

P.O.P.

Ramirez

MTM, hit 'em with the heat
The way I feel about you, oh, I'm in love
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I pull up, caddy with the spokes spinnin', wood grain grippin'
Plexin' like you somethin' but you sipping on what these broke
bitches
Gold diggin' hoes know that I be on that player shit
I'd rather you fuck all on my bitch before I let you hit
A maxed blunt, catch me posted in the shake junt
Sippin' on the Louis XIII, twistin' on the skunk
Break a trick off, this MAC and game, this shit too sick
Cuff up your chick before I make that ho my bitch
Serve me up some Alizé and roll a pound of hay
Check it, baby, wash the whip 'cause I just got some fresh new
paint
Choppin' blades, stayin' paid, just another lovely day
Mackin' on these tenders, boy, I wouldn't have it anyway

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You see this playa pimpin'; cold-hearted, breakin' bitches
I be tellin' you that I love you but I be doggin' women
I want your purse first, and then your ass last
I can see through you pussy niggas you somethin' like glass
My uncle told me since a jit to never trust no bitch
To get your paper 'cause it's certain that hoes come with it
You see the Rollie on my wrist? I dropped a stack for this
And you know it's a function when Gorilla's in this bitch
I'm in my new Jag, I'm movin' too fast
Bendin' the corners, swervin' up off this pill, I'm 'bout to cr
ash
They sayin', "Who's that?", that must be new cap
Poppin' my collar, revvin' the gas, now watch the ponies prance

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