

Powder 2014

BeatKing

Powder get you hyper
Get you hyper
Get you hype
Get you, get you, get you hyper
Hold up
Spread em wide bitch
And keep that powder
They goin need their cellphone battery
Club good tonight
Club lymelight
Hold up
She on the floor
On that blow
She got that [*snorting sound*]
Up her nose
Rich bitch
Fuck em hoes
Head down
Touch yo toes

Hold up
Powder get you hyper
Have you in that water snorted out
Party like a rockstar
With a pet cause they very loud
Skinny Pimp is in the house
I used keep my hundred full
Keep them hoes up all fucking night
Because they love them drugs
Keep on selling that Michelle Pfeiffer
Hoe just call me Tony Montana
When I used to be on that blow
I come down on that cushowana
Pimp them hoes going and they chewing on that dick
They hit a couple o' lines to keep them woke on a track
I heard that cocaine used to be the biggest pimp around town
[?] with that kush, pills or drank, then they coming down
We up on late night on Funky Town, South Memphis
That's what the M call it, R.I.P Lord Infamous

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Hold up
I keep a bunny with ass
She twerk some with passion'
She always tweakin off pills
She get high as fuck then laugh
At night time she a bartender
Her tities be exposed
She twerk like she from the hood
Btricks tip her when she kiss hoes
Bitch bustin' like a pistol
Bounce that ass like a 6'fo
She a brick bitch
She on my dick
My arm, neck and wrist floss
She got patnas they all bad
They throw they ass in a line
Club God woulda be in jail, if ratchet pussy was a crime
I still fuck with dimes and
Buss that pussy like its 380
Just like a bitch name Katie
She gave me head in [?]
These spread em bitches up in
Chevrolet you b bored
Get that molly out your purse
Drop it down and twerk
Hold up

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PRSG Lewis checkin in
You already know what it is nigga
Gangsta Stripper Music Part 2
That's that music that's goin touch e'erybody right here
I mean, I mean like BeatKing, really?
Honestly?
Let's be real man
You make music for e'erbaddi
(Yes I do)
It's that same clip
It's that same clip

I need you to make some music for these ratchet ass strippers
You see what I'm saying
I wanna go the the Bullethole strip club
And I wanna hear your shit in there
And then I wanna go to the upper echelon strip club
And have the wannabe ratchet strippers gettin loose to that bitch
I'm talkin bout bussin it open
Poppin lemon drops
That twisted type strip club man
(Yeah, yea yea yea yea)
That's how I wanna know
(You talkin bout, you wan the ratchet ass hoes twerkin
Then you wanna go to the clubs where you got the
Motherfuckin' assistant principals and they still
Motherfuckin twerkin like them hoes)
Yes
(Oh ok)
That's what I wanna go
I wanna see all of this shit
And I wanna, I want everytime I see it I, I just want my motherfuckin [?]
About, nigga this is some gangsta ass strippin' you feel what I'm saying?
Like I wanna that bitch up there strippin
And she stuntin at the same time
Like she probably got a pistol on her side
(See that's it, now that's that Miam... now that's that Mississippi shit
Y'know what I'm saying, that's that Mississippi shit)
Nigga it gets real nigga
Illuminati nigga
You insane nigga
This what we do down here
This is gangsta stripper music at it's finest
I was sittin up here in the strip club the other night
Bitch walked up to me like man, hey can you play some of that BeatKing
I was like what you want then "throw that ass"
She was like nah I don't want that I want 'ratchet hoes'
Cause we ratchet
I was like "gawd damn, alright then lemme drop this shit man"
But salute to you my nigga man
(Hey)
You go straight up on this mix man
You know the whole [?] movement behind it
The [?] movement behind it
And you know nigga it's still...
You know Houston, that's the home nigga
That's the heart nigga
You know we got to hold Houston baby
Gangstas in Houston together
You already know man
We in this bitch
We got CSP Lewis you know what I'm sayin
We got BeatKingKong with the "Hold up" (Hey)
Everytime a bitch be throwin that ass with that "Hold Up"
Right after I hit em we say "Hold up"
You know what I'm sayin man
(Hey yow, yow, yow, you need a little more bass in your voice but you almost
got
You almost, almost, almost)
Uh I gotta go smoke some cigarettes for that then
Cause I don't know what to do with that but
You know, you know, that probably came from a long line of
Twisted E to get you that

I can't endorse that one

I can't endorse that one
(Oh man)
I can't endorse that one
I can't endorse that one