

Mac 10 Handle

Prodigy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 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 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 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 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 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) 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 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 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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