

Dickies

Pimp C

Yeah, already

Two underground kings, one underground legend
I've been in my Dickies, my black flags since day one
Yeah, Pimp where you at? Got my Dickies on ho Uh, uh
I'm Pimp C bitch, got my Dickies on ho
Keep a chrome .44 and a bumper full of snow
Got red Dickies, white Dickies, orange Dickies too
And I even got the blue for when I represent for Screw
Nigga, I been wearing khakis since before that shit was cool
Fucking with Jon Johnson wearing Dickies to the school
With them hard heads packed a condom, gangsta night
Way before I had a record, I was rocking the mic
Got a pocket full of stones nigga
Call me Sweet Jones nigga
You girl love me, she can't leave my dick alone nigga
Cause she a carnivore

Take the leash off the bitch cause she a real live whore Got my Dickies on ho Say man I'm fresh off the west side
of 9th street soldier

I be up on my grind early morning, no Folgers
No Starbucks, nigga no latte
Need it for me, I hit up the streets and get it grande
Hit the swap meet, I head up to the flea market
Swang the candy slab through and let 'em watch a G park it
I'm buying Jordans or them thousand dollar I.D's
And a fresh pair of Dickies that's how I be
I'm khaki'd up, I'm creased tight
With no cuffs, yeah that's right
Strapped in the back, not in the front
Tec on the side, 'bout to smoke a blunt
So pass the strawberry Philly bro
Or the Swisher Sweet cigarillo really though
And fill it up with the sticky

Make sure the ashes don't fall on my Dickies Got my Dickies on ho Got my Dickies on ho, got my tickets on
bitch

Young fresh nigga, hundred thousand dollar outfit
Got a new one everyday, hundred dollars ain't shit
Made a hundred for the fit, left a hundred dollar tip
One time I lost a crip, tax in Missisip
I'll tell you 'bout it later, bet you niggas gon' trip

Ask me how I did it, I tell them clientele
Now everybody hating on me, that why the hell he ain't in jail
Bitch I ain't in jail cause I'm a muhh'fucking G
Making dirty money so I put it in the clean
Lights going on, baby way too many carats
Watch keep blushing, got a young nigga embarrassed
Hate where you, no way you always sitting Ferris (wheel)
Look into the mirror, changes scare me
M.O.B that's how the rich got rich
22-20 make a real nigga snitchGot my Dickies on ho

Songwriters

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