

## Z-Ro "Pimp On"

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[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)

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