

Dirty "Bendin' Corners"

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Big Pimp A K A all up off in yo main gul drawers
Frank Dingaling the dirty hog
That's some of that Peruvian weed
Okay, okay okay okay okay, okay

Now everyday is a pimpin' day so
I slide on my 'llac with black alligators
Feather in my hat wit a 3 piece tux
Ice in my grill plus my Rollie stay plush

Don't got no main lady 'cuz I don't like to fuck
Just got one I can trust to bust these keys down to dust
Split these G'z out with us, shut these P'z down to flush
I got sluts that can puff and blow yo nuts till they bust
what

We bendin' corners in a plush crush
And keep 2 clips cuz I'm quick to bust
One pimp 4 hoes so we gon' ball
We got a case of yak so my dick won't fall

Them 20 inches got that Coup Deville sittin' tall
Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stonewall
And we gon' creep when we crawl here we come
We poppin' 65432 and here comes the 1 and that's for
real

I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac
Pistol under my seat wit a sack full of crack
Smoking hay, getting blown

I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac
4 hoes in the back one head in my lap
Getting head, on the road

Now, it's eight rules to my game of life
Rule 1, learn 'em all and follow 'em right
Rule 2, don't take no shit from none of these hoes
Just be bought 2 things fuckin' 'em out and leavin' 'em
broke

Rule 3, if you ever get some bread to buy a key

Make sure the nigga you getting it from don't work for
the MPD

Rule 4, if you ever try to kick in a doe, kick it right the
first time

You don't lay out the back doe

Rule 5, most important, keep yo Southern pride

Fuck what they sayin' hind closed doors, you know the
South get live

Rule 6, tell them playahaters to suck yo dick, get mad
like a bitch

'Cuz they shit ain't droppin' hits

Rule 7, aww naw, now that should've been 1

Don't eva leave the house without being strapped wit a
gun

Rule 8, just repeat 1 to 7, and if you eva get to heaven
Hug my late Uncle Kevin

Bring it back now, them 20 inches got that Coup Deville
sittin' tall

Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stone wall
We gon' creep when we crawl here we come

We poppin' 65432 and here comes the 1 and that's for
real

I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac

Pistol under my seat wit a sack full of crack

Smoking hay, getting blown

I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac

4 hoes, in the back, one head in my lap

Getting head, on the road

Now ask yo self, am I the slickest pimp you eva saw

They call me Peter Westraw, the devil's son in law,
why?

I know you niggaz don't know how

To make the saddest hoes snort powder and get live

Been doing this shit since the age 5, way back in 85'
and I still ain't tired

But why? 'Cuz that's something that ya'll need to know
When I empty out yo block I'm gone fill it wit holes

Bring it back now them 20 inches got that Coup Deville
sittin' tall

Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stonewall
And we gone creep when we crawl

We poppin' 65432 and here comes the 1 and that's for
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I'm bendin' corners in my Cadillac
4 hoes in the back, one head in my lap
Getting head, on the road

On the road, getting head
On the road, getting head
On the road, smoking hay
Getting blown, smoking hay

Getting blown, smoking hay
Getting blown, smoking hay

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