

Mac Dre & Mac Mall f/ Rydah J. Klyde "Klyde, Mall, & Dre"

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--talking--

Testin' yea let's do this shit baby
Shit I don't know I can't hear that shit

[Rydah J. Klyde]

You know my niggaz they control the weight
From the Golden State
I hold your fate in the palm of my hand
Wit this here throw away
I empty out and load the K
The lil' figga wit the gun that's bigger than him
It's kinda hard to hold it straight
But still I knock Louie
Seen shit rip through him
Got stooie wit my killa click
Cop, chop shoot him
Like I'm fresh in the game
Just reppin' my name
Young and in love wit the tec when it flame
You know my name
Shit I was on the block
Wit a freshly chop though
Didn't have spinners
I'm out the bag that's my knock bro
Fresh out the box wit the glock though
Plus my niggaz ridin' tonight
Two of 'em waitin' for that fiend rental to slide through
Then my hustle gon' pause
For this tooly by the muscle in my drawls
Me no tinsel wit y'all
I touch y'all
Half way niggaz rookies
And will never touch raw
Buy the crack and watch me bring the applause
Blocka, Blocka!

[Mac Mall]

Mac-matic slanguistics
Break it down in fractions
Every verse a nigga spit is like a commercial for boss
mackin'

When it hit the streets you should just see how they re-
actin'
Animal attraction
You fiends is relaxin'
Hit it once and back spin
Mac slap the captain
Body bag the boss man
You don't want it to happen
Cutthroat approach
Leavin' t-shirts soaked
Bust shots at your throw back
Leave hoes where the team go
Valley Joe Crest Coast
Mackin' to the next level
Highly professional
Street level but high post
Ghetto to ghetto
Boonies to barrios
Cess spot turf
Every H double O-D
Meezie and Dreezie make it look easy
Grimy and greezy
Don't make me leave yo moms weepin'
My nigga J. Klyde will leave 'em where you'll never peep
'em
All my peoples quick to push that line for they seaman

[Mac Dre]

A few years ago when I used to grind
Police used to fuck wit me all the time
A young Codwell banker
A Gunthy Ranker
Strapped wit thump thanker
A cold drunk tanker
Stupid dumb, mentally disturbed
I used to bother people
And get on people nerves
Standin' on the curb
Trynna get it off
I sell it to 'em hard
But I buy it from 'em soft
I'm a felon and a boss
It's funk I spray dude
Dump out the prelude
On them punks and gay dudes
I pay dues
You can't fit Mac Dre shoes
I break laws
And I don't obey rules
I drive wit my L's suspended
Get apprehended

Cop gets commended
Now I'm a defendant
They forcin' me to spend it on fines and fees
P.D. mad cause I'm makin' all kinds of cheese

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