

Shake That Bitch Skit / Dilated Pimpin

Bishop Lamont

Yo all I'm sayin' is I would've headbut that bitch too
That bitch Evelyn, I'm talking mouth from uh
Nah nigga, the basketball wife's bitch
I don't watch that shit man, come on
Nigga she made Chad lose all his shit
I shake a bitch, but a bitch like that...
I kick that bitch and I'm through
I've seen you shake a bitch
Yo all I'm sayin' is...
I'm not wrapping my brain with it, I'm done fucking
with it
Yo listen to me who is this nigga man?
Man yo Hare Krishna, fuck off nigga
Just came up on these Ritz Crackers
Let's go to the food court nigga
I'm hungry - here, take a cracker bro
I'll fuck a cracker nigga
I don't want no fuckin' cracker
I need some chitlins nigga
I stole these from a baby
Yo the fuck going on man?
We're gonna be here until probably 7 tomorrow morning
bro
You know, right?
Let's go over to the bar and get a drink nigga
We're stuck here for like 24h dog
What the fuck are we gonna do?
Now listen to part 1-06
Alright well I'm hungry, let's go get something to eat
bro
Where hiphop dies
Fuck you very much
Oh shit yo
I ain't heard this shit in a minute
This the shit like the Dilated Pimpin

We make good on bomb threats
Bandanas wrapped around our face and neck
Ditted in camouflaje like a Vietnam vet
From the Lakers to the Pistons, rockers on deck
Lions Tigers Dodgers, and Angels the best swings
Buffalo ain't the only place known for red wings
We brall over the ice and even the ref swings
I ain't just talkin' hockey, LA is just kings
I make gants with Cali kush and twist
I spit crack, pick out how I cook the fits
What side, what block, what hood you with
It's Cal Troy, I just gotta push the mix
You no dilated, we blaze rules of plenty heat
Expansion sound, we make moves that many eat
J Deala forever, that's true for any beat
Like the tat on hex murda's arm proof infinity

I pay tax, better act like you know me
LA still shootin back at Axel phony
I ain't victimating it Mrs. Beverly Hills
Black milk and bishop, that's the homie

Dilated and my dog diverse
What a perfect word, watch out, here go the evidence
This ain't perfect world, we still getting it
And I'm still keeping it church and ain't weaponless
Underground with a platinum resume
The best to not blow, the world ain't heard of me yet
Some call in advance, I never call them back
But he's a legend like Nino and new Jack
Word to Motor City
My co-workers gonna co-sign with me til we takin' the
globe
The world is mine, arms on the top of my tup
Built in the floor chip, got it natural