

# Mac 10 Handles

Prodigy

The best in the business  
Yea, it's about that time, ya'heard?  
We the best nigga, we back nigga

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

Yo, yo  
By myself in my four corner room watchin' "Hard Boiled"  
I feel like I'm crazy, my brain on drugs  
My bullet proof on run, flats late at the night I'ma look for Cause  
Just ride through his hood, when I see that chump  
I'ma jump out the truck, and dump my gun  
You ain't neva been do it, so you scared of that kinda shit  
Hit me on a song and say - "P pop a lot off shit"  
Too much of that Gangsta Muzik, nah this reality rap  
I really go through it, in interrogation room, I don't crack  
Nigga I don't got none for ya, talk to my lawyer  
Shit, nowadays is hard to kill  
Be careful where you pull that trigger they got you on film  
They got eyes in the sky, we under surveillance  
That On Star on your car track everywhere you've been  
Gotta watch what I say, they tappin' my cell phone  
They wanna sneak and peak inside my home  
I'm paranoid and it's not the weed  
In my rear view mirror each car they follow me  
So I bust rights and lefts, lefts and rights  
'Til I stop seeing those Impala headlights  
Then I circle my block to make sure it's smooth  
Before I go upstairs to my four corner room

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

I be alone in my hot ass room  
Smokin' dope loadin' bullets in my clip for you  
I ain't even wipin' my sweat, it's keepin' me cool  
I ain't even sweatin' you niggaz I'ma find you  
Eventually it happens like this  
At the club with his boys, at the mall with his bitch  
Nigga think it's gon' be a fight? PSS! HA!  
Death comes to those who wind me up  
And you could beg me to stop, but I just keep  
Puttin' pressure on the trigger 'til you fast asleep  
Like a baby (Son wake up) ain't no maybe  
Coulda, shoulda, woulda shot back, you too hasty  
I'm so impulsive, I start gunnin' right in front Jesus, Mary & Joseph

(Oh My God!) If that's what it is, nigga I'ma live  
You not playin' me like the neighbourhood bitch (Ayo Mary?)

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starrin' at candles  
High on drugs - all alone with my hand on "Mac 10 Handle"  
Schemin' on you niggaz

Yea that's right; you know how we do it nigga, (Uh-huh)  
I sit up all night and plot on your head (Oh we comin')  
It's not a fuckin' game (We comin', we comin' nigga)  
Oh we comin' nigga believe that  
[Edwin Starr:] If he should happen to write your name down

We runnin' around gettin' this money on tour  
You'know'what'I'm'sayin'?  
[Edwin Starr:] Should he speak out

I really ain't got time for you bitch ass niggaz  
But um... this weekend I got some time  
You'know'what'I'm'sayin'? I might just put some work in  
(Yea we could fit 'em in, put 'em in the schedule)  
It's like they forgot or somethin', I come poppin' for you nigga  
I don't give a fuck who you with, daytime, where the fuck we at  
You betta stop, drop and roll nigga (Uh-huh)  
And it's on and poppin', high on drugs, that's right  
Schemin' on you nigga, "Mac 10 Handle"

"I use to drive AC and kept a Mac in the engine"  
"Is this is it baby? Have you heard of a dude named...?"  
"Yo it's the P"  
"Isn't it that stingy mothafucka? "