

T-Pop f/ Big Bub, Buddah Man, Mike D "Pimps, Playaz, Hustlers"

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(*talking*)

Ha for real, it go down

[Hook - 2x]

We some pimps, playas, hustlers and FED duckers
Gorilla thug niggaz, considered some head busters
Equipped with a vest, if ever the lead touch us
And these hoes wanna fuck us, cause we shine like
clusters

[Big Bub]

Tre-eight with no hammer, nigga aim and squeeze
Long as it's one in the chamber, then these haters
won't breathe
Keep it gangsta, give you the definition of thug
Niggaz with hate in they blood, getting eight in they
mug
If the glove on fire, let the bitch niggaz burn
If they ain't tal'n bout dollars, it don't make sense to be
concerned
I know it's a dirty world, but it's still gon turn
And I ain't roll a spliff perfect, but it's still gon burn
If you ain't know, your bitch ass better learn
Bub spit shit, that burn like bad perms
More hooks than a tackle box, got it mastered like pad
locks
Strapped with glocks, knocking bitch niggaz up out
they socks

[Hook - 2x]

[Buddah Man]

I enter the do', my thug niggaz put they sets in the wind
It's that Dead End veteran, again
I'm never caught, dipping in a Lex or a Benz
This young Don in a Bentley, mash the throttle off jelly
it's in me
I'm wired up, leave the club scene fired up
Big Bub in the parking lot, ripping the tires up
Front back side to side, breaking em off
With half cess for the stress, potent fo' for the cough

Dub-tre's how you catch me, so come and scream at
me
The foreign bullet proof, no sense in pointing beams at
me
I'm a gangsta nigga, off the chain
Fo'-fifth out the holster, with a marksman aim
Equipped with game, in a six we'll jump in a nigga mix
With some shit around my waist, that drop niggaz like
bumper kits
Night Tyson infra lights, on my nine
24/7 3-65, on my grind

[Hook - 2x]

[T-Pop]

You got pimps playas, hustlers we on grind
Whatever it take, young nigga we gon shine
Get paper, because that's all I know
Bleed the block ery'day, plus I'm sick of this dro
20 inches sit to the flo', so she's watching me
Move a G to a ki', ain't no stopping me
Situations get critical, when your funds get low
Niggaz claiming they your homies, but still leaving you
solo
I'm rolling this bolo, and blowing it in the air
Life is hard, but sometime it's fair
A young devanare, you got to feel these boys
Money by the tons, you better believe these boys

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

I'm a pimp playa, hogg and hustler
Bitches they wanna fuck us, and niggaz they wanna
buck us
Up in the hood, I'm a known FED ducker
Brick shifter, keep planes trains and even truckers
Step in the club, getting sloppy off Hypno
Miss me when I'm tipsy, gone off X-O
Got my 20/20's speeding, then on the next hoe
Look how she flex on the flo', and drop it so low
Ever seen a watch glow, like Indiglow
24's still spinning, up under the dirt road
Baby girl you in the presence, of nothing but game
running
I ain't been out a month, and I'm already stunting come
on

[Hook - 2x]

