

My Alphabets

Mac Dre

That nigga this, that nigga that, where's Quik? Where's Tone?
Where's Hi-C? When's your album coming out, bro!mes?
I'm more anticipated and most waited on
That I don't a fingernail, or break a sweat, or break a bone
I was born that night, but it wasn't last night
You want a toy to go play with, bitch?
Cause you're fuckin' with some dynamite
Watch ya phone, gotta get mo'
Ya get mo' in California in the Divisidero
And since you wanna report it?
Yeah, I crushed up some Crystal Meth, lined it up, and snorted it
Dee-dee-bah-hah-shabba-dah-bah
Well, when a pimp feel he had enough, he need him some mo'
(Hey Suga Free, why you blastin'?)
I don't know, motherfucker
Call that nigga you heard it from and go and ask him
I'm on parole cuz, and I ain't in the?
I'm in the scientific research to keep ya game hot
Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me
Because I'm a double OG P-I-M-P
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?
A-B-C-P
Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me
Because I'm a double OG P-I-M-P
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?
A-B-C-PCut the crap, biatch-ya can't con me
I'll cut ya ass thin as salami
Not Lonnie, Bobby, Ricky or Mike
I go bad like OJ, sav like Ike
Gesundheit, so cold you sneeze
Iced out grill, tattooed sleeves
Bitch leave, need no comprende
All I understand is this is?
I drink RÃ©mi Martin
Flows on a cool nut, barking
Always cool nigga like me adore
When I see a whore, I can't ignore
I'm all in her face like an angry coach
Servin' her potions and antidotes

Hop in the range and it's time to go
She'll do whatever I say, she'll even be my hoe
Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me
Because I'm a double OG P-I-M-P
Do you know your alphabet, Suga Free?
A-B-C-PPimpin's been around since the first day
And I been utilizing my mack hand
Swingin' my back hand
Checkin' bitches on the daily, fuckin' with my paper route
If yous a broke bitch, it's time to get the fuck out
No disrespect but I'm a mack, that's how the game go
Pimpin' these hoes from Hunter's Point to Filmore
Mac Dre and 4-Tay keep it sucka-free
Three hundred and sixty degrees, ya feel me Suga Free?
Dirty dead presidents
Put a safety deposit box at my residence
Cus real playas stack a grip can't be hesitant
Maneuver on my cellular?
Drop top double double R's
Stackin' like Escobar
Gotta get that cheese
Cali niggas do it all
You need garage door opener, haters glancin'
Keepin' the feds off balance, they can't find my man
Mackin' ain't nothin but a thing to me
Because I'm a double OG P-I-M-P
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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