

Bezzle

T.I.

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I came up bumping Eazy-E, Cube, and Dre
(Scarface, OutKast what's happening niggaz) Eightball MJG UGK
They raised me like santa raised cee
I always made the money, money never made me
Break me what this bitch you crazy
You seen with the freaks don't think she never paid me
Pimpin get a bitch, break a bitch, hit a bitch, shake a bitch
Spit game till I make this shit turn these tricks and get me rich
Lick his ass suck my dick bring me back my niggaz quick
Who you think you fucking with
I'm serious about this pimpin shit
All the niggaz I kick it with looking for a richer bitch
Get this bitch to take this trick for pounds of weed bricks and shit
Broke bitch you get your shit
Before I get another bitch who could fix your shit
My pimp to strong I ain't with your shit
You going to make me split your shit
Two things I ain't seen is this you a fony bitch I can't get
Eyes on the ride yeah right shut the fuck.....

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Whole mack load it up hard as fine blow it up
M-J-G I know you hoes aint been exposed enough
I cross a tree over bag a bitch in a toaster oven
Slam dunk some pimpin in her sister if she close enough

Looky here
open up the door and let it crook in here
Grab the mic a watch these niggaz tuck there tail and look in fear
As I bust around with no shells inside myself
Lyrics like a conseled weapon sending you bitches straight to hell

Burning up just like in waco texas
Heating up your neckless
Scorching up your afro the devil coming at your
Ass and he hollow pointin for niggaz who really want it
M-J- fucking G put pussy and titties on it

Them bitches love when they see pimping come up in it
24 inches under somethin full of smoke and tinted
Hustle hard to keep it cause I love to spend it
Pimping love is when your style is when you love to hit it

I came a long way from a posta posta
Till I kosta nostra kept the toaster closer
than I'm supposed to well I poast ya procha

Ride like a roller coaster
Pistol whip ya, hold ya throat, then choke you like a goat it croaks ya, roa
cha, toka, light it, smoke ya (damn)
Pull my coat off I blessed man just stressed man
In elementary missed the classes couldn't learn it earned my passes
Pack pistols just to blast it (blast it)
I blast it it just to prove it (prove it)
I put it to second guessers
Mother fuckers get a moving (moving)
I was born into hustling I grew up hustlin
Became a muscle and got into meeting my frail but hell I put my trust in
My left and right hand grinding threw the night (man)
I kept my family tight and see some paper like a white man
Balling in the night (man) we haulin in the white (man) sippin on purple
sprite and you can call it what you like
I call what the fuck I feel play the cards I fucking feel
But we ain't sleeping till they free the Pimp and that's the fucking drill