

Prodigy, ABC

(Young P)

Ayo daddy show these mothafucka's how we do it

P, P, P, P

P, P, P, P

Who holding down NYC huh?

P, P, P, P

Yeah, listen

[Prodigy]

It don't matter who popping for the moment

P is forever, it don't matter what's the new hot shit

My shit better, courtesy of myself, thanks to me

I've work hard to come with these

Sixteen's is much more than a rap, this is pure facts

You see what's really good when you catch him by himself

Dolly, I leave a fool holy like Jesus Christ

It's a miracle he still living

And you could say a whole life time of prayer

But you never in this lifetime player be the mayor of the murder murder

Killer killer, bloody rap songs out the slums in the squala

Made a few dollars, now they say I'm too rich

I give some to you, now a nigga cool

Ha, I ain't got two cents for you bums

Now watch as I burn rubber in the six-huns

CL made my gun ring a bell

Where the shots came from they never can tell

They just here to fire and everybody bails

One nigga on the ground dying in hell

Fo'real!

(Chorus) Prodigy and kids

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M O

P P P P P P P

And numero uno P

There's no other

Kids tell 'em who I be

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M O

P P P P P P P

The one and only

H.N.I.C. who holding NYC huh?

[Prodigy]

Listen, R.I.P season begins

Dead bodies popping up, niggas getting hit

Others getting beat the fuck out and bashed out

MOP style, they get mashed out

I razor blade you up and cut you bad

You gon' need plastic where your face's at

Boy I'll bullet riddle you up and chop you into parts

Then scatter you all over the East Coast, kiko

You're playing with your life

You play with me you're like a baby running with a knife

You're upset your wife got my CD in the changer

And you rap too and she don't bump your bangers

Your shit wack and then on top

Your life style don't match the shit you pop

This is gon' be simple 'cause you're easy

Like 1 2 3, I do it niggas greasy as...

(Chorus) Prodigy and kids