of any imposter who think he stoppin' me

Eleven million volts of hatin' that ain't shockin' me Nothin' like a quality bitch to break tricks Control by a pimp ass nigga who take shit (Ooh) I'm reliable, hoes close ya mouth and don't speak I'll work you non-stop in the streets for twelve weeks Here's the plan, find me a woman with lots of class Who knows how to carry herself with lots of ass (Ooh)

[Chorus 1: MJG & (Eightball)] The black mac is back, (He's comin' with twenty hoes) Cars and condos, (Down with ten toes) Braids and afros, (Fades and perm rolls) Pussy that turn gold, (A nigga that sittin' dro) [Ooh]

[Chorus 2: MJG & (Eightball)] The black mac is back, (Prepare to come strong) Keepin' it goin' on, (Up in his home zone) Bitches be gettin' boned, (Tricks be needing loans) All my hoes grown, (Leave me the fuck alone) [Ooh]

[Eightball]

Now who be the nigga with the six-pack of hoes Doing anything for a little something up they nose, clothes

Ridin' clean on Vogues, drinkin Mo's In the presidential suite givin' private shows (Ooh) Mississippi, Chi-Town, New York, to L.A. Freaky hoes love kissin' on my big bel-lay

Every summer in a Hummer, flippin' Texas beaches Seventy-eighter to Decatur tryin' to pick me some peaches (Ooh)

Shake hoes in diguise, show me some love Ugly hoes turn to models when they walk in the club High paid, non-educated bitch with an attitude Butt motherfucking naked talkin' bout I'm actin' rude (Ooh)

I be the nigga in the corner with the Hennessey Did like that "Men In Black" stick erasing memory Con I pop, tryin' to increase the flock Workin' hard to do better so the cheddar won't stop This for bout the king-sized beds and rides Gettin' live up in dies kickin' shit with my guys Over time I done made profit slangin' pussy Tell the world the black fat mac is back baby (Ooh)

[Chorus 1]

[MJG]

As the cash keeps comin', I'm keepin' the bitches fed Room with the bed, some shelter over they head If you scared ho let it be known before long Tuck ya tail into ya ass go on, on (Ooh) Weak coward, ya false as game is goin' sour Came back empty, from workin' for twelve hours Don't nothin' but the bitches move as I improve Fuck what society say, I make the rules (Ooh) I'm too cool to be a busta, must a nigga try me You shot thirty times, the bullets went right by me Ya better run this my town, it's goin' down Don't forget ya gun, hundreds of killers I be around (Ooh)

Oh wait, wanna jump up, itchin' to pop the trunk up Reaching to pull the pump up, hittin' whoever run up Gun up a whole crew of the troop who was on attack Prepare to smoke a sack, the black mac is back (Ooh)

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

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