P.Y.T.

DJ Drobitussin

Yeah motherfuckers That's what y'all want right That ol' gangsta, that ol' gangsta Check it out now yo, yo

All I need, bomb ass freak nigga Hold me down nigga Hold my heat shit Stash a brick, blast the clip Gangsta shit, yo

I need me a straight down girl, get down girl One to hold me down, one I can count on I'll even teacher how to load the glocks Sophisticated school girl Be on my block Rocking braclets, anklets the basics Petite nice body, skin and face sick One I could shop with Go uptown and cop with She not a thug girl but my down chick She know how to roll the weed but don?t smoke She know how to cook the coke and bag dope Screen my calls Flip on me when im wrong Talk shit thru the night Throw it on me on the morning She like it from the back With my fingers in her hair I love it in any position Ma I don?t care She like when I shine up them jewels that blind her And drive by the projects while a nigger hollar

> I let her drive the V She's my pretty young thing I let her ride with me She's my pretty young thing Rap or robbery

My pretty young thing She's my gangsta bitch I let her drive the V She's my pretty young thing I let her ride with me She's my pretty young thing Rap or robbery She's my pretty young thing She's my down ass bitch

Yo you know how I do Dillinger duece duece One in the sleeve one in the construction boots My shorty, tote two, that's what she do One in her purse and one in her Gucci goose I keep her Prada down Bitches wanna hollar now She back out the step When yo niggers crowd around That's my road dog And you know I unload for her She hold me down anytime I call for her Like at the time when I crashed the Jag She brought the Yukon 2000 black Through a screen and a DVD Twenites on the truck that'll piss you off In return I sent her on a tour thru Sacks With tengrand shoping spree to get back I brought her a five that look nice when she drive Put a glock on the dash Watch the stash nigga

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Yeah she's my down ass bitch

Ay yo I ride for my lady Die for my lady Hold my 380 baby This what the game made me I'ma hustler, love it or not I be thuggin, huggin the block Glock bustin running from cops

Uh I'm right beside Pull the gat out of my Pr-ada purse Clock 'em, clock 'em That's gotta hurt I'm your down bitch, your accomplice Ride for you baby and that's a promise I got your back nigga I'm the one you trust to count on your stacks nigga Cook your cracks nigga I park the pinsky right off the pounds Let off hollow rounds if shit goes down I'm with the robberies, holdin' banks up This pretty young thing gonna keep it gangsta what? Uh-huh yeah Amil-lion wha-what? Amil-lion, Memph man what? uh

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