

Pimp-pimp hooray  
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Hooray  
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Pimp-pimp

I'm sick and tired of being tired  
Can't pick a side, the Gemini  
Prophesize if we live or not  
Promise momma not to feel no lie  
Seen black turn 'em Burgundy  
Hundred of them, I know I'm greedy  
Stuck inside the belly of the beast  
Can you please pray for me?

Get God on the phone  
Said it won't be long  
I see juggaboos, I see Styrofoams  
My hood going brazy  
Where did we go wrong?  
I see juggaboos, I see Styrofoams  
Get Top on the phone  
Tell the squad come home  
We gon' ball again 'fore he call us home  
World is going brazy  
Where did we go wrong?  
It's a tidal wave, it's a thunderdome  
Get God on the phone  
I just got a raise (I just got a raise)  
Spent it all on me (I spent it all on me)  
Diamonds all appraised (diamonds all appraised)  
And I'm bossing up (and I'm bossing up)  
Bitch get out the way (bitch get out the way)  
I'm the only way, we can fornicate  
Ah, pimping and posing, look what I drove in, ah  
Having these hoes and I know that I'm chosen, ah  
I live by the code and me and my bros and  
Ah, my dollars ain't foldin', you was never the homie

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(What's up, my nigga?)

Cornrow Kenny, he was born with a vision  
All morning with the mixed dashboards triple digits  
Parallel park like an alien came visit  
Slideshow for the night show, ten bitches

Find hoes with a blindfold, King Kendrick  
(Hello Billy)  
So many plays on me I finesse  
Palisade views with some sex  
I lost a lot of love for missionary  
This the first time I confess  
Me and Top is like a Kobe and Phil  
A father figure fuck with him, you get killed  
Fuck with me and he will kill you himself  
TDE the mafia of the west  
Move in silence, yeah, we juggin' like that  
Act of violence, yeah, we juggin' like that  
I did a lot of dumb shit in my past  
Lord forgive me, hoping I don't relapse  
Dave just bought a new nine eleven  
Almost thought I'd seen another plane crash  
Q just bought a brand new McLaren  
Rock-a-lack about to buy the projects  
Moosa got his son dripping in gold  
Ali 'bout to let his hair down on hoes  
Me, I'm about to let my hair down on hoes  
Top billing that's a million a show  
Might blow the whole no whammy on Soul  
Might tell Obama be more like Punch  
Sounwave caught a Grammy last year  
Mack wop, bet he do what he want  
Fuck you niggas, level two I'm not done  
2Teez told me that I am the one  
I can put a rapper on life support  
Guarantee that's something none of you want  
Ten homies down and they all serving life  
What is like twenty-five hundred a month?  
What if I empty my bank out and stunt?  
What if I certified all of these ones?  
Bitch I get buck, I'm as real as they come  
Shit is amazing, I'm feeding my cravings  
You know that you want me come here now lil' baby  
I'm fuckin, I'm crazy  
Serving it like I belong in the basement  
Or live at the Days Inn  
Yan Yan my relative, black cherry soda  
Pistol and poverty, come get to know us  
(Get Top on the phone)

Who doing the drums?  
Man put that nigga on the drums man  
Yep all day, Mortal Man and Kunta  
Alright, from the top!