Pocket Full Of Stones

UGK, OutKast

(Bun B)
When I first started back in 1989
I wasn't movin keys I barely movin dimes
Started comin up fiends recognize my face
Started payin off the laws so I wouldn't catch a case
You wanna freebase I got them hovers for your ass
You get high as a kite and you feel a megablast
cash movin stacks, then they came to piles
And then them fiends started hittin crack viles

(Pimp C)
Back in the days they used to run up sayin Pimp C what ya know?
I tell em get this crack and get the fuckawayfrommehoe!
Cause everywhere I went it became an instant cut
Cause they knew I cut them twentys and them big fat monkey nuts
A fiend gon' be a fiend, but you can't change they ass I guess
take a Brilo pad to the chest
now they won't leave me alone
cause they know I got a whole pocket full of stones

Chorus:

I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
And they won't leave my ass alone

(Pimp C)
I bought a Cadillac brought it to a street top
Started me a family and started pushin crack rock
Rock crack sho ain't good in the city that
Had a fuckin hoe for every letter in the alphabet
Annie and Brenda, Carla and Dee
And a whole lot a fiends that used to suck my dick for free
(Bun B) Now what did C?
I bought my first key from my babymommabrutha
I cooked it up myself and started passin out them hovers
Everybody in my faaamly was clockin loot
Sold my cadillac and bought a lexus sports coupe
I gotta house on the hill gotta boat on the lake

Gotta a detail shop to cover up them duckets that I make
It's to the point where I don't see dope no more
Still smoke weed still drink beer and toke
Now all them laws won't leave me alone
Cause they know all my niggas got a pocket full of stones

Chorus

(Bun B)
Livin real smooth like Aloe Vera lotion
I'm sellin crack rock, the devil's love potion
Three wheel motion on my buick park ave
Fiends used to smoke twenties, now they smokin slabs
Paid like a muthafucka clientel is growin
It's gettin so bad I got pregnant fiends hoin
suck a dick and lick an ass just to get a pump
fuck Black Caesar niggaz call me Black Trump
Pistol Grip pump in my lap at all times
Niggaz fuck wit other niggaz shit but they don't fuck wit mine
Got my money totalled for a big time pass
17-5 I gotta bird on they ass
I put my boys down so they wouldn't have to rob
Now my click is comin up like the fuckin mob
My workers got workers everybody makin green
gettin cash for puttin stones in the pockets of the fiends

Chorus

(Bun B)
Business boomin daily, my product sellin fast
me and my nigga C is makin money out the ass
This shit is gettin silly dope is so easy to sell
Pay everybody bail ain't no spendin time in jail
I gotta make the sales cause it's all about that green
Mo worker mo workers, my face ain't on the scene
My attitude is mean cause I keepin my respect
Ain't nobody out of line cause I got em all in check
I broke a cops neck cause he step outta place
Dead pig, murder 1 now I got time to face
The judge that sent me got capped by my nigga C
And now his ass is sent up the river next to me
Four years pass and we back on the shoulder
Cut a fifty up into a nice fat boulder
Cut it to a nice fat pile of hover tens
Gotta pocket full of stones startin all over again!!!

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