

Procol Harum

"Mac 10 Handel"

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[Hook x2:]

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starin at candles, high on drugs.

All alone wit my hand on a mac 10 handle, schemin on you niggaz.

[Verse 1:]

By myself in my four cornered room watchin Hard-Boiled

I Feel like im crazy, my brain on drugs, my bullet proof on run.

FLATZ later tonight ima look for cuz. Just ride thru his hood and when I se that chump, ima jump out the truck, and dump my gun you aint never been thru it, so you scared of that kinda shit, hit me on a song and say P pop alotta shit. Too much a dat gangsta music, naww this reality rap, I really go thru it. In interrogation room, I don't crack nigga I got nuttin for ya, Talk to my lawyer, shit, nowadays its 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 All-Star in the car track everywhere you been, gotta watch what I say, they tappin my cell phone, they wanna sneak a peek inside of my home. Im paranoid and its 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 seein those impala head lights. Then I, circle my block, to make sure its smooth before I go upstairs to my four cornered room

[Hook X2:]

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starin at candles, high on drugs.

All alone wit my hand on a mac 10 handle, schemin on you niggaz.

[Verse 2:]

I be alone in my hot ass room, smoking dope loadin bullets in my clip for you.

I aint even wiping my sweat, its keepin me cool. I aint even sweatin you niggaz, ima find you. Eventually, it

happens like this, at the club wit his boys, at the mall
wit his bitch, niggaz thinking there gonna be a fight?
Pshh HA..death comes to those that wind me up. And
you could beg me to stop, but I just keep, putting
pressure on the trigger till you fast asleep. Like a baby
aint no mabey, coulda woulda shoulda shot back, you
too hasty. Im so impulsive. I start gunnin right in front
of jesus mary and joseph. If that's what it is, nigga ima
live, you not playin me like the neighborhood bitch

[Hook X2:]

I sit alone in my dirty ass room starin at candles, high
on drugs.

All alone wit my hand on a mac 10 handle, schemin on
you niggaz.

[talking to beat:]

Yeah that's right, you know how we do it nigga uh-huh, I
sit up all night and plot on ya head nigga, yeah we
comin, its not a fuckin game nigga... oh we comin
nigga believe that, I aint got time for you bitch ass
niggaz, but ummm this weekend I got some time, you
know what im sayin I might just put some work in, yeah
we ccan fit em in, fit em in the schedual, niggaz forget
like they forgot or somethin I come poppin for you
nigga, I don't give a fuck who you wit. Day time, where
the fuck he at, betta stop drop and roll nigga... and its
on and poppin, high on dugs, that's right, scheemin on
you niggaz ...mac 10 handle.

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