

Z-RO, Pimp On

[Z-Ro]

Time and time again, I try to cope with being poor
But I had to say just what I feel, so now I'm kicking in your door
My daughter needs pampers and milk
And my mind is confused on how we gone survive
So when you me strapped it looking with a bad one
You looking at the face of a desperate man I'm bringing the pain out with 45
But then I, fuck around and slip on my ski mask, ready to blast
Then I come through the door with a motherfucking 4-4
I want the Rolex watches and cash, and you can call the laws
I got another clip in my drawers, there'll be screaming and officers down
Because it's all about the money ain't a damn thing funny
What you got I'ma have out town, 'fore they put my ass in the ground

(Chorus - 2x)

Gotta get my pimp on, pimp on
When a nigga be hustling on them corners
Gotta get my pimp on, pimp on
When a nigga be moving marijuana
Gotta get my pimp on, pimp on
Better watch your back when it get mad
Gotta get my pimp on, pimp on
Everything in front of me's up for grabs

[Z-Ro]

Hell of a hustler, got to work my muscle
got to be wondering around, in the streets
Got to feet my feet, when I steel sweets
on a solo creep, nothing but a thug
Should of drove to them hoes, never wanted hoes
Got to keep my mind on my money, cause I got a dream
While pulling up on the scene, jumping out of paper land
Tell me if Hilfiger chose those jeans
Got a crease, and it never ceased to amaze me
By the individual hustle, that'd pay me
When I got to provide for my baby, and maybe
I be creaming the fucking, music and deep got to hit the week
Got to get a fat pocket, on a get it out free
Not the H.P.D., even though Ft. Baylow can't stop it
Got to be true to the game, never new to the game
A nigga did two and a half of the game, and I show no shame
Creeping your hustle, really means mess with the way that you make your change
Got a set of pumps and a nigga fool come through, and hit from the back
Were you thinking you a g, when you fucking that hoe
But I'm laving your frame and for chest, matter of fact I'm
Ready for the money like a bombs, so I said it be running out that chrome
Niggas be coming to the serve when I slam
But they better be ready, to find them another way home
When it should of got dark, for the money
Got to take a nigga life in the hustle
Wondering brah, I don't want to make no god damn headlines
I don't want to do, no god damn fed times

(Chorus - 2x)

[Z-Ro]

Could it be the worst nightmare, hoping to God
A motherfucker where a nigga don't fight fare
Sticking and moving and bobbing and weaving
I'm lowered to a gauge, hold it right there
Selling my drugs and my gorilla thugs, man it don't stop till a nigga get paid
All in my homes what I'm about, trying to move an album funky like Dre
But I'm everyday, thinking about my rent and my phone bill
And my light bill, and my water bill, and I can't spill and my people peel

Every other motherfucking day it's a sequel heal, but I keep on climbing
I gotta get the diamonds in the grill, and the creases
And the clothes but the yellow bone hoes, keep popping me and ain't stopping me
And everyday cause a nigga be knocking me, but I'ma plant this on a nigga
Even nigga want to try me, fuck around and need me here I be
Nigga where's your Ridgemont i.d., have a motherfucker hollering out why me
And it's plain to see me losing the game, my life end
Like a nigga been dying faster, feeling the pain
I'm a pistol packing Christian
Living the life of a hustler really don't give a...

(Chorus - 2x)