

Gz, Pimps, Hustlers

Statik Selektah

You can't see?
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You fucking with a P-I-M-P
It's for the G's, the pimps, and the hustlers
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No wannabe's, no D's, or no busters
You fucking with me, You fucking with a P-I-M-P

My CEO's a DJ, my A&R's a dopeboy
The rapper is a pimp, got you niggas on my scope, boy
Oh boy, the flow's extra
Extra clip, Heckler & Koch for the hecklers
I thank God for my necklace
And thank the streets for giving me the heart, to protect it
Any situation I'm met with
Handle accordingly, squeeze bullets back to back
In a single file line just to keep it orderly
This beat ain't just fat, it's morbidly obese
Allowing me to speak to the fans I wanna reach
My jail niggas, my locked up and make bail niggas
My strippers and hoes that drop it to the floor
Get ya money baby, who gives a fuck if they look at you crazy
If they don't love you, I will, you just gotta pay me
I know Brooklyn got my back
I'm hungry, eating rappers, saying "Feed me more" like I'm Ryback
I'm overseas and I ain't pressed to fly back
I'm laid up with a Paris chick, extending my trip
Life's a coin flip, yea, heads or tails
Whichever side it lands on that's how your girl's getting nailed
She count the money while the captain set sail
I like my vodka over ice, she popping pills and doing rails
It never fails - cases of the champagne in garbage pails
Me and Stat, back to back, that's playa life is fly as hell

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Anger is luxury
Hanging with these dangerous fucks with me
Tangled up angel dust puffs, angels' ankles are cuffed to me
Gangster and nuts, pranksters and sluts, painful fuckery
Pendulum swinging, cinnamon scented women are stuck to me
I fuck famous sluts, cocaine ain't enough for me
Deluxe levels of rebels, they all rush to see
We came dressed in a tux, devilish sluts
In their blue dresses, girlies push their breasts up
So I guess my message is fuck, now I think your estrogen's up
I got your neck in my clutch, my touch is like a ecstasy rush
I'm erratic and hectic, can't be mad at the reckless fanatical

Radical addict with the attitude on Statik Selektah Avenue
So crack a brew and have a few drinks and fuck who the fuck you think is mad
at you
Tell them this is what we had to do
Statik this is what we had to do

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Fuck your pipe dreams, we make it happen for real
Slapping bitches on they ass until the cash she peel
I'm on my way up, I see the top, you in my rearview
Wiping off my Gucci lenses for a clearer view
Dusting off my shoulders, wiping down my crown
I'm married to the game, no ring and no gown
And no clowns allowed around the illest out ever
Drown your car with bass and let it crack through your leathers
My CEO is on the turntables
The pimp is at the front of the stage with gold cables
I ain't acting my age, I run around wylin'
Drinking vodka like a Russian stuck in a asylum
Money piling, if not then bullets flying you don't want that
I send a ho I broke, she bring my money on the come back
Run that, I keep a shark where my one's at
Go 'head and reach, you'll bring a nub back
The .38 Snub black

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