

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
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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 hoes
We was east coast niggas headin west
I was rollin shotgun, coolin with my man fresh Wes
The royal blue Brogham 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 run
Anyway, one friday on the side of the highway in L.A.
My man Wes says hey, "I got a bitch in San Diego"
"Cool", I said, "I'll see ya in a coupla 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 Cookie
She 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 fucking
A 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 yay to make bail
She 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 that

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If not I'd be stuck with findin a way to get ahead
And then we got to use it

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They call it ho po when your leakin
So you know that 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 slow
Coppin blow means your goin up and down
I went from Cadillacs in Vegas to the back of Greyhound
In San Diego off Broadway, there used to be a spot
I think E Street and 5th where all the players flocked
One night I was cooling outside
Saw my man Wes said, "ah shit yeah, it's gonna be live"
I was working a doublebreast silk leaf suit
With my five hundred dollar brown knee-high Ballys
Wes said, "it's pimpish how you wear em outside ya pants
And by the way my ham sandwich in the alley"
Ham sandwich meant Brogham Cadillac
Quarter inch stripes, with the chrome wheel kit on the back
It 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 in
I said, "what's up Cookie? how'd you do?"
She said, "cool, reach under the bar, so I can give you these few"
We always did it like that, in case the vice squad was peepin
This time they wasn't, but this nigga who was leakin
Walked up and said, "yall gon G it?"
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 jumpin 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 the woman sells pussy for me
You and her ain't the two, and we ain't the three
And 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 my tool from my pants
Shoulda capped his ass, but 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 excitement got you dizzy?
What cha standin round 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 yo

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And 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? yeah

Pimpinest, 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!

{Goes into extremely long list of shout outs}