

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

"Tha Classic"

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[Skinny Pimp]

Get that money mane if you true to the game
Brothers coming up mane street thugs never change
Straight out the projects now we cashing fat checks
Pimp came a long way from slangin out the duplex
Now I'm on BET with A.J. and Free
Bringin out my new release it's a classic to the streets
Still hard never flauge all in NYC like the mob
When I do my job pulling up in them fancy cars
This is for my gangstas ballin in them Cadillac trucks
Moving weight state to state telling me come the sets
full
Now we in the bigger biz still taking care of the kids
Still taking care of the fam still hitting big licks
Anybody cross us y'all gotta die
Understand this we ain't letting nothing slide
We Mafia so never forget and respect that
This is the business this is Tha Classic

[Chorus 2X: 211]

Why don't you come to my ghetto hood watch me come
up
On the video scene riding clean we blowed up
The Kings of the south got it all sewed up
Tha Classic this is the classic

[Skinny Pimp]

Hard times hard years and hard peers I done been thru
it
This time no sad faces cuz we gotta do it
Get rich or die trying this is for my ghetto moms
Mothers in the ghetto this is coming from your son
The dope game show me the rap game owe me
Now everybody in the world finna feel me
The IC triple P International Cross country
Professional Paid Pimp bringing it back to the streets
Never will I sell my sold for a pot of gold
I will kill these folks before I let them do me cold
I'm the chosen one and I keep God first in my life
Even when I'm strapped up riding in the silent night
I keep it true like my kinfolk Lucky Lou

If he don't get you Big Hill gonna get you
So when it's time to ride we gon keep it real quiet
And when you gotta die you can't blame my guys

[Chorus]

[Skinny Pimp]

Why don't you take a trip to Memphis that's where all
the pimps at
Maury suits and Gator boots fine women and our strips
We full of pure passion leaders or fashion
Pimping and macking big bank we stacking
24 inch big wheelers car dealers drug dealers
Big gun shooters and we grid up like P-Miller
We got the money and power
the good and the Johnson to Johnson we self-rising like
flour

[211]

Why don't you come to my ghetto hood watch me come
up
On the video scene riding clean we blowed up
The kings of the south got it all sewed up
Plenty of pimping in the big body of grown rode up
The flicker of the diamonds all around the wrist is
shining
Pure pure rubian flex sipping wine and
Bag them loot bundles of cash in the plastic
This is the classic COME!

[Chorus]

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