

# Kind of Pimpish

MC Eiht

Come on y'all, hey  
And this how we gon' do it

How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish  
Ho's get down like you live you know the business  
How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish  
Ho's get down like you live...

Nigga better check yourself before you think about fuckin' with these  
Muthafuckas always makin' the cheese  
187's for the triggers we squeeze  
Fool please, like a bitch  
Drop to your knees  
Be the bad-ass fool in the game  
All the ho's be scream my name  
Throwin' that ass, it's a damn shame  
Must the game  
So a nigga be bringin' the pain  
Ho's  
Still stand too tall and never fallin'  
Player haters perpetrate  
Standin' too close because we ballin'  
No competition  
But they wishin' they could dodge 5-0  
Lay back in the cut  
Get sucked and fucked  
By a gang of hoodrat ho's  
Thought you knew  
The way we bring it to you it's on the real  
From the days of wayback packin' my strap  
On the west side of the hill  
Always chill with a gang of ho's  
Cluck cluck pesos everyday  
Be the bomb, show you love  
So all the skirts head my way  
P-a-i-d, no t-l-c  
Hell no, we never beg  
Take the dick down your throat  
Don't choke and open up them legs  
Nuff said  
Presidents dead cause you know  
That be's the business  
Get down like you live cause y'all check it, what what is this

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Ho's get down like you live you know the business  
How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish  
Ho's get down like you live you know the business  
How you likin' me now, hey  
How you likin' me now, uh, geah one two  
How you likin' me now, geah, hey, geah

I know the story's all the same  
But the names have changed so y'all can peeps my mission  
Nigga gone off the weed  
Tryin' to feed with speed and take my damn position  
Get my buck on, watch a nigga get the fuck on

While he stabbin'  
I'm laughin'  
My nigga just got his duck on  
Lovin' it so it must be right can't be wrong  
With a pocket full of stones  
Rib bones and greenery, that's blown  
Home grown, watch your tone  
Homeboy you can't be from round here  
Westside 'bout it 'bout it, we blowin' chronic all year  
No fear  
For all the niggas and bitches in short skirts  
Don't fuck around, represent the town, nobody gon' get hurt  
More work, birds fly with ease, steady cluckin' cheese, you know?  
And y'all can't fuck around cause we dodge from 5-0  
If you knew  
Then I guess it's your time to straight go  
While you layin' in the ground, I creep around and fuck your ho'  
I thought you knew  
About this time  
We gotta get money  
I gotta get mine

Chorus...

Hey  
Come on y'all  
Half ounce in the house one time  
Come on y'all, hey  
X-fact's in the house two times  
Come on y'all, hey  
How you likin' us now, geah