

## That's My Car

Do Or Die

Just, bailin' outta the bed  
Crossed up with some ho with some nice head  
Feelin' exhausted from the slow sex  
Still sippin' on the last night's Moet  
I'm bout to get dressed  
So I pull out the Prada with the Gucci fit  
Might as well pull out two fit  
At the burger workin' too thick  
Lookin' too slick, about to jump off wit' two chicks  
On the way to the strip to bump off a new bitch  
Got the digits, hit the Hydro too quick, skeet  
Me and lil' or whatever in the hood when we campaign  
Flamin' mary, bumpin' Champagne, later on get a lil' brain  
If the head right, I'm in the Cadillac every night  
Tinted windows, like air-tight  
And it seem like... ch-oh-ch-ahhhh  
Rich niggas, in the bread... ohh-ahhhhh  
Bumpin' ho's and the woodgrain  
I make 'em say "Who Dat?" (Who dat? Who dat?)  
The colored nigga from the Chi, whoever knew that?  
A Black n' Mild with some Hennessy, wit' two sacks  
Nigga true dat...

And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

And We be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

Well I gotta pimp, like automatically  
Cuz I kinda like a bitch, on the canopy  
Baby mama lookin' very mad at me  
But I choked her with the dick, like magically  
And drastically, got a car full of ho's in my Escalade  
Six T.V.'s in my Escalade, twenty inch rims on my Escalade  
Thanks to babe, you niggas say "ugh, ain't this some shhhh...?"  
Dressed in black, Lou Dob hat, spells C-A-D-I, Cadillac  
Bumpin' A-C with the ho's in the back  
Used to be the clique, see two matter fact  
And "Pimpology" keep the women in tact  
Gettin' paper when I'm watchin' the Mac  
Bet a hundred dollars, did I do that?  
Niggas pay a ho, puttin' flaws in the game  
And niggas say Belo put a pause to your name?  
I'm a bad pimp, beat a ho with a flame  
Niggas ain't changed, y'all know the game  
I could meditate while a girl gimme brain  
Dodgin' the pump when I'm switchin' the lane  
"Money ain't a Thang", chicks ain't a thang

Chryst' ain't a thang, hoggin' the lane

And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

And We be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

Yo, when you don't grow up in this game  
Ain't know about your walk  
Or how many chicks ya got  
Or who could ride a colder slab  
'Cause we "Still Po Pimpin'"  
Puttin' it down wit' the oldest macks  
See I was told the fact that  
Good game check all game  
And y'all could be messin' wit these broads and thangs  
Have a nigga bein' Crip, gettin' all at'cha thangs  
Be stepped up, but how yall gonna explain?  
And uhh... hell nah she can't come for my dough  
But why she gon' fight other chicks, I don't know  
Some of 'em move befo' they pass through the floor  
See I could go pass for a chick to the dope  
And uhh....

See we don't love these ho's  
And we don't trust these ho's  
Gotta stay above these ho's  
All I know, we just fuck these hooo's

That's what a old pimp told me  
Never love a chick that be runnin' the streets  
Never love a chick that be gone for weeks  
Never love a chick that be offerin' your peep's  
If she gon' creep, then gon' let her creep  
If she gon' cheat, then gon' let her cheat  
If she gon' freak, then gon' let her freak  
If a ho don't work, then a ho don't eat

And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

And We be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my car! That's my car!  
And we be ridin' Lacs  
Little kids be like...  
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

Every time I hit the spot  
All the honey's think I'm hot

You know the twenty's don't stop  
Every time I'm 'finna plot  
I say wassup and blow  
Cause all the shorty's know  
It's mista....  
Whhhhoooooooooooooooo