

Working the Wheel

Pimp C

Hold up
Smoke some, bitch I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you can get a bizzard
I'm choking on that doja, sweet and sipping on that sizzerp
I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you can get a bizzard
I'm choking on that doja, sweet and sipping on that sizzerp I'm still trill, working the wheel, it's pimpin' at it's
finest
We playas of the year, you other simps is behind us
Still sideline hustlin', got 'em for the chief
Only nigga in '06 hittin' licks off this beat Phones get ya fucked off, so no need for conversations
Just hit me when ya get up to that corner gas station
Keep a candy blue 'llac, pop the trunk on the chrome
Had the state ridin' dirty 'til the Pimp came home Now it's on, get ready for that Texas takeover
We got the whole world sipping on them purple sodas
Saying, man, hold up, up and screaming, what it do?
Showing off the diamond grills, swangin'
Bangin' on the screw, bangin' on the screw I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you can get a bizzard
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I'm choking on that doja, sweet and sipping on that sizzerp Uh, Pimp C, I ain't never made love, some of my
friends sell drugs
I got some bitches with some cock good as gold
'Cause good hot pussy is to be throwed and sold
See me, I'm stackin' my paper, grippin' my wood
Diamonds up again, just like it should Me and Young Thug, up in yo' hood, pimpin' a hoe like a trill nigga could
'Cause everyday is a holiday, poppin' tags on a collar day, collar day
Girls want this hot dollar cum, wanna suck my dick, wanna swallow Mae Everything is everything, when I think
to fuck with my pinky ring
Sipping on a colt purple thing, candy red drop sittin' on swang
I whip the 'llac like a whip a bird, used to drink and then hit the herb
Cars swerve but don't hit the curb, got kids in the 'burb, sipping on syrup I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you
can get a bizzard
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My nigga pimp off lock, off that lot in a Bentley
That's how that Texas represent, blowin' dro behind tint
But still ain't let this money change us, still keep a set of swangers
On a drop in the garage, with a trunk full of papers
Fit this poppin' room with hash pots, shining like stars
She don't wanna fuck me, she wanna fuck my car
Bustin' down a cigar, fillin' it up with the green
Fire it up, couplet on the money, cup for the lean
Slim Thug 'bout to fan 'em, fan 'em, fuckin' niggaz' heads up
Hoe didn't know us country niggaz had our bread up
Everyday I eat too many shrimp, every city that I go to
Bitches love a pimp
Now the shit gon' stop, we got this game by the nuts
Puttin' pistols to these niggaz and puttin' dick in these hoes' cunts
Been around the world, then I went to the pen
Fought, fled, came back, I finger fucked my enemies again
Bitch niggaz get some nuts, bitch niggaz, say my name
We ain't got no time to be guessin' and playin' those pussy ass games
Pussy ass games, you pussy niggaz must be smokin' that krush
Take that monkey record off, you embarrassing us
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? It's goin' down in the South
Young Slim Thug and Young Pimp C, already
Puttin' it up in these bitch ass niggaz' faces
And we had the money down here, bitch ass nigga
U.G.K. Records and Boss Hogg Outlawz
It's goin' down, huh

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