Gravy

Kim McLean

Uh, if you know like I know you would get down on the flo'
I keep a magnum for they back and I keep a swisha full of dro
We can get down for my dime and we can fuck on the low
And if you didn't want a pimp then what'cha fuckin' with me fo'?
Every lady ain't a hoe and every hoe ain't my bitch
It take a real trill nigga to recognize this type of shit
Every girl around me legit, I don't fuck around with no punks
Ride with me she holdin' a pistol while I'm whippin' and poppin' the trunk
We gon' blow a lot of skunk and we gon' make a lot of bread
And we ain't never gon' have no problems
Long as she hear what the fuck I said
Pimpin' ain't dead it just moved to the west side
Still like to get my dick sucked under the street lights
I'm Tony Snow, I'm out here livin' by the code
In love with a lifestyle, not no bitch I'm in that mode
I'm lookin at you, you choosin' me my dick head never stop
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm superstar, we headed to the top
I'm stayin' true, I'm out here whippin' my Mercedes
Fuckin' with the midnight ladies, the game is cold but it's gravy
I'm bangin' Screw, my young girl lookin' fine
We stayin' out here on the grind and keepin' money on our mind
Well, I'm certified official, authentic and the real McCoy
Guaranteed to blow the spot when I'm in it, gotta feel ya boy
100 percent, real Bun B I represent
Trill with that gangsterass persona so hard that it can dent
Still in the hood 'cause it needs me and the corner it feeds me
So I eat all I want, my reputation preceeds me
If you grimy or greasy then your best step be easy
'Cause that forty-feezy leave you leakin' fo' sheezy
Trigger fingers I squeeze see and the cannons is bust
Them bullets blow by you breezy like a midsummer gust
It'll put your dick in the dust, when I put one up in your dome
You be leakin' out plasma and puss and your mouth'll fill up with foam
So you gotta go hard or go home, either be a boy or a man
Gotta pay the cost to be the boss or you take a loss understand?
Gotta play the hand that you're dealt that's until it's yo' turn to deal
Otherwise you get it how you live, I could give a fuck how you feel
I'm stayin' true, I'm out here whippin' my Mercedes
Fuckin' with the midnight ladies, the game is cold but it's gravy

I'm bangin' Screw, my young girl lookin' fine
We stayin' out here on the grind and keepin' money on our mind
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm from the South
This scary hoe don't wanna know what it's about
'Cause I stay country true down to the co', dick good like uncut blow
In your nose, in your jaws, feel it tighten up, don't stop, don't pause
Candy nigga drive candy cars, fuck the D.A., fuck the law
I fuck the snow but I love a pro like flat backers I'm a Cadillac'er
On parole well I'm a pistol packer, drugs sold, powder jacker
Get with me if she a money stacker, bitch around me man I'ma mack her
From the land of cheap work and steady licks
With pounds of dro' and Impala bricks
We grind to eat and eat to live
This shit for real, these ain't no tricks
With 36 hoes to the ki'
And ten kilos grams in the sack
And 15 sacks up in the trunk
Now that's one point five mill' worth of crack
It's Big Dick Cheney, Tony Snow
The King Committee is now in session
Today's agenda, get that dough
'Cause the clock is tickin', time is pressin'
No second guessin', make your mind up
Step your grind up and get that pay
Gotta sell your ass or a nigga blast
If you wanna roll with that UGK
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