

What it do, what that is pimp
What you say, talk to me I talk back
Oooh, I heard that, oooh

Skinny bank, that bank, foreign cars, candy paint
Jelly jars, battle scars, rap stars, pin and ranks
Drinkin drank, hit the dank, getting stank, for my skank
Stick and move, show improve, ghetto jew, think I ain't
Have the grip, pockets fit, dirty stained mattress man
Chopping up llelo, top of the dirty ass piece and mattress man
Put a razor blade in a safety pain in my hand
Flipping incarceration, penitentiary chances man
Half a grand I spend a day, check your feet, half a pow wow
Off some weed, love the pow wow, when I keep, keep my style now
Watch me speed, trust the cuff they love that
Rubies spent off, walk with a limp walk ?

Say you wanna be a rap star, drive a real nice car
Without true game you can't get far, but it's all gravity
Struggling, gritting grinding mayn, it's all gravity
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game
It's all gravity, struggling, gritting grinding mayn
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game

Just something that was happening now, like goomer pile
I predict in about a month, ya'll gone love this huh
Make a gangsta wanna funk, all in your trunk
Got him hollering yeah that shit there ain't no punk
Fully recouped, money chunky like the soup
Back in the days I use to rock a troop jacket
Me and everybody in my cabinet, we was shining
If you had the Troop jacket you was timing
So who the playa, even if I'm in a pinto
Show some respect little niggas see I'm respectable
My hoochie is a general, a silent soldier, no faking
Quick to set an example put down a demonstration
Wake you up to a rude awakening and no escaping and
Once I give you the phone I put a shake on in
See I done did it, and lived it, and done it, hit the block
Choke a motherfucker out for trying to short stop

Make no mistake about it, I'm smoking hell-a-tweed
That ain't organic, nigga that's designer weed
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't, yeah it is
Scream, holla, scream and shout it, I love my folks to death
Way too many kids in the kitchen but I'm the iron chef
Too many chiefs, but not enough indians
See everybody needs to play they position
I'm pitching, leader of the squad, be on the look-out for my
Brand new clothing line, my brand new clothing line is called Shob
Rossi wine, Carlos Rossi wine is what I drink
Not all the time but most of the time it helps a playa think
Look in my eyes, look in my eyes they the same color as garlic butter
Look at my guys, look at my guys, they off that Goldschlager
It's a daily routine, I mean, I mean we do this here
So savagely pimperoni it's all gravity

[Chorus - 2x]