

Po Pimp

Do or Die

Chorus: johnny pDo you wanna riiide?
In the backseat, of a caddy
Chop it up, with do or die
Do you wanna riiide?
In the backseat, of a caddy
Chop it up, with do or dieVerse one: beloSeven double oh p.m.
Fly low to them hoes in the b-m
Sippin seagram, chewin on a weed stem
Touchin on my fo' fin
Move it to the back so I can see who beepin this po pimp
Spring to the phone with a slow limp
In a trip that shitted with 3-1-2-7-6-2-10
Three line connection
As the rest of them wanted affection
Just bring the weed, we got the drinks you need
And plus we strapped with two protections
I put the phone in the hook, then I pause for a minute
Cause I forgot where I met the hoe
And the feeling I've forgotten if the hoes wanna snap
I straight up check the hoe, really doe
To the crib
ChorusVerse two: ak-47, beloSeven deuce five, the ride the point to spot the live hoes
Three miles per hour
Like we runnin up on some ri-vals
Never to deny though, these bitches look fly 'lo
Introduce myself
A to the motherfuckin k finna recognize
Then I loose myself juice myself
As you take one pull, uhh, pass it to the left and umm
Self-centered niggaz'll take two pulls 'cause they thinkin about samplin umm
P-i, m-p, ology, but logically
We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...
Mmm, ain't this some shit, pull up in the c-a
D-i, double-l, with ah a-c, a-c hoes
They peep those, p-i, m-p, and they think that automatically
Cause he's a pimp, he gotta be, full of that
M-o, n-e, but why?
Cause nigga be sportin nice cars and fancy clothes
Fresh jewels girbaud flexin one five oh (chop chop)
Chop up that paper hoe, chop up that paper hoe
Watch where your lips go, caress my tip slow
To the tempo, instrumental

Real simple when you fuckin with a pimp doe
 Get involved in the backseat
 Let's have me in the cab betcha mess with ya young ass
 Smokin on that finest grass
 Never miss what you never had, at last
 P-i, m-p, ology, but logically
 We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...ChorusVerse three: tung twistaWell a
 motherfucker might be broke and shit
 And then collecting no dough from tips
 But I be spittin mo' game than a mouthful of poker chips
 To get them hoes with the oprah lips and the provokin hips
 And never gotta tell her many lies
 I been lookin in the city skies, get up in the kitty's thighs
 Cause I'm blessed with a look of innocence, good sex
 Peanut butter complex and some pretty eyes
 Pity cries on my strategy side, yo when outta me gotta be
 Right, that'd be the flatter me right
 But if the head the bonk c'mon suck a nigga dick
 Members of my click, wanna see what that'd be like
 I know you wanna try it out, to the rhythm of a high hat
 Don't be bogus and deny that
 I done got a hold of dem my fellas on the train
 While she lie back, now motherfucker can you buy that?
 Where your ride at?
 On the passenger side of your hoe
 Tryin ta come up on another g
 The broad all up under me tryin ta smother me
 Lookin love-ly while I roll another bead, suddenly
 She learned that I don't deal with emotions
 But when we in the room she rubbin me with lotion
 Comin like an ocean coastin have a cig thinking
 Me and do or die dig drinkin love potion
 The word that was never said
 Twisted be givin women dick in the bed, until they sick in the head
 And if I ever leave whoever dead
 They ain't trickin the feds or spittin game but it's chicken and bread
 Kickin them legs in the air like a playa do
 Then belittle in a day or two
 After words i'ma slay a crew
 Now that's some pimp type shit that b-low and ak'll do
 Wearing gray and blue
 If a hoe wanna holler then you a playa if you hit them ends
 And get the dividends
 But you a pimp if you can get the same hoe to wanna freak your friends
 Cause I studied p-i, m-p, ology, but logically
 Be learnin these hoes biology, obviously, well...Chorus

