

Forever Pimpin' (never Slippin')

Dungeon Family

Cool Cutter, Cool Cutter he ain't nuttin' to me
Cool Cutter, he ain't dirty fuckin' south to me
Cool Cutter
Cool Cool Cutter ain't nuttin' to me
I'll stack me a track on Cool Cutter's ass
Hell is Cool Cutter, stack that track
I know I look good, 'cuz I feel real good
And when I'm feelin' real good, I wish somebody would, I'm just like that
I'm Cool people I'm telling you but ain't nobody gon' play me
He run his mouth then reach for somethin', he gon' be laying in gravy
The rap game like the dope game, man, I ain't got no friends
When I was lettin' 'em go for the low-low, shoulda got you one then
Man playboy life is automatic, lemme describe this sentence
It'll shoot one at you, another one slide up in it
Then Jam, man, I'm tellin' you, 'cause he ain't no punk
Man, I got this attitude wrench, man, I get it crunk
Describe me in a recipe, hot grease in a pot
One cup Orville Redenbacher, 'cuz everything gon' pop
Man it's the Dungeon Family boy, run out and go get it
It comes in a real small package but makes a real big difference
So don't call me Cool Cutta, just call me Mister Bitch
And that's the only thing you call me from now okay, Mister Bitch
Get off yo' ass nigga, get on the grind
Forever pimpin', never slippin', nigga that's how it is
This system is designed to twist yo' mind
Forever pimpin', never slippin', nigga that's how it is
Get off yo' ass nigga, get on the grind
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