

E-40, Pimps, Hustlas

(talking)

Yeah, pimps up hoes down, yeah
Hustlas, playas, gangstas, gangstas, yeah
Fa shiggedel, shiggedy, uh, click shit down
What is it, check this out

[E-40]

Raised in the heart of the ghetto, dipping and dodging the metro
Pitching the ? and coke that's what I use to pedal
Heavy metal, a j-jack of all trays
Then you pimp, that's a hustler in many ways
Acting bad in the traffic, the hustler with the package
Serving that cha-cha, that yell, they all tragic magic
Plastic baggage, jelly jars in microwaves
Got to have it, backwoods and purple hayes
Mess around in my side of town, get clowned down
John, Jane Doe, lost and found
Everybody know this young player's about his business
Riches, chickens I pimp, but lickeness
My L.I.P.I folks be digging this
Devon, Pimp Gear, Max Queezthis
Gorilla, Scarp Down, no conscience
In this occupation you can't be generous
Me and my fellas be bossing, dipping the pander and flossing
No matter how much it's costing we do this often cause we
(Chorus - 8x)

We just some pimps, playas

Hustlas, gangstas

[James "Stomp Down" Bailey]

Walk that walk, when you talk that talk
Get your scrilla, be a pimp about it when you on your hustle
Have heart, have money, have muscle
Make sure your L-I-P's be on a rumble
It's like A-B-C's when I spit it
Don't even spot me on the map, 40 did it
When you dead nigga shitted in they bridges
You got a house that's sold out full of bitches
I be the proudest old son of Sick Wid It
Know I'm coming cause I walk with a limp and
Step to the ladder like a playa now I'm pimping
Never gabbles in a hoe and come up with it
Navi cars and a home there's no limit
And I could rock a Prada suit and I feel it
You know I'm bout to buy a bentley in a minute
Fresh off the showroom floor when I spend it
(Chorus - 8x)

[E-40]

H-I double L Side

13-24 Magazine where I resigned
1-9-7-0 Oldsmobile Cutlass is what I drive
With the same colored tent as the paint, who that inside
And hiding behind that cloud of smoke, waving they gun
Girl that's 40 and them they some factors they all one
Them playas got more paper than ?keegles? and than some
I always see them at the casino bossing and smabbing
Surrounded by a whole bunch of people placing they bet and
Sitting at the gambling table just like some veterans
Talking to they fans drinking Purken and playing Roulette and
Hold up, sweet heart, I'm not done
You know I'm from the Yay where all the game come from
I'm O.G., like the candle light grip
I'm company, Too Sheezy and Magic Mike
I'm the one that named the burn out sparkies
Back in the days when everybody was happy in they cabinet
And bags, I know you know, that it's a drought

Real brothers like me where did they go
Somebody tell me where my
(Chorus - 8x)