

## Prodigy "Mac 10 Handle"

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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  
Starin' at candles, high on drugs  
All alone wit my hand on Mac 10 handle  
Schemin' on you niggaz

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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 Cuz

Just ride through his hood and 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 music, nah, this reality rap  
I really go through it in interrogation rooms  
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 of my home  
I'm paranoid and it's not the weed  
In my rear view mirror these cars, they follow me

So I bust rights and lefts, lefts and rights

Till 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

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All alone wit 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  
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 of Jesus,  
Mary and Joseph  
(Oh my God)  
If that's what it is, nigga I'ma live  
You not playin' me like the neighborhood bitch  
(Ayo, Mary)

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Yeah, that's right, you know how we do it nigga  
(Uh, huh)  
I sit up all night and plot on your head nigga

(Oh, we comin')

It's not a fuckin' game  
(We comin', we comin', nigga)  
Oh, we comin' nigga believe that  
(If he should happen to write your name down)

We runnin' around gettin' this money on tour  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
(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 wit, 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 niggaz, Mac 10 handle

I use to drive a 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  
With an asshole full of money?

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