Pimps, Hustlas

E-40

Yeah, pimps up hoe's down, yeah
Hustlas, playas, gangstas, gangstas, yeah
Fa, shiggedel, shiggedy, uh, click shit down
What is it, check this outRaised in the heart of the ghetto
Dipping and dodging the metro
Pitching the pot with the Coke that's what I use to pedal
Heavy metal, a jack of all tradesThen you pimp, that's a hustler in many ways
Acting bad in the traffic, the hustler with the package
Serving that cha, cha, that ya, yo, they all tragic magic
Plastic baggage, jelly jars in microwavesGot to have it, backwoods and purple haze
Mess around in my side of town, get clowned down
John, Jane Doe, lost and found
Everybody know this young player's about his businessRich tricks, chickens I pimp, polygamists
My L.I P I folks be digging this
Devon, Pimpy Gear, Mac Squeeze this
Gorilla, Scarp Down, no conscienceIn this occupation you can't be generous
Me and my fellas be bossing
Dipping the pander and flossing
No matter how much it's costing we do this often 'cause weWe just some pimps, playas
Hustlas, gangstas
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We just someWalk that walk, when you talk that talk
Get your scrilla, be a pimp about it when you on your hustle
Have heart, have money, have muscle
Make sure your L I P's be on a rumbleIt's like A B C's when I spit it
The reason I have me on the map, 40 did it
When you dead nigga shitted in they bridges
You got a house that's sold out full of bitchesI be the proudest old son of sick wid it
Know I'm coming 'cause I walk with a limp and

Step to the ladder like a playa now I'm pimping
Never gambles in a hoe and come up with itNavi cars and a home there's no limit
And I could rock a Prada suit and I feel it
You know I'm 'bout to buy a Bentley in a minute
Fresh off the showroom floor when I spend itWe just some pimps, playas
Hustlas, gangstas
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Hustlas, gangstasH I double L side
13 24 magazine where I reside
1 9 7 0 Oldsmobile Cutlass is what I driveWith the same colored tint as the paint, who that inside
And hiding behind that cloud of smoke, waving they gun
Girl that's 40 nem they some factors they all one
Them playas got more paper than kinkos and then someI always see them at the casino bossing and smebbing
Surrounded by a whole bunch of people placing they bet and
Sitting at the gambling table just like some veterans
Talking to they fans drinking Purken and playing Roulette andHold up, sweet heart, I'm not done
You know I'm from the yay where all the game come from
I'm O.G., like the candle light grip
I'm company, too sheezy and Magic MikeI'm the one that named the burn out faulties
Back in the days when everybody was happy in they cabinet
And bags, I know you know, that it's a drought
Real brothers like me where did they go
Somebody tell me where myWe just some pimps, playas
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