

Pocket Full of Stones (Pimp C Remix)

UGK

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When I first started back in 1989
I wasn't movin' keys, I barely movin' dimes
Started comin' up fiends, recognize my face
Started payin' off the laws so I wouldn't catch a case
You wanna freebase, I got them hovers for your ass
You get high as a kite and you feel a mega blast
Cash movin' stacks, then they came to piles
And then them fiends started hittin' crack voilesBack in the days they used to run up sayin'
"Pimp C, what ya know?"
I tell 'em get this crack and get the fuck away from me hoe
'Cuz everywhere I went it became an instant cut
'Cuz they knew I cut them twentys and them big fat monkey nuts
A fiend gon' be a fiend, but you can't change they ass I guess
Take a Brillo pad to the chest, now they won't leave me alone
'Cuz they know I got a whole pocket full of stonesI gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
And they won't leave my ass aloneI bought a Cadillac, brought it to a street top
Started me a family and started pushin' crack rock
Rock crack sho ain't good in the city that
Had a fuckin' hoe for every letter in the alphabet
Annie and Brenda, Carla and Dee
And a whole lot a fiends that used to suck my dick for free
Now what did C?
I bought my first key from my babymommabrutha
I cooked it up myself and started passin' out them hoversEverybody in my family was clockin' loot
Sold my Cadillac and bought a Lexus sports coupe
I gotta house on the hill gotta boat on the lake
Gotta a detail shop to cover up them duckets that I make
It's to the point where I don't see dope no more
Still smoke weed, still drink beer and toke
Now all them laws won't leave me alone

'Cuz they know all my niggas got a pocket full of stones I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
And they won't leave my ass alone Livin' real smooth like Aloe Vera lotion
I'm sellin' crack rock, the devil's love potion
Three wheel motion on my buick park ave
Fiends used to smoke twenties, now they smokin' slabs
Paid like a muthafucka client el is growin'
It's gettin' so bad, I got pregnant fiends hoin'
Suck a dick and lick an ass just to get a pump
Fuck Black Caesar niggaz, call me Black Trump Pistol Grip pump in my lap at all times
Niggaz fuck wit' other niggaz shit but they don't fuck wit' mine
Got my money totaled for a big time pass
17-5 I gotta bird on they ass
I put my boys down so they wouldn't have to rob
Now my click is comin' up like the fuckin' mob
My workers got workers everybody makin' green
Gettin' cash for puttin' stones in the pockets of the fiends I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
I gotta pocket full of stones
And they won't leave my ass alone Business boomin' daily, my product sellin' fast
Me and my nigga C is makin' money out the ass
This shit is gettin' silly, dope is so easy to sell
Pay everybody bail, ain't no spendin' time in jail
I gotta make the sales 'cuz it's all about that green
Mo worker, mo workers, my face ain't on the scene
My attitude is mean 'cuz I keepin' my respect
Ain't nobody out of line 'cuz I got 'em all in check I broke a cops neck 'cuz he step outta place
Dead pig, murder 1, now I got time to face
The judge that sent me got capped by my nigga C
And now his ass is sent up the river next to me
Four years pass and we back on the shoulder
Cut a fifty up into a nice fat boulder
Cut it to a nice fat pile of hover tens
Gotta pocket full of stones startin' all over again

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