

# Lil Sum Sum

## Do Or Die

Mic check  
Mic check  
Mic check  
C'mon I'm a professional, pimpin' like rational  
Worldwide, but it's national  
You betta ask them hoes and ask them clothes  
Who dat smokin' beeds Talkin' bout she fast to go  
And blow like Curtis  
Double off in the lex  
Let me see if she worth it Gettin' by so perfect  
Gettin' by so perfect  
Last year I was mackin'  
We climbed but you grabbed too DJ play the slow jams  
Sippin' don, never bro-ham  
Oh damn, smokin' beeds  
Smokin' beeds in my lex-land Pass the beeds to the next man  
Put it out in the next hand  
Police on my day bew  
Now who's them pimps that stay true They do, uh huh, motherfucker we done made you  
So you can blaze too  
It's the pimp that laid you  
I know you see me in the video's And the radio recognition like a center fold  
Analyze to a nigga bigga flow  
It's the hoes with the tight shh  
They used to the right shh Baby girl, hit your lights quick  
See would the mic fit, say hello, some some  
Check 1, check 2, brand new  
And it's all for you Bump the AC through the vents  
Still ridin' with the darker 10  
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense  
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp, uh-huh, uh-huh Baby girl, where the mob at  
You can get paid where the jobs at  
Ho' in ain't the word disregard that  
3 men in the cad straight dime sacks And their gators on, now who started that?  
Must've been a po P  
Standing on you P 'cuz a brotha makin' mo' cheese  
And I reach to the door like the oldies Saw me in the club better night then I hope is  
Do you wanna have sex?  
Lay back in the lex

2 rules in effect No stains on the seats  
Strap up with the tex  
Just tell me what you wanna do  
But you know a brotha want you Flip a penny if we want to  
Heads or tails on the scale even if a brotha fails  
I'll be losing clientele  
But I'm still back to haunt you Baby girl, come chill with me  
You could learn a lot of skills with me  
Lay back and be real with me  
Make money on the side We can dine and collide  
Like it's supposed to be  
What it meant to me?  
'Cuz you still need a man to make plans to advance you Take a chance and you'll dance too  
Uh-huh, mic check, mic check, brand new  
And it's all for you Bump the AC through the vents  
Still ridin' with the darker 10  
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense  
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp I know you're lookin' for the top notch  
Hennessy take 2 shots, alize just a few drops  
Our pimpin nation not to block  
Get a fade and amazed when we do shots Get the digits to my new spot  
Not the old gotta new flaw  
Come in pairs like 2 socks  
Me and you against the world like 2Pac And I hope you got your crew locked  
Can we puff to 2 glocks  
Why you actin' like your too sharp?  
In the caddy get you juice-nark Better known as A to the mother fucking K  
And um, if it's love that he want  
There's no faded, umm  
See I'm a pimp and it's all mine You dropped your man now your all mine  
I'ma player so it takes time  
Defeat the purpose let me greet you  
Better yet say the name and I'ma meet you PHD with a see-through  
Did he pay? So we move  
Baby girl, just speak smooth  
Haters hate what we do, paper chasing for thee group Well, let me go back to front, front to back  
In her face did I do that?  
Get the Philly's and the green from the back  
Got the good game from the breeze and the macks To the mall and yes, gotta ball, gotta dress  
Domp hat with the rest  
Head shoes and the vest clothes that I  
Suppose that I put 'em all to the test But you can never be me though  
You can learn as we grow  
Spittin' game with a neat flow  
But I never play games turn around pretty cheap hoes CD's, where the weed go

And I love the way she ride and collide with her deep throat  
Remember me in the C A D I double L we ride  
Down the ave and the AC's high You can walk or do you wanna ride  
Get high, you and I, uh-huh  
Mic check 1 2, and it's all for you Bump the AC through the vents  
Still ridin' with the darker 10  
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense  
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp  
[Incomprehensible] Bump the AC through the vents  
Still ridin' with the darker 10  
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense  
Well, hit the beed' and let me do my limp  
Mic check now Mic check  
Mic check  
Mic check

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