Pimp Shit

BierPimp, Mad Maks, Sookee

Roc-A-Fella Records
The Imperial Skateboard P
Great Hova
Y'all already know what it is
C'mon! Yeah
So what if you flip a couple words, I could triple that in verse
Open your mind you see the circus in the sky
I'm Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey with the pies
No matter how you slice it, I'm your mother****in' guy
And just like a B-Boy with 360 waves
Do the same with the pot, still come back beige
Whether right or southpaw, whether pot or a jar
Whip it around, it still comes back hard
So easily do I W-H-I-P
My repetition with riches will bring the kilo business
I got Creole C-O *******, for my *****s who slipped
Became prisoners, treats taped to the visitors
You already know what the business is
Unnecessary commissary, boy we live this ****
****** wanna bring the '80s back
That's okay with me, that's where they made me at
Except I don't write on the wall
I write my name in the history books hustlin' in the hall
Nah, I don't spin on my head
I spin my work into pot so I can spend my bread
And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it
I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it
I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it
G-g-get it boy
Don't waste your time fighting the life
Stay your course and you'll understand
Get it boy
This '87 state of mind that I'm in
In my prime, so for that time I'm Rakim
If it wasn't for the crime that I was in
But I wouldn't be the guy whose rhymes it is that I'm in
No pain, no profit
P, I'll repeat it to show you where the pot is
Cherry M3s with the top back

Red and green G's all on my hat
North Beach leathers, matchin' Gucci sweater
Gucci sneaks on to keep my outfit together
Whatever, hundred for the diamond chain
Can't you tell that I came from the dope game?
Blame Reagan for makin' me into a monster
Blame Oliver North and Iran-Contra
I ran contraband that they sponsored
Before this rhymin' stuff we was in concert
And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it
I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it
I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it
G-g-get it boy
Don't waste your time fightin' the life
Stay your course and you'll understand
Get it boy
Push, money over broads you got it
**** Bush, chef, guess what I cooked
Baked a lot of bread and kept it off the books
Rock star, look
Way before the bars my picture was gettin' took
Feds, they like whack rappers
Try as they may they couldn't keep me on the hook
D.A. wanna indict me
'Cause fish scales in my veins like a Pisces
The Pyrex pot rolled up my sleeves
Turned one into two like a Siamese twin
When it end, I'ma stand as a man
Never dying on my knees, last of a dyin' breed
So let the champagne pop
I partied for a while now I'm back to the block
And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it
I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it
I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it
G-g-get it boy
Don't waste your time fighting the life
Stay your course and you'll understand
Get it boy
Blue Magic, that's a brand name
Like Pepsi, that's a brand name
I stand behind it, I guarantee it, they know that
Even if they don't know me any more
Than they know th-th-the chairman of General Mills

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