

# 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, brolmes?  
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 manMackin' 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?  
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