

# Pimped Out

## Isabella Valentine

Yeah, Brooke Valentine  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah DFB, What's happenin'?  
Dem Franchise Boys  
Got a college boy look, honor roll student  
Shakin' off pounds like I'm Big Mate Luton  
On the streets I'm a nuisance, whippin' in a blue six  
Shinin' like a star, but Buddie's in Houston  
I'm low key cruisin' wit a big boy purchase  
Protected by my presence, therefore you're never nervous  
I know ya boy worth it, the kid got good game  
I like that boy swag, I like the name on the kid chain  
Gold grill on the front, trimmed up in the back  
I know I gotta cop that, get my hands on it  
(Then I let go)  
Before you know it, we'll be crusin'  
(Cruse control, that's the way I like it, baby)  
Tight shoes on his feet, custom made for me  
Stands out in the crowd, speed it up or bring it down  
We'll roll slow, anywhere you take me, yes I  
(Need to know, that's the way I like it, baby)  
I like 'em pimped out to ride on  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on  
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac  
And where we go, yeah, everybody's on that  
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song  
Ride pimped out, mouth gripped out  
Gutta on the chain and the charm cost a house  
Summer, DFB boys, yeah, they wanna lean wit' it  
Gutta to the core on the scene but I be clean wit' it  
And hoes know me, Jizzal be tryna get it in  
Workin' like some Mexicans in the field, with 'round 'bout fifty men  
See us shippin' in, gettin' it, flippin' it and bring it home  
That's why it's five cars, three accounts and seven acres holmes  
He breaks when I need to stop  
Turn me on and take on off

Somethin' I can stunt  
Everything I'd ever want  
(I got so)  
Let me see if you can make me  
(Make me want more, I'll tell you what I like)  
But if he costs more than he's worth  
The boy ain't put in work  
I just give him up, switch wheels on him  
And I move on, you know I can't be waistin' time I gotta  
(Move on, that's the way I like it, baby)  
I like 'em pimped out, to ride on  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on  
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac  
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that  
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song  
He's gotta be fly, if he's rollin' with me  
Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me  
He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me  
Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me  
He's gotta be fly if he's rollin' with me  
Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me  
He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me  
Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me  
I got a new Sony flat, leather couch you can fall on  
With floors at the house, you can ball on  
And ride a '06 and got it pimped out  
I got 'em takin' pictures when the whip's out  
All my TV's flipped out, Pimpin' keep it pimped out  
And if it's new, I got it soon it's shipped out  
So you know I keep it pimpin' every time  
It's DFB bitch and Brooke Valentine  
I like 'em pimped out, to ride on  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on  
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac  
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that  
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song  
I like 'em pimped out, to ride on  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on

And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac  
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that  
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song  
Lose my mind, yes he makes me lose my mind  
So I gotta keep him close, no I just can't let him go  
He's got the jingles in her mind, slippin' in my pimpin' this time  
And I just can't let him go, bet I ain't gon' let him go

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