

## Mac Dre & Mac Mall f/ Rydah J. Klyde "Giggin'"

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--Mac Dre talking--  
Ah, what, ah, what  
Mall Macenroe, like what!  
Andre Macassi ah, ugh  
Street Sampras, what it do?  
What that is?  
What it do?  
Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh

[Mac Dre]  
This ain't no love ballad  
Or romance song  
This a dance song for you can get yo dance on  
It's hard to keep my pants on when I'm giggin'  
And when I'm giggin' it look like I'm diggin'  
I do the pigeon, bird like a nerd  
I'm on Hennessey rappin' every line every word  
I dust myself off  
Like I stoled thurr  
Skinny nigga giggin' wit no shirt  
I get chauffer so I can passenger gig  
Get the chips and don't trip off her mask and her wig  
So that's why I'm askin' her this:  
Can you do the thing?  
Can you really do the dew and pursue the green?  
I ask her who the king  
She tell me I'm is [Nothin' but the hook]  
It's almost time kid  
I'm trynna see some grindin'  
Can you dig?  
Yeah you fine bitch but can you gig?

[Chorus] - 3X : Mac Dre  
Baby can you gig?  
You so crazy when you gig  
Eew she giggin'  
Lady can you gig?  
Girl you so crazy when you gig  
Eew he giggin'

[Rydah J. Klyde]

She was doin' the twist and pop  
While I was trynna get the cork out the Crys then pop all  
in her hair  
The champagne shampoo was flash dance too  
Baby want me to dance too but that I can't do  
She was giggin' too hard for me  
Turned around and my dick stretched the yard you see  
I can't play wit you lil' mama  
Thizzle got you crazy  
Shocked her when I stood up and walked on her lazy  
Broke it down touched the ground; rolls wit the 80's shit  
Lit that hazy, asked her "What you know about Thizz?"  
"What you know about this? Naw Bitch Thizz"  
Cuz that's what it is  
DJ put us in the mix  
Watch us pump up the party  
Cuz we didn't come to bothy nobody  
It's 300 Bay cats in the lobby  
Swing them dreads, movin' heads, getting' stupid  
Naw that's the old look they gig to this new shit watch  
me

[Chorus] - 3X

[Mac Mall]

I'm a fan of the running man  
Old school Cabbage Patch  
Might mix some prep wit a lil' Roger Rabbit  
Robo Cop, up-rock, pop lock, boogaloo  
I don't know about you but where I'm from you see we  
act a fool  
Lil' mama giggin' wit me tryin' hard to keep up  
But I'm bustin' moves that she never even heard of  
Feelin' it, Thizz face look permanent  
Advance Bird Dance now we call the shit "The Buzzer"  
bitch  
Humpty Dance don't got nothin' on me  
Quick to Michael Jackson spin and do the Mahoney  
You squares is phony  
But your bitch still want me  
Cuz I do the George Jefferson oh so coldly  
Yeah it's a celebration bitch  
So I'm a break it down to the fresh outfit  
Lil' mama movin' but you know she can't handle it  
I'm in the middle of the floor wit my hands on my dick

[Chorus] - 3X

