

Custom Made Gangstas

"Pimping & Money"

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(*talking*)

Yeah yeah, uh-huh uh-huh

Southsi', yeah

[Hook - 2x]

Ain't nothing, but pimping and money

Ain't nothing, but pimping and money

Ain't nothing, but pimping and money

On my miiiiiind

[Lil' Keke]

A P-I-M-P, the M-O-N-E the Y

I'm checking this cash, until I die

I'm a mob boss, in cliamition I'm trying to rise

I'm a young superstar, this is not a disguise

Niggaz trash on they mash, but I'm pushing it fast

Cause a bitch purse first, and her fat ass last

I'm bout my paper route never doubt, the bitches I run

And it's airplanes and trains, for Lil' Keke the Don

Half these niggaz in the streets, ain't the gangsta they say

Well C.M.G. is the click, that'll ruin your day

I'm the teflon Don, and my game is lead

Original S.U.C., my niggaz enough said

Mack game solid, rap game solid

Slab game solid, so niggaz don't think about it

Space age spins, on the old school Lac

It's big pimping and money, and ain't nothing but that yeah

[Hook - 2x]

[Famous]

It's all about the dollar, all about getting the cash

While other niggaz playing, I hustle and get it fast

Ain't no time to be wasting, paper I'ma chase it

Mashing for my cash, with no pauses or hesitation

A lot of niggaz claiming, they pimping well let me see

Get her husband checked cash that check, then bring that check to me

See I know she down for me, ready to clown for me

Got licks out of state, she driving out of town for me
Drive off and pick up's, she gon make my rounds for me
And when I pimp my pen, she check out how it sound for me
When her husband leave the house, I go and get my head blown
She know I'm connected, know how I get my bread on
But if she get upset, and try to turn the FED's on
Don't want a headstone, plus I got her head gone
The game in overtime, and Famous in a red zone
C.M.G. 'nuff said, straight pimping going on huh

[Hook - 2x]

[Verse 3]

I keep my mind occupied in zone, for paper and pimp shit
You can catch a track, but I prefer you jack a limp dick
By any means the young gon get it, you feel what I'm saying though
Want work scared to hustle, fuck getting your ass hoe
Rather be on the block, fucking for free and shit
Work spinning contagious niggaz, I just don't fuck with
The game warrant got it on lock, from Oregon to Orlando
Take me out, is like Bush being escorted without gas hoe
My forty low as the can, to your trash bin
I have a achie and scratching your residence, for your ends
I teach frauds now perfect credit, I mean that
That's the feddy and a egg, call her February and gum tacks
Bitch you ready to ride on my side, your stress I must confess
Nigga better out a vest on your mouthpiece, cause mine's is at it's best
Low on enough said, Entertainment is my click
The game sold never told, nigga ain't buying this shit

[Hook - 4x]

(*talking*)

C.M.G. enough said, big pimping
Get your money man

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