

Choose Up

Eric Bellinger

Ok, there he go again, talkin' that real
Tellin' them how he feel
That nigga need to chill
He independent still
He ain't even got a deal, he don't need one
On his way to his first mill, Choose up season
Is here for you to feel good when you press play
Don't even trip, Cuffin' Season is on the way
Wait a minute
Let me slow that shit down
Where's the crown?
Give it to me, I got they attention now, yeah yeah
Good thing I'm so patient, yeah
Cause while them niggas was on vacation
I was in the studio
Making songs for the radio
You may never heard about me
Ask your girl I bet she know
She know, she know about me
They should call me LL Cool E
The way I be writing them songs
The way they be singing along
It's like I can't do no wrong
So get ready for the choose up
Said get ready for the choose up
(Choose up, choose up)
Said will it be you, will it be you, will it be her
Said will it be you, will it be you, will it be her
Choose up

Let me tell you something
This pimpin' that I got in my blood
It came from a family trait
My grand daddy was a pimp
My great great great grand daddy was a pimp
I'm talking pimpin' been since pimpin' been since been since pi
mpin'
(It's in your blood line baby)
It's on my blood, and you will never be that
(Why, why?)
Because you was boring
All the people in your family was assistant pimps
([?] pimp, I never did not hear that, I thought you was the one
the Lord chose)