

Return of the Mac (aka New York S***)

Prodigy

And all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit don't endAnd all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit never endsI'm on my New York shit
Mobb Deep, nigga, Queens, New York shit
Orange box cutter, that New York shit
Guzzled the whole bottle, that's a New York sipMy baby mom's from Brooklyn, my New York bitch
Got that coke on Broadway, that New York flip
Hoes down South love my New York accent
And cheat on their man for some New York dick
Niggas get mad, I pop in the clip
And pop for they symbol on they New York fit
With a rusty gun but the shit still spit
Rubber bands on the handle, the New York gripAnd all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit don't endAnd all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit never endsGet on my New York shit
And show these mo'fuckers what New York is
Twelve homicides in a New York minute
Take a trip up top for a New York visit
NYPD, New York Pricks and Dicks
Heard ya workin' with the D's, you a New York snitch
I'm tryin'a make a hundred mil' that's New York rich
Back and forth to Philly with these New York bricksNiggas get jealous over New York quick
Ay hoe, wanna know, who the New York kid?
With the New York plates, on the bulletproof truck
Better chill or get killed by a New YorkerAnd all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit don't endAnd all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10
I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit never endsAin't nothin', ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10

I got eleven Mac 11's, thirty eight 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac 10's, this shit don't end
(Ain't nothin', ain't nothin') Let these niggas have it, son
(Ain't nothin' separatin' us from a Mac 10)
Alchemist, man
You'll know what it is, man
Gonna check this, let's do it Ya all, since back then, we return with the Mac 10
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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