

## Castells

### "Stompin' and Pimpin'"

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[EightBall]

Let it loose

Mature content

Here we come again bitch, in your mothafuckin' face

EightBall and M-J-fuckin'-G rippin' up the place

Comin' out hard, like I told you I was gonna do

At the Marriott, lettin' your hoe do what she wanna do

Not because I paid her, or made her

Nigga who, you think I be a trick and give my money up?

Uh

No, no, I got game for a hoe

Baggets and combo

In a wooded out Tahoe

Murder niggaz

Cane slangin', gang bangin'

Hand language got my mind twisted and tangled

I remember walkin' up and down Orange Mound

Memphis Tenn, that's my mothafuckin' stompin' ground

Made it out, givin' back, bustin' dope raps

You can't run, in every neighborhood they bustin' caps

Country niggaz, tinted out, gettin' fucked up

The wrong move will get your whole crew fucked up

I wouldn't speak it, if I never thought it dig this

You criticize this, bitch, I gotta live this

So i keep my pen, and I keep my 4-5th

Light a spliff, nigga me and G comin' through

Chrous

Stompin', Pimpin'

You can't fuck with this

Stompin', Pimpin'

Ain't no competition

Stompin', Pimpin'

We the shit nigga

Stompin', Pimpin'

Bitch come and get some

[MJG]

We got that big pimpin' and I'm big footin'

Shit I'm doin' it, you couldn't  
Hell, Suave House got it locked down  
Nigga, you shouldn't, even try  
To fuck with M-J should I pimp this for excersize  
Woman, I don't want your pussy, now rest your thighs  
No testin' eyes, stays on my B's and U's and D's  
I got my P-H-T-D  
Pimp hoes to death in '83  
Memories they rollin' over  
dick riders, keep me focused  
Huh, what you say bro, you aint' know this  
Get off the ground, now you know this  
And bitch, shut up talkin' to me with that same old,  
Say, say, like a, can I touch your braids, and a, can I  
see you shades?  
Hell no bitch, can I see you dough, can I see your jaws?  
Get away from me, old groupie ass bitch  
Go suck some balls  
Ain't no stoppin' us  
Niggaz, you need to realize, quickly  
Fuck you, if you, niggaz ain't with me  
Cool ass teacher  
Comin' out your bitch house, limp in', nigga  
Stompin', pimpin'

Chorus

[EightBall]

Yeah, we be droppin' dope shit for the real ones  
Niggaz got real guns, cause they make real funds  
Hood cats, who only fuck with hood rats  
Blunt rollin' hoes, holdin' on to daddy's sack  
Stashin' gats, if I ask, she gon' let it loose  
I practiced tellin' hoes everything but the truth  
Stay away from funky niggaz, cause they turn to  
thieves  
On my knees, mediatin' smokin' trees  
Shootin' game, with hard core rap agility  
Cross the globe with my southern mackability  
Black fat nigga all about my green stack nigga, we  
pack nigga  
This ain't no act nigga

Chorus

Come and get some  
98, these weak niggaz death date  
Bitch come and get some  
Yeah  
Uh, uh  
Make it funky for 'em

Play it back one time  
Straight Stompin', Pimpin'  
Space Age forever  
What you say?  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
What you say?  
Let me ride, for my real niggaz  
Uh  
Yeah  
EightBall the fat mack (one time)  
And MJG  
Space Age forever  
Suave House nigga  
Suave House nigga  
Suave House nigga  
Suave House nigga  
Know what I'm talkin' about?  
Um  
Keep it goin' baby  
Um  
Split one  
Fill it up  
Roll it up  
Spark it up (fire it up)  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Smoke with me  
Smoke with me  
Get high with me  
Nigga ride with me  
Bitch come and get some

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