

The First Episode

8Ball & MJG

Pimpin hoes was some shit that came easy to a playa
Cause ain't no way in hell a bitch could get me to obey her
And how in the fuck I'll ever make some money if I pay her
My hoes sell pussy at the party for the mayor
400 for the chewin, 100 for the mackin
1,000 for the fucking, 200 for the jackin
Soon as the day is over, my bitch is checkin in
I'ts just like deja vu, again and then again bitch

Come on, Wait a minute MR. MJG
Do you really think anyone's gonna believe that pimpin shit
Huh, I guess not
Haven't you heard, that pimpin shit is dead

Bitch chill, Hold up, you got a pimp fucked up
Can't help it cause you don't know, ain't my fault that you stuck up
Ya parents didn't teach ya, the streets didn't reach ya
I'm makin easy money from the judge and the preacher
The mayor likes the bitches cause they beat him with a chain
The judge and the preacher love to hear dirty thangs
The governor is first on the bitch payin list
He busts a nut soon as the bitches touch his dick

Comin out smooth, limp'in' like a pimpsta
Got a fleet of bitches and they all call me mista fat mac
Pimp tight, what the fuck you wanna do?
See me in the street-sweeper mowin' down you and your crew
Gotta be ruthless, smackin hoes toothless
Suckas gettin dropped when I'm poppin with the Glock bitch
And the niggas they high cap and act like hoes
When they see the 93 with the switches and the voes

Eightball, tell the truth
How yo fat ass goin be doin all that?
Talkin bout pimpin and shootin up niggas
And braggin bout fuckin, what'z up wit that?

I'm big as a motherfucker, I don't look fast
But I'll jump up quick, and stick my dick in yo ass
And for you niggas that talk shit, don't step too quick
You know who got my back, a clip full of hollow tips
Tec, 9 millimeter, Glock or 22
Mafia style, don't even fuck with the pimpsta crew
Bust the yak and pass me that bud sack
Cause niggas with nuts, can't even fuck with the fat mac

25 birds on the counter in the den
Nigga gettin bailed cause they go for 5-10
Pot good and hot now I'm lookin for the shaker
Water start to bubble sprinkle in the money maker
The shit is gettin thick I think my pager just exploded
11 birds left, 13 I just sold it
I gotta close shop before it get too fuckin late
Ho sell time sellin birds 12-8

You know you guys really shouldn't be sellin cocaine to other brothers
It's killin us all off man

I mean how is that supposed to look
Makin us look bad

The cops work for me cause I keep good stuff
And plus the government ain't never paid dem tricks enough
And every time a cop bust some dope in the drug rade
Feds swangin birds in the hood by the next day
While I'm makin money off the shit that I done fronted
Nigga fell short, shoot 'em up yeah I done it
MJG Pushin real not cut
Got the feds in my pocket, and the chief by his nuts

Roll a fat bud, smoke the bitch and then I'm chilled
Fall off in the club drinkin yak dressed to kill
Niggas that be jealous cause dem hoes be on the jock
Don't disrespect my pimpin or you I will have to drop
No I don't be playin, what I'm sayin what I speak
Some niggas don't understand then I have to go and teach
What Eightball is about and what the future got for me
A slew of dead niggas and a pocket full of grip G

Damn, Father just like some niggas man
Dem niggas ain't goin never be shit
Dem niggas forever gettin fucked up
Know what I'm sayin, dem fools was stuck

Punk ass niggas that talk shit can get down on their knees
Suave got the hook up cause suave got the cheese
And I got the bomb and MJG is in the tank
Posessin ya mind and then we blow up the bank
Yank yo ho from the front row, and then jet out
When we get to the hotel, your bitch is on the house
Fuckin and suckin a pimpsta, fuckin and suckin a pimpsta
What, we through, pass me that joint nigga