

# Crest Creepers

Mac Dre

I be that cold crest creeper, stompin' and rompin'  
Puttin' the crest on the map, like NWA did Compton  
Got my finger on the trigger, don't make me pull it and bail  
Plus I'm ski masked down, all you see is bullets and shells  
From that HK, they say Dre is slightly crazy  
But ain't nothin' but the way them crestside streets raised me  
I'm shady, all my game make you trust me  
Players love me, haters dodge and duck me  
They hidin' while I'm ridin, Crestsidin' through the fog  
I'm a double R hog, doin' dirt with my dogs  
Crest gorilla makin' scrilla, boy I gets G's  
Put more holes in a nigga than they put in Swiss cheese

Now check credential, these niggas be killa status  
Pack a tech, tote a tommy, you know I brandish  
Some don't understand, niggas I hog about my scrillions  
Pill young knuckle heads, stoppin by my building  
Built in the game, founded since '74  
It's that Mark Ave nigga... You know  
Get your millimeter, these niggas round here be heated  
And if you need it, eat it up when I feed it  
So giddy up, get game, if you ain't knowin' that it'll happen  
That's that real shit... fuck all that rappin'  
So go on and ask your folks  
'Cause these crest niggas ain't no joke

Pussy ain't the prize so you can miss me with that bullshit  
Young hog through the hallways, strapped down with them full clips  
Catch 'em on surveillance, a murder that's how I read it  
So potna if you saw it, play like you ain't seen it  
I'm the cleanest in this murder shit, cuddie who you with?  
Represent that Sawyer all star killa click  
Wave both hands and watch me yoked in the stands  
This them creepers coward, so could you understand  
Faulty information keep on gettin' sold to the FBI  
So what you gon' do? big baller don't cry  
Everybody in this world can't get by  
We love to be high, so pop yo collar, let it go  
'Cause this crest creep shit is gettin' sold like blow

Look it, at who just crept up out the bushes  
Without warning, swarming in black garments  
Performing like an OG, crest vet, oh yes it's Naked  
But I'm forced to wear clothes, because it's cold on the North Pole  
This 4-4 got the enemy behind the line  
'Cause once they cross it, aww shit, another violent crime  
Has been committed in the itty bitty city called Vallejo  
All hell breaks loose when you fuck with lou  
Me and my people 'cause we deep in this shit  
Brought heat to this shit, just in case a hater wanna trip  
Off the fact that the country club is in the building  
Hit the ceiling with your 3 C's if ya feeling  
Where I'm coming from, now who in the fuck you running from  
Them cuddie top dogs are on there way and they coming dumb

Hoes they, hoes they love me  
'Cause I'm the U-N-D-A-D-O double G

Crestsidin', hittin' switches, let me drop you a line  
If you ridin' then you bitches better be on time  
You fucking with my pleasures now  
In L.A., fuck Da Unda Dogg won't let you down  
So let me bust a nut, we creepin', so hurry up get yo ass in this telly  
No time for speakin', remove your clothes and lay on your belly  
I got that Watts shit, mixed with that Crestside twist  
Block shit, bitches love to fuck with this

Reek Daddy the muthafuckin' instigator  
Mr. get this shit started right now, fuck later  
From the Crest to the muthafuckin' Midwest, Reckless  
15 cuddies on a dead nigga chest  
Bitch have you ever rolled with a rider?  
Bouncin' in the low hollerin' out Crestsider!  
Ripped, don't even trip, it's gon' be some more shit  
I got the big clip, filled up with hollow tips  
Cold Crest creeper and I always keep my cannon on me  
Don't forget the dope 'cause I'm a lay you where you standin' homie  
Hoe if you know me, you know what I'm about  
Act like a snake bit my dick and suck the poison out

Cuddie I go way back, sippin' heem straight like chris mack  
In the 'lac, yac up, aliens better back up  
Playa like OG bust  
See there ain't nothing like that ball hog soup, for country club hog nuts  
Smash fools like Barlow, serve big game like tip toe  
Might catch me mackin' in Chicago  
Smokin' on some?  
Pimp shit, talkin' smooth, armani man, I'm out to conquer the globe  
Might start off in Vegas, hookers bringin' more of those papers  
Boss mackin' got me scuffin' my gators  
Call me Luke Skywalker, the alien stalker  
Cuddie, fuck ya friends, ya folks, even ya potna  
Lil' soldier got a chopper plus he gone off one  
And OG's think the penitentiary is fun  
So he's bread to kill, and ain't scared to die  
Nuclear age titan up out the Crest side