

## A, B, C, P...

Mac Dre

Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me  
'Cause I'm a double OG P-I-M-P  
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?  
A-B-C-P

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Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?  
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Cut the crap, biatch; you can't con me  
I'll slice yo' ass thin as salami  
Not Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky or Mike  
I go bad like OJ, sav like Ike  
Gesundheit, so cold, you sneeze  
Iced out grill, tattooed sleeves  
Bitch please, me no comprende  
All I understand is 'daddy, send me'  
I drink Rémy Martin  
Flows on a cougnut, barking  
Old school nigga like Theodore  
When I see a whore, I can't ignore  
I'm all in her face like an angry coach  
Servin' her potions and antidotes  
Hop in the Range when it's time to go  
She'll do whatever I say, she'll even be my hoe

Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me  
'Cause I'm a double OG P-I-M-P  
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?  
Yep, A-B-C-P  
Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me  
'Cause I'm a double OG P-I-M-P  
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?  
A-B-C-P