

PIMP C

Yella Beezy

Swear to God, all I be talkin' 'bout a fact, nigga
All facts, nigga, swear to God
I ain't lyin' neither
On my mama, every time I talk (Yeah), nigga, just listen up, you know?

Ayy, that lil' ho messy, you can't tell her nothin', on God, she gon' spread
the word

Hey, lot of grammies like I'm tryna win awards, waitin' on the first and thi
rd

Got a lot of 'bows and I ain't talkin' 'bout clothes, but he tryna get a shi
rt

Ayy, young nigga bustin' pack after pack, I'm tryna get a 'vert

Hey, heard them niggas say they still tryna get me, well, I'm tryna get 'em
murked

Hey, I don't take shit lightly when they talkin' 'cause I'm 'bout get 'em fi
rst

Bitch say her nigga gon' rob me when he see me, you 'bout to get him hurt

Hey, make me clap my hands, chopper make him dance, stomp, you 'bout to get
him kirked

Ayy, tell your homegirl leave me out her mouth, all in my dick business

I swear to God, you ain't gotta say my name to get in that bitch panties

If she wanna fuck, she gon' let you fuck without sayin' my name, pimpin'

Chuckin' salt, tryna throw me under the bus, nigga, that ain't pimpin'

I swear, it's enough money for everybody, nigga, you know I ain't trippin'

I ain't ever worried 'bout who a nigga fuckin' or what he ain't spendin'

The fuck I'm frowned up 'cause another nigga hustlin'? This ain't no hatin'
business

I swear to God, I'm one heartless motherfucker, nigga, I don't like feelings
Affiliated with the KKK 'cause I do not like niggas

Before you play with Yella, say, you better reconsider, go play with your wi
fe, nigga

This 40 Glock here a stud, I stay with a strap just like a dyke, nigga

Hey, fuck that lil' bitch from the back, she jumped in my lap 'cause she sca
red of heights, nigga

Ayy, all my young thugs some gunners, look like I'ma ski, all of this ice, n
igga

I'm fuckin' on his baby mama, she said I got meat for a lil' bright nigga

If I want the nigga head, on God, he dead, don't play with your life, nigga

Not givin' a fuck about hype, nigga

You be beatin' up bitches, an Ike nigga

I be beatin' up niggas, I fight niggas, huh, bitch, act like you know

When you said it, you knew it was gon' start a lot of shit, why you act like
you slow?

Ayy, I know a lot of niggas still make a living off that pot on that stove

Six, four figures at the age of four

I shot my uncle, TEC-9 in the floor

Pimp C, real girls, get down on the floor

Baby, grind on the floor

Shootin' dice, nigga just won a dime on the floor

All money, nigga, never mind on a ho

Real player nigga, never mindin' a ho

You give money to a bitch, I give mine to the store

Money over bitches, give mine to bros

Swear to God, I'm never mindin' you hoes

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Nigga act like he won't, I'ma make him
I been runnin' out of patience
Times two watch cost a Mercedes
What was he thinking, I wasn't gon' spank him?
Niggas be playing crazy when they know that it's dangerous
Wood hot on the Drakey
Dumpin' on him on the daily
None of 'em thumpers on safety
Pin a nigga to the pavement
Kept it real with the fakest
He was knowin' I'ma snake him
Lot of bodies, cost a bracelet
Lot of thoughts I be thinking
X hittin', heart racing
Get close enough to taste it
If you see me, I'ma bang it
I'ma shoot, fuck thinking
Servin' court, back to arraignments
Red zone, rich gangsters
Meth-slingin' gunslinger

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