

Pimp C 3000

Starlito

Ay man, you remember me from school?
Nah, not really, but you keep smiling like a clown
Facial expression looking silly
I know I ain't a pimp but I remember what pimp taught me

Okay, my plug call and hang up, I know what that mean
Give him 'bout twenty minutes
We'll rendezvous and he'll hit me off with them things
I play wholesale, I'm not breaking down, I got no use for no bean
But we wide open, my spot rollin' like a yo-yo with no string
Check my calendar, I never fall off, just winter, summer, and spring
God damn right, I ride dirty but I'm zest fully clean
Now that fast money, I'm married to her but I've yet to give her a ring
You can try me, I got the same guns as the U.S. Navy and Marines
I go blap blap, you go nap nap, fuck nigga sweet dreams
That serve you right, for sleepin' on me while I wake up to your queen
And I'm gon' kick her out cause she speak, don't say shit 'less it's about c
heese
Let's talk money, I learned to count before I could read

Really, I'm illiterate, if it ain't about no dividends
I be switching from my bitches, might not never know what whip I'm in
Get to sipping, reminiscing, back when I was just a middle man
I'm a boss, I pay bills, taxes, tithes, and attention, jail visits
They hear this, they like who the hell is it
At the car wash with Lil Tink and they only sell 50's
10 racks from my show, travel 1250
Sneak my tre 8 in the club, I'mma take my shells with me
My young niggas they love this shit, OG's too
Real recognize real, we ain't never seen you
Catch me at the bank going through withdrawals like that lean do
Riding dirty, clean coupe, never heard him saying he-ain't-shoot
I might be the smartest, stupid nigga you know
Fuck around, rock Gucci head to toe
Hope they don't scoop me 'fore I blow up
How many artists you know that got done shootin' at their own show
They ain't have no proof, once I leave this booth, man, I don't know

If I told you cocaine numbers you would think I was lying
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(Guess, we done came a long way like them slim ass cigarettes
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I'm rollin' Seville's, gripping my steel
With a bad bitch in my lap with so much slob she need a bill
And she don't have no problem popping that pussy like a pill
Trying to turn her to your wife's like trying to reinvent the wheel
I'm just getting it how I live, I ain't worried about none of these hoes
I got a chopper in the back and a 40 in my lap and I ride on these niggas li
ke vogues
That beef shit'll get outta control, I gun you down and hop back on the road
It's just me and all my folks, we coming up slamming Cadillac doors

I'm out late cause ain't enough darkness in the nighttime
One day you're here and then you're gone, I spent some nights crying
Writing rhymes - ten times out of nine, if I'm lying
Well nevermind, I ain't lying, all my niggas took they time

They gave my nigga Dot a quarter he got fifteen
I wish that we could raise our hemis and just sip lean
My life real you could ask hustlerman, I ain't no liar
Trash Bag Gang, bitch, we set the streets on fire

Step Brothers 'bout to be a household name, gotta love that shit
Weather man telling us it ain't gon' rain, but I still flood my strip
I move blocks up and down my block, non stop, around the clock
Sold dope, in the street like we tying rope, look at all these knots
Riding dirty and dodging cops, life sucks like lollipops
On the road to riches, no time to stop and my whip look like a autobot
Fly enough to hijack a plane, after take off, private landing
Damn right I look down on you nigga, I'm just trying to get an understanding

Tell your woman she come in handy
Just know I'm coming, running, dumping, gun in hand
Yea, if it come to family
I'm high as fuck, don't give a fuck coming down in something candy
Smoke an eye for an eye, keep the lean on my cup to the point I almost won a
grammy
I typed a text to the girl I used to see
Said I'm running from the police and I'm right here by your street
I jumped out threw my strap, ran, need a new phone
Man, the laws just won't leave me alone