

I'sa Playa

Pimp C

Uhh
Hold up
Comin' down
Hold up
Mm
Smoke somethin'

Lately he been flippin' and, stayin' on the grind
Tellin' you that you fine, but he ain't spendin' no time
I be pourin' wine, tryin' to, knock out your spine
Make you mine, from behind, to some slowed down "Bump n' Grind"
His thang like a dirty Sweet, from off the street
My thang like a O' of indo, from Sacramento
Lately y'all been monkeyin', he, call you a bitch
Keep me all up in yo' shit, tryina dig you a new ditch
Now I admit, that he rich, and that his money is good
Got my dick sucked in his 'Six, I'm fuckin' on leather and wood
I'm just a yougin' from the hood, with some dick if ya good
With him, you know that you shouldn't
With me, you know that you should
Go pussy thug, like a glove when I push and I shove
Knock a dime out the climb, cause I ain't makin' love
See yo' man the type of guy, to get jealous and hit'cha
But me, I lick ya where he don't, and suck real hard on yo' nipple
My game is sharp as a cicle, she love my pickle
And if you gave her a dime, nigga she gave me a nickle
So while you thinkin', she done jet, she got my dick on her mind
Keep on neglectin' yo' gal, young Pimp C be spendin' yo' time
Time

It's, liike
Sooome-thing's goin' wrong
Something's goin' wrong

Guess, we've
Been apart, too long
Beeeen, aaa-paart

Well naturally, I have to be, dead serious, maybe not
Let me tell a tale about this broad that thought she played me out
Yes, I was impressed, by the sex in her ass
W-U-I-S her, Versacci, down like Fran, dress her, bless her heart
She was a sweet-tart, but'cha never understood her point in our duo
Talkin' smart with' all that "you know", comin' with' he-say, she-say
From what she heard at the club, bout some chick that I had played on
Well bitch, you should have stayed home
She mad cause I done told her girl off, but the bitch was wrong, and you
You gon' let these messy ho's fuck yo' world off
I tried to love her man, but see love is one thang, and dumb is anotha
Brotha, I'd be dumb to let her run thangs
I should've passed, but I was gassed, super-unleaded
And her nappy-headed ass gon' regret it, remember I said it
Cause I'm, in a sublime, new state and frame of mind
Cause it'd be a crime, for me to waste my time
My time

It's, liike

Sooome-thing's goin' wrong
Something's gooooooin' wrong

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Did you ever think about who's ass ya girl's was
Before the booty had became yours?
If a nigga's sane flows, you know everythang goes
Fuckin' in it til' it's colorful as rainbows
Sportin' furry Kango's, she can't go, rockin' paid shows
Paper hard to fold, plus I roll slick, keep talkin' shit
If you don't like me, it's most like-ly, cause I done holla'd at yo bitch
Why she so thick? Tellin' lies and ya said to be believin' 'em
But I make her feel like "Uh-huh", can you do it? "Uh-huh"
But when I scoup her up, she know that I'm the one to make a slut-cum
Gotta man, he a lame anyway, mother-fuck that stuff
Mad cause I snuck that love, baby don't bust that slug
So go on head roll up that bud, so we can fuck
So wassup? Now we in the Suburb', submerged, watch a movie
Or bumpin' U-G, K shit, scoop a bitch or hit the booty
How the man, yea I knew g, but she don't usually, say shit
Cause the pussy make a motherfucka wanna ball up and cry
Chicka-pow-pow, I love them thighs when I'm rollin' aside
I ain't gon' up and die, like the guy that we got high
Take away more than two hits, two blows
She heard my new shit, it was new clothes
New golds, carefully Herringbones, and cell-phones
But her friend home, now I'm freakin' two ho's
If ya girl be with' me, somethin' nifty, she prob'ly wanna lick me
I'm the Twista, I flame a ho pissy drunk and drippy
Damn skippy, gamin' it from a shot of Mississippi, now pimp on

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