

Bezzle

Ti

[Intro]

Stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch [Repeat: x3]
Like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch
Stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch [Repeat: x3]
Like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch
Stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch [Repeat: x3]
Like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch[T.I.]
I came up bumping Eazy-E, Cube, and Dre
(Scarface, OutKast what's happening niggas) Eightball MJG UGK
They raised me like santa raised cee
I always made the money, money never made me
Break me what this bitch you crazy
You seen with the freaks don't think she never paid me
Pimping get a bitch, break a bitch, hit a bitch, shake a bitch
Spit game till I make this shit turn these tricks and get me rich
Lick his ass suck my dick bring me back my niggas quick
Who you think you fucking with
I'm serious about this pimping shit
All the niggas I kick it with looking for a richer bitch
Get this bitch to take this trick for pounds of weed bricks and shit
Broke bitch you get your shit
Before I get another bitch who could fix your shit
My pimp to strong I ain't with your shit
You going to make me split your shit
Two things I ain't seen is this you a fony bitch I can't get
Eyes on the ride yeah right shut the fuck[Chorus]
Stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch [Repeat: x3]
Like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch
Stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch [Repeat: x3]
Like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch[MJG]
Whole mack load it up hard as fine blow it up
M-J-G I know you hoes and been exposed enough
I cross a tree over bag a bitch in a toaster oven
Slam dunk in pimping and her sister if she close enough[Eightball]
Look over hear
Open up the door and let it cook in hear
Grab the mic a watch these niggas tuck there tail and look in fear
As I bust around with no shells inside in myself
Lyrics like a counseled weapon sending you bitches straight to hell[MJG]

Burning up just like in waco Texas
Heating up your neckless
Scorching up your afro the devil coming at your
Ass any hard one for niggas who really want it
M-J- fucking G with pussy and titties on it[Eightball]
Them bitches love when they see pimping come up in it
24 inches under something smoking tinted
Hustle hard for keep it cause I love to spend it
Pimping love is when your style is when you love to hit it[Chorus][Bun B]
I came a long way from a posta posta
Till I kosta nostra kept the toaster closer
Than I'm supposed to well I poast ya procha
Ride like a roller coaster
Pistol whip you hold ya throat then choke you like a croacha croacha rocha
Pull out a light and smoke you (damn)
Pull my coat off I blessed man just stressed man
Just still elementary just a glance couldn't learn it is hurting my chances
Pack pistols just to blast it (blast it)
I put it to second guessers I blast it it just to prove it (prove it)
Mother fuckers get a moving (moving)
I born into hustling I grew up tustling
Gave my muscle in and got into meeting my frail but hell I put my trust in
My left and right hand grinding threw the night
And I keep my family right and see some paper like a white man
Balling in the ninth (and) we holding in the light (and) sippin on worthless
Sprite and you can call it what you like
I call what the fuck I feel play the courts that fucking peel
But we ain't sleeping till they free and pimping here that's the fucking drill[Chorus]

Songwriters

Davis, Aldrin / Freeman, Bernard James / Smith, Premro Vonzellaire / Goodwin, M. / Harris, Clifford

JosephPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>