

Po Pimp

Do Or Die

Do you want to ride?
In the backseat, of a Caddy
Chop it up, with Do or Die

Seven double oh P.M. fly low to them hoes in the be
Sipping Seagram, chewing on a wheat stem
Touching on my four fin
Move it to the back so I can see who beeping this Po Pimp
Spring to the phone with a slow limp
In a trip that shitted with three, one, two, seven, six, two, ten
Three line connection, as the rest of them wanted affection
Just bring the bead, we got the drinks you need
And plus we strapped with two protections
I put the phone in the hook, then I pause for a minute
'Cause I forgot where I met the hoe
And the feeling I've forgotten if the hoes want to snap
I straight up check the hoe, really doe, to the crib

Seven deuce five, the ride the point to spot the live hoes
Three miles per hour, like we running up on some rivals
Never to deny though, these bitches look fly 'Lo
Introduce myself, a to the motherfucking K finna recognize
Then I loose myself juice myself
As you take one pull, uh, pass it to the left and em
Self-centered niggaz'll take two pulls
'Cause they thinking about sampling em
P-I, M-P, ology, but logically
We're learning these hoes biology, and obviously, well

Mm, ain't this some shit, pull up in the see-A
D-I, Double-L, with ah A-see, A-see hoes
They peep those, P-I, M-P, and they think that automatically
'Cause he's a pimp, he gotta be, full of that
M-O, N-E, but why?
'Cause nigga be sporting nice cars and fancy clothes
Fresh jewels Girbaud flexing one five oh (chop chop)
Chop up that paper hoe, chop up that paper hoe
Watch where your lips go, caress my tip slow
To the tempo, instrumental
Real simple when you fucking with a pimp doe
Get involved in the backseat
Let's have me in the cab betcha mess with ya young ass
Smoking on that finest grass
Never miss what you never had, at last
P-I, M-P, ology, but logically
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Well a motherfucker might be broke and shit
And then collecting no dough from tips
But I be spitting mo' game than a mouthful of poker chips
To get them hoes with the Oprah lips and the provoking hips
And never gotta tell her many lies
I been looking in the city skies, get up in the kitty's thighs
'Cause I'm blessed with a look of innocence, good sex
Peanut butter complex and some pretty eyes
Pity cries on my strategy side, yo when out of me gotta be
Right, that'd be the flatter me right

But if the head the bonk come on suck a nigga dick
Members of my click, want to see what that'd be like
I know you want to try it out, to the rhythm of a high hat
Don't be bogus and deny that
I done got a hold of them my fellas on the train
While she lie back, now motherfucker can you bow down?
Where your ride at? On the passenger side of your hoes
Trying to come up on another G
The broad all up under me trying to smother me
Looking lovely while I roll another bead, suddenly
She learned that I don't deal with emotions
But when we in the room she rubbing me with lotion
Coming like an ocean coasting have a cigarette thinking
Me and Do or Die dig drinking love potion
The word that was never said
Twisted be giving women dick in the bed
Until they sick in the head, and if I ever leave whoever dead
They ain't tricking the Feds or spitting game
But it's chicken and bread
Kicking them legs in the air like a player do
Then be little in a day or two
After words I'm slay a crew, now that's some pimp type shit
That be Low and AK'll do, wearing gray and blue
If a hoe want to holler then you a player if you hit them ends
and get the dividends but you a pimp if you can get
The same hoe to want to freak your friends
'Cause I studied P-I, M-P, ology, but logically
Be learning these hoes biology, obviously, well