

Lil Sum Sum

Do Or Die

Mic check

Mic check

Mic check

C'mon I'm a professional, pimpin' like rational

Worldwide, but it's national

You betta ask them hoes and ask them clothes

Who dat smokin' beeds Talkin' bout she fast to go

And blow like Curtis

Double off in the lex

Let me see if she worth it Gettin' by so perfect

Gettin' by so perfect

Last year I was mackin'

We climbed but you grabbed too DJ play the slow jams

Sippin' don, never bro-ham

Oh damn, smokin' beeds

Smokin' beeds in my lex-land Pass the beeds to the next man

Put it out in the next hand

Police on my day bew

Now who's them pimps that stay true They do, uh huh, motherfucker we done made you

So you can blaze too

It's the pimp that laid you

I know you see me in the video's And the radio recognition like a center fold

Analyze to a nigga bigga flow

It's the hoes with the tight shh

They used to the right shh Baby girl, hit your lights quick

See would the mic fit, say hello, some some

Check 1, check 2, brand new

And it's all for you Bump the AC through the vents

Still ridin' with the darker 10

If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense

Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp, uh-huh, uh-huh Baby girl, where the mob at

You can get paid where the jobs at

Ho' in ain't the word disregard that

3 men in the cad straight dime sacks And their gators on, now who started that?

Must've been a po P

Standing on you P 'cuz a brotha makin' mo' cheese

And I reach to the door like the oldies Saw me in the club better night then I hope is

Do you wanna have sex?

Lay back in the lex

2 rules in effect
No stains on the seats
Strap up with the tex
Just tell me what you wanna do
But you know a brotha want you
Flip a penny if we want to
Heads or tails on the scale even if a brotha fails
I'll be losing clientele
But I'm still back to haunt you
Baby girl, come chill with me
You could learn a lot of skills with me
Lay back and be real with me
Make money on the side
We can dine and collide
Like it's supposed to be
What it meant to me?
'Cuz you still need a man to make plans to advance you
Take a chance and you'll dance too
Uh-huh, mic check, mic check, brand new
And it's all for you
Bump the AC through the vents
Still ridin' with the darker 10
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp
I know you're lookin' for the top notch
Hennessy take 2 shots, alize just a few drops
Our pimpin nation not to block
Get a fade and amazed when we do shots
Get the digits to my new spot
Not the old gotta new flaw
Come in pairs like 2 socks
Me and you against the world like 2Pac
And I hope you got your crew locked
Can we puff to 2 glocks
Why you actin' like your too sharp?
In the caddy get you juice-nark
Better known as A to the mother fucking K
And um, if it's love that he want
There's no faded, umm
See I'm a pimp and it's all mine
You dropped your man now your all mine
I'ma player so it takes time
Defeat the purpose let me greet you
Better yet say the name and I'ma meet you
PHD with a see-through
Did he pay? So we move
Baby girl, just speak smooth
Haters hate what we do, paper chasing for thee group
Well, let me go back to front, front to back
In her face did I do that?
Get the Philly's and the green from the back
Got the good game from the breeze and the macks
To the mall and yes, gotta ball, gotta dress
Domp hat with the rest
Head shoes and the vest clothes that I
Suppose that I put 'em all to the test
But you can never be me though
You can learn as we grow
Spittin' game with a neat flow
But I never play games turn around pretty cheap hoes
CD's, where the weed go

And I love the way she ride and collide with her deep throat
Remember me in the C A D I double L we ride
Down the ave and the AC's high You can walk or do you wanna ride
Get high, you and I, uh-huh
Mic check 1 2, and it's all for you Bump the AC through the vents
Still ridin' with the darker 10
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp
[Incomprehensible] Bump the AC through the vents
Still ridin' with the darker 10
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp
Mic check now Mic check
Mic check
Mic check

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