

## P-A-N

2 Live Crew

Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
You tried to play hard, but we pulled your cord  
You're just a do-boy 'cause your boss is in charge  
Tryin' to play big money, ain't it sad, ain't it funny  
You're so blind you can't see that you're really playin' dummy  
Gucci rags and Bronze, shinin' grills of chrome  
Frontin' in a caddy you don't even own  
You're soft, and you know that we know it  
You try to hide it, but can't help but show it  
Now the trues and vogues  
Pull the hoes with nice figures  
But on the 'ave  
Pou're a pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga with pistol in hand  
Comin' out of my room to the next man  
It's a problem you had since you were a child  
Always tryin' to be down but actin' stupid and wild  
I remember way back just to be exact  
We laughed at your ass when you got jacked  
So, fuck-ass nigga, here's something to remember  
No matter what you try, you're a pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
You fix up your hoes like you fix your cars  
Give 'em rag-top heads, make 'em project stars  
You buy 'em Gucci bags, even Louie Baton  
Spendin' all your money just to get some  
And when you go out of town and stand on stage  
Gettin' jerked by the man instead of paid  
Now put a gun to your head, then pull the trigger  
Now rest in peace, pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
Pussy-ass nigga  
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