

P

Larry June

Just 'cause I pimp I didn't want my son to pimp
'Cause it didn't necessarily mean he was gon' make it like me
Didn't want my daughter to be a hoe 'cause she might not been able to make it
(Oh, she would've make it alright)
Well, we'd have to give her some direction
You know I ain't mad at her
Don't let this glamor, these perls and these diamonds and these tailor-made suits
And gaitors and fame I got here
(Hey, hit up some of the old heads)
Don't let 'em, don't let her fool you, man
(Didn't come with all of this)
Fuck, what you nigga talkin' about you gotta pay? (Shit)
Rap don't work push based like the 80s (what?)
She cookin', she cleanin' and her head is amazing (shit)
Cookies and the Wood got me lookin' like a Asian
Four thick queens got me beatin' up the pavement (goddamn)
When this come on, the real P's go crazy (ayy)
Give the hoe my number never hit her, I'm shady (shit)
My life's down mainly, you broke hoes lazy?
Meet me outta Houston, my life's so therapeutic (uh)
You got a book while shootin', these young nigga's stupid (yeah)
Living like a Jewish, spend it then recoup it (uh)
To make the money triple, you gotta stay consistent (yeah)
Quit worrying 'bout these bitches, these bitches opportunists
All women not bitches? Your homie might not be loyal!
Catch me slidin' through the city, it'll never be the same (yeah)
One hand on my forty (shit), the other hand on the game, damn
Hey, whatchu sayin' 'bout a train?
'Cause my pimpin' is on the lose
Gettin' off the engine all a hoe got to do is be the motherfucking kaboose
Young blood? Believe that, you know what I'm saying?
Yeah, you know, I'm always in motion just like the ocean
All the bitch's gotta do is come on and drink some of my pimp love potion
Yeah, is a whole lotta outta pocket shit goin' on
Hoes with other hoes, you know
Hoe ain't big enough to get no man but she got to go through us
You know, that's real fair
Know the youngin understand female with pussy hair to be with us
I used to want that Range 'fore I went and bought that Benz (shit)
I never in my life thought I would have a kid (fuck)
Trappin' all the night 'til a nigga get the rent
On the West Coast for some nice shit is 26
And that's for one room, pay the shit early 'case I slip
Drop my Beamer at the dealer, take my bitch on a trip (ayy)
Pull up on my nigga Ray, went and got my diamonds ish (shit)
My bitch do the Saint Laurent, I do Givenchy when I kick it
Despite all the bullshit, I really did it by myself (uh)
I'm the motherfuckin' greatest, yeah, I'm biggin' up myself (yeah)
I'm always puttin' business first, 'cause they'll play you if you let 'em (uh)
Out sight, out of mind, shit, I might pull up in a Jetta (yeah)
Real nigga never show they hand, you niggas trippin'
I got these bitches going hiking, gettin' drunk and skinny dippin' (woo)
Still got the same vision, crystal and fried chicken
Frisco had been my great t-shirt frisbee (shit, ow)

Damn

This if for the-, my black brother and my white brother

If you can dream it, you can have it

If you can see it, you can have it

If you can feel it, you can have it

All you gotta do is believe, no matter what you do, just believe

I got that to say to 'em all around the world