Good Thing We're Rappin'

Digital Underground

Alright parents go head tuck the kids in, PG time is over
This goes out to all the macks in the industry
Huh, alright roll the tape
(Yo, rest day ain't for hoes)It's a good thing that we're rappin'
If it wasn't for the rappin', we'd be mackin'
It's a good thing that we're rappin'
If it wasn't for the rappin, we'd be mackin'
It's a good thing that we're rappin'There was a time when they called me Smooth Eddie
Playing the hoes and shook the red card steady
It was Mike to those that knows
Matter of fact, Icy Mike 'cause he was cold on them hoesWe was east coast niggas headin' west
I was rollin' shotgun, coolin' with my man fresh Wes
The royal blue Brougham was a drop top rag
You could tell we was pimps from the Las Vegas tags'Cause that's how we flipped it
Hit a lick, paid cash, said nothin', pimp shit
All of this was around spring eighty one
I was in the life and had a good three year runAnyway, one Friday on the side of the road in L.A.
My man Wes says hey, "I got a bitch in San Diego"
"Cool", I said, "I'll see ya in a couple days
I'm gonna stay and play some L.A. hoes"He said, "Alright player yo, I'll see you soon"
Yeah, that's how real players kick it see there ain't no rules
We roll from city to city, like kids playing hookie
Later that night I knock a bitch named CookieShe says, "I love you and I want to make you rich"
I says, "Oh yeah", I swear I worked the shit out this bitch
She was fine too, niggas couldn't tell me nothin'
Had brains too, did more stealin' than fuckingA real thoroughbred, played con like a pro
Man I'm tryin' to tell you, I had a money makin' ho
But the Sunset track got stale, Cookie went to jail
Had to sling a little yale to make bailShe said, "I'm hot baby, I can't work in this town
The vice pick me up just as soon as you put me down"
I said, "Shut the hell up ho
Who asked you to run your mouth?"She was right though
It was time to take a trip down south
And to this very day, when I think of how
I was livin' back then I got to say thatIt's a good thing that I'm rappin'
If it wasn't for the rappin', I'd be mackin'
Good thing we got music
If not I'd be stuck with findin' a way to get ahead
And then we got to use itIt's a good thing that I'm rappin'

If it wasn't for the rappin', I'd be mackin'
Good thing we got music
If not I'd be stuck with findin' a way to get ahead
And then we got to use itThey call it ho po when your leakin'
So you know ho po is when yo po, 'cause you ain't got no ho
I was po but I wasn't po ho, 'cause I had one ho
But we was leakin' 'cause the money was slowCoppin' blow means your goin' up and down
I went from Cadillacs in Vegas to the back of GreyHound
San Diego off Broadway, there used to be a spot
I think E Street and 5th where all the players flockedOne night I was cooling outside
Saw my man Wes said, "Ah shit yeah, it's gonna be live"
I was working a double breast silk leaf suit
With my five hundred dollar brown knee-high BallsyWes said, "It's pimpin' how you wear 'em outside ya pants
And by the way my ham sandwichs in the alley"
Ham sandwich meant Brougham Cadillac
Quarter inch stripes, wheel kit on the backIt was snotty nose, that means the extra chrome
Plate on the grill, for sunroof we say it had the brains blown
I said, "This bitch is inside, you ready to attack?"
Wes looked at me said, "Mack mack mack mack mack"My mans pimp stroll was cold gansta limpin'
We stepped inside, both of us screamed, "It's pimpin'"
I was drinking cognac, Wes was drinkin' gin
Wasn't there twenty minutes fore my people walked inI said, "What's up Cookie? How'd you do?"
She said, "Cool, reach under the bar, so I can give you these feelings"
We always did it like that, case the vice squad was peepin'
This time they wasn't, but this nigga who was leakin'Walked up and said, "Y'all gonna sell?"
Wes said, "Nigga don't ya recognize the P when you see it?"
He said, "Oh, yo I didn't know, I thought she's doin' business"
I said, "Yeah, well it's true that she's a ho"He said, "She with you, playa? 'Cause I'd really like to buck her"
Looked at her, said, "Baby, I'm a raw mother fucker"
I said, "Yeah, that might be true, but she don't need another nucka"
Ain't no choosin', jump off slick, this one here's my snucka"He said, "Whatchu mean by snucka?"
"It ain't too hard to figga
You call your nigga nucka, snucka means she-nigga
And figure this too, the bitch is down for my dirty drawers
Find another ho to go for yours"He said, "But, I like her"
I said, "You must be a rookie"
Now figure this three, he cut me off and stepped to Cookie
He said, "How do you feel about this, my dear?"I said, "Nigga you don't check my bitch like I ain't standin' here
Now I told you that this woman sells pussy for me
You and her ain't the two, and we ain't the three
But most of all nigga, I ain't the one
Now back the fuck up off me son"He said, "To buck another man's game is a shame"
I said, "Leakin' ass nigga, game recognize game
Now I told you that's my people and I gave you a chance"
Reached down and started pullin' up the two from my pantsShoulda capped his ass, instead

I look up and Wes done wrapped a pool stick round this nigga's head
So I put my shit away, we beat him down cowboy style
Cookie runs up and says, "Baby you okay?"I says, "Yo, all this excitements got you dizzy
What cha watchin'? Bitch get busy
Go back outside and finish gettin' my money"
The bartender laughed, said, "You pimp niggas is funny"And I'll tell you once again
It blows my mind, when I think
How I was living back then
'Cause yoIt's a good thing that I'm rappin'
If it wasn't for the rappin', I'd be mackin'
Good thing we got music
If not I'd be stuck with findin' a way to get ahead
And then we got to use itIt's a good thing that I'm rappin'
If it wasn't for the rappin, I'd be mackin'
Good thing we got music
If not I'd be stuck with findin' a way to get ahead
And then we got to use itAnd you don't stop
Humpty hump in the house
And yo I go, I go
Doddie-doe-doe, doe-she-doe
Why must I pimp the ho?
Nothing but the mack in me
(Nothin' nothin' but the mack in me)You know what I'm sayin'
Doddie-doe-doe, doe-she-doe
Why must I pimp the ho?
Nothing but the mack in me
(Nothin' nothin' but the mack in me)Doddie-doe-doe, doe-she-doe
Why must I pimp the ho?
Nothing but the mack in me
(Nothin' nothin' but the mack in me)Check it
Ho
(Do the ho catcher)
Ho
(Do the ho catcher)
(Ho catcher, ho catcher, do the ho catcher)Doddie-doe-doe, doe-she-doe
Why must I pimp the ho?
Nothing but the mack in me
(Nothin' nothin' but the mack in me)Kick it, doddie-doe-doe, doe-she-doe
Why must I pimp the ho?
Nothing but the mack in me
(Nothin' nothin' but the mack in me)I said, doddie-doe-doe
Pimp the mother fuckin' ho
(Pimp that ho mack)Yeah, bitch and big dicks don't scare ya
'Cause you been a ho too long
Know what I'm sayin'? YeahPimpinest, pimpinest, pimpinest

Pimpinest, pimpinest, pimpinest, pimpinest
Pimps up and hoes down
Squares don't fuck around town
Know what I'm sayin'?Oh yeah, it's time to rest
Dress and mess
Count my monies while I read the funnies
Give my propas while I watch the soap operas
'Cause it's pimpin', understand me?Bitch what cha doin' on your ass?
Watchin' the cars pass
Pat your feet on the concrete
And go get my money woman[Unverified]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/