

# Working The Wheel

## Pimp C

Hold up  
Smoke some, bitch  
I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you can get a bizzard  
I'm choking on that doja, sweet and sipping on that sizzerp  
I'm trill working the wheel, oh, you can get a bizzard  
I'm choking on that doja, sweet and sipping on that sizzerp  
I'm still trill, working the wheel, it's pimpin' at it's finest  
We playas of the year, you other simps is behind us  
Still sideline hustlin', got 'em for the chief  
Only nigga in '06 hittin' licks off this beat  
Phones get ya fucked off, so no need for conversations  
Just hit me when ya get up to that corner gas station  
Keep a candy blue 'llac, pop the trunk on the chrome  
Had the state ridin' dirty 'til the Pimp came home  
Now it's on, get ready for that Texas takeover  
We got the whole world sipping on them purple sodas  
Saying, man, hold up, up and screaming, what it do?  
Showing off the diamond grills, swangin'  
Bangin' on the screw, bangin' on the screw  
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Uh, Pimp C, I ain't never made love, some of my friends sell drugs  
I got some bitches with some cock good as gold  
'Cause good hot pussy is to be throwed and sold  
See me, I'm stackin' my paper, grippin' my wood  
Diamonds up again, just like it should  
Me and Young Thug, up in yo' hood, pimpin' a hoe like a trill nigga could  
'Cause everyday is a holiday, poppin' tags on a collar day, collar day  
Girls want this hot dollar cum, wanna suck my dick, wanna swallow Mae  
Everything is everything, when I think to fuck with my pinky ring  
  
Sipping on a colt purple thing, candy red drop sittin' on swang  
I whip the 'llac like a whip a bird, used to drink and then hit the herb

Cars swerve but don't hit the curb, got kids in the 'burb, sipping on syrup  
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My nigga pimp off lock, off that lot in a Bentley  
That's how that Texas represent, blowin' 'dro behind tint  
But still ain't let this money change us, still keep a set of swangers  
On a drop in the garage, with a trunk full of papers  
Fit this poppin' room with hash pots, shining like stars  
She don't wanna fuck me, she wanna fuck my car  
Bustin' down a cigar, fillin' it up with the green  
Fire it up, couplet on the money, cup for the lean  
Slim Thug 'bout to fan 'em, fan 'em, fuckin' niggaz' heads up  
Hoe didn't know us country niggaz had our bread up  
Everyday I eat too many shrimp, every city that I go to  
Bitches love a pimp  
Now the shit gon' stop, we got this game by the nuts  
Puttin' pistols to these niggaz and puttin' dick in these hoes' cunts  
Been around the world, then I went to the pen  
Fought, fled, came back, I finger fucked my enemies again  
Bitch niggaz get some nuts, bitch niggaz, say my name  
We ain't got no time to be guessin' and playin' those pussy ass games  
Pussy ass games, you pussy niggaz must be smokin' that krush  
Take that monkey record off, you embarrassing us  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? It's goin' down in the South  
Young Slim Thug and Young Pimp C, already  
Puttin' it up in these bitch ass niggaz' faces  
And we had the money down here, bitch ass nigga  
U.G.K. Records and Boss Hogg Outlawz  
It's goin' down, huh

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