

Do Or Die

"Po Pimp"

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Chorus: johnny p

Do you wanna riide?

In the backseat, of a caddy

Chop it up, with do or die

Do you wanna riide?

In the backseat, of a caddy

Chop it up, with do or die

Verse one: belo

Seven double oh p.m.

Fly low to them hoes in the b-m

Sippin seagram, chewin on a weed stem

Touchin on my fo' fin

Move it to the back so I can see who beepin this po
pimp

Spring to the phone with a slow limp

In a trip that shitted with 3-1-2-7-6-2-10

Three line connection

As the rest of them wanted affection

Just bring the weed, we got the drinks you need

And plus we strapped with two protections

I put the phone in the hook, then I pause for a minute

Cause I forgot where I met the hoe

And the feeling I've forgotten if the hoes wanna snap

I straight up check the hoe, really doe

To the crib

Chorus

Verse two: ak-47, belo

Seven deuce five, the ride the point to spot the live
hoes

Three miles per hour

Like we runnin up on some ri-vals

Never to deny though, these bitches look fly 'lo

Introduce myself

A to the motherfuckin k finna recognize

Then I loose myself juice myself

As you take one pull, uhh, pass it to the left and umm

Self-centered niggaz'll take two pulls 'cause they
thinkin about samplin umm

P-i, m-p, ology, but logically

We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...
Mmm, ain't this some shit, pull up in the c-a

D-i, double-l, with ah a-c, a-c hoes

They peep those, p-i, m-p, and they think that
automatically

Cause he's a pimp, he gotta be, full of that

M-o, n-e, but why?

Cause nigga be sportin nice cars and fancy clothes

Fresh jewels girbaud flexin one five oh (chop chop)

Chop up that paper hoe, chop up that paper hoe

Watch where your lips go, caress my tip slow

To the tempo, instrumental

Real simple when you fuckin with a pimp doe

Get involved in the backseat

Let's have me in the cab betcha mess with ya young
ass

Smokin on that finest grass

Never miss what you never had, at last

P-i, m-p, ology, but logically

We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...

Chorus

Verse three: tung twista

Well a motherfucker might be broke and shit

And then collecting no dough from tips

But I be spittin mo' game than a mouthful of poker
chips

To get them hoes with the oprah lips and the provokin
hips

And never gotta tell her many lies

I been lookin in the city skies, get up in the kitty's thighs

Cause I'm blessed with a look of innocence, good sex

Peanut butter complex and some pretty eyes

Pity cries on my strategy side, yo when outta me gotta
be

Right, that'd be the flatter me right

But if the head the bonk c'mon suck a nigga dick

Members of my click, wanna see what that'd be like

I know you wanna try it out, to the rhythm of a high hat

Don't be bogus and deny that

I done got a hold of dem my fellas on the train

While she lie back, now motherfucker can you buy that?

Where your ride at?

On the passenger side of your hoe
Tryin ta come up on another g
The broad all up under me tryin ta smother me
Lookin love-ly while I roll another bead, suddenly
She learned that I don't deal with emotions
But when we in the room she rubbin me with lotion
Comin like an ocean coastin have a cig thinking
Me and do or die dig drinkin love potion
The word that was never said
Twisted be givin women dick in the bed, until they sick
in the head
And if I ever leave whoever dead
They ain't trickin the feds or spittin game but it's
chicken and bread
Kickin them legs in the air like a playa do
Then belittle in a day or two
After words i'ma slay a crew
Now that's some pimp type shit that b-low and ak'll do
Wearing gray and blue
If a hoe wanna holler then you a playa if you hit them
ends
And get the dividends
But you a pimp if you can get the same hoe to wanna
freak your friends
Cause I studied p-i, m-p, ology, but logically
Be learnin these hoes biology, obviously, well...
Chorus

