

# Gorillapimpin'

Above the Law

Wherever we go, another player whore  
From city to city, we still Gorilla pimpin'  
We still pimpin'  
We keep the whores the Ghetto Stars  
We're sippin' Caviar  
From city to city, we still Gorilla pimpin'  
We still pimpin'

Sometimes I have a whole modern bullshit on my mind  
Sometimes I sit and write hype rhymes time after time  
About these hoochies, about these hookers, about these hoodrats  
Bitch you disrespect that, Bitch you'll get your headcracked  
Now, pay your tribute to B.C.G. (Pimp - Clinic - Gang)  
Yo, and bow down cause we roll through  
Cause I was half melabo with this bitch from Hundred Noo-Noo  
You should've seen what she wants to do  
She wants to do it from the Livin' Room to the Kitchen  
I mean all up in the cabinets, bread conditions  
Yo, now let me tell you somethin, this is how you break a whore:  
Tell what she wanna hear, take where she wanna go  
And when it gets real good to them  
You gotta treat them like you don't even ahh care for them  
Yo, yo, that's a tactic, you call it psychology  
We are from the Pimp Clinic, we call it pimpology  
And we pimped on like them Rolling Stone makin' hits  
All up in the traffic, yellin' fuck the bitch  
Yo, on that for reala my nigga  
Yo, cause when I pimps, I pimps like a Gorilla, yeah

Pimp Clinic Gang Bandanna, hang with my Banana  
Banana be in my clip, A.K. - set trip  
Keep Clinic mingle, peep the new single  
Flossy pimp nigga, peep cap when I hit you with the mental  
Carvan cause the whores look good to me  
They spit light too, I was hookin' up their wig  
Now, they be sterned up, and they got their mack up  
Come on, here me speadin' love as I get my grind on the Microphone  
Slide you on the homie's Benz, been some of the homie's ends  
Hell of conversation with you and the friend  
I never lied to you, just so I can slide to you  
Check it out, let me show you the view  
And continue, to smell good and look good  
And still be chasin' them hoodrats, like a nigga should be  
With a hell of a Chronic Sack, with my fat ass Gat  
Yeah, nigga has got a Low-Rider, plus, I mobs with the Rottweiler  
Chronic sow the whores follower  
What or Why? - cause that's what I wanna do  
Click with my ignorant, Pimp Clinic pregnant

I'm a type of nigga that causin' a gang of drama  
Oppose it, chillin', see I'm all up in your baby's mamma  
Fools, get trippin' like they're royal  
But see half of these bitches can't spell the word LOYAL  
I run deep with a gang of killers  
So if it's static, we better come for reala  
I said: trust no whore til the day you die  
And don't be sown your soul just saved because you suicide

I hit the A.C. as I roll through Kila  
California On the turn of way to Pomona  
To make peace with my kinfolks, metanade on some hell of a smoke  
I keep real like I used to do on the street  
Cause still water is runnin' deep  
And if you really wonder how I fill up  
Can't nobody get by a Gorilla

Ugh, we run game on you whores and start to finish  
Now, it's the good, the bad and the pimpish  
Now, why would I run down the hood to fuck one girl  
When I can creep down the hill and fuck them all  
Ugh, I know this pinky P-Y-T, so young, so sweat  
She was only Seventeen  
At one of my shows, kickin' it backstage  
You know them young ass bitches never at the age  
She whispered in ear: do you wanna fuck?  
This young bitch made my dick hits, called up on my nuts  
My? is ticklin, this bitch kept on minglin'  
She gave the pussy and in my ride she wants to be a singer  
Promises, promises, I taped that ass and kicked the bitch up out my S-Class  
And on my dashies I say: Pimpin' Ain't Easy  
I can't kick it around the bitch that got no rhyme with me, ugh