

De Blanc

"Put'cha Cream On It"

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(Don B.)

Yeah, what's happenin'? This yo boy Don B. with the Big Boy

Storm what's happenin'? Tell 'em how you feel?

[First Verse]

Off top I be the pimpstress madam, the main Missus
Loved by niggas and hated by all bitches
The dirt do'er, I'm actin' bad for my riches
Cross me wrong, I leave ya floatin' with the fishes
Peep the scandalous, a grown man couldn't handle this
Niggas wanna try but they be left wrapped in bandages
Evangelistic killers, drug users to drug dealers
All wanna get a feel-uh
I like the top billers, frontin' C's cuz cash rules plenty
On point like Jean, got 'em Jonesin' like Freddy
Holly Grove is in me and I got's to bring the ruckus
Uptown is representin' fuck all you cocksuckers
Hoes, they wanna be me
Niggas can't wait to see me
I step in the joint, and make the whole set steamy
I like them thugged down niggas and you know me
Now watch me represent and get down dirty

Chorus:

Niggas represent, I got a team on it
Niggas put'cha cream on it
Niggas be down to scheme on it
How do you want it? Scandalous design
Give me time, cuz pimps be hard to find

(2x)

[Second Verse]

Big Storm the infamous, them hoes better beware
Gimme a boatload of niggas and I'll handle that there
Cuz I swear, I ain't no joke comin' off of the dome
You see I'm only nineteen, but yet I'm quite grown
Make ya leave your own home, have your kids callin'
me Mommy

While your ol' man find the time to wine me and dine
me
You fallin' behind, steady askin' me why
Cuz I'm a pimp and pimps be hard to find
That hoe should've known I wasn't jivin'
See I'm connivin'
A top notch pro, with perfect timin', I ain't lyin'
Full of deceit, givin' 'em grief
But to niggas, Storm spells relief
To hoes it spells beef
Still I stand, the one they all envy
Silly hoes I hate, but to niggas I'm quite friendly
Killin' 'em gently, I be bout that dough
Picture this comin' straight from the N.O. hoe

[Third Verse]

Who keeps your shit the hardest? It's me, the goddess
Receivin' all the stares, lyrically debunaire
I dare for you to bring it, your peeps are slow singin'
Make it a lesson taught, revealin' you shouldn't have
fought
Against the woman with the cold heart
It ain't my fault that'cha can't finish what'cha start
And I could put to halt the shit you put together
In seconds and do it better
Never say never, Storm reigns supreme forever
I got'cha niggas open, outspoken and never jokin'
You want a toke it? My shit so fire, leave this joint
smokin'
I got the goods to keep it tight no doubt
It's me ya dreamin' about
Fake niggas gotta re-reroute
I got clout, and I'ma keep it
My game run in secret
Be strategic, niggas weak and they'll believe it
Peep it, I keep 'em sprung before they know what is
done
Stick 'em, you too could be my very next victim

Chorus (2x)

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