

Finley Quaye

"Kind of Pimpish"

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Come on y'all, hey
And this how we gon' do it

How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish
Ho's get down like you live you know the business
How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish
Ho's get down like you live...

Nigga better check yourself before you think about
fuckin' with these
Muthafuckas always makin' the cheese
187's for the triggers we squeeze
Fool please, like a bitch
Drop to your knees
Be the bad-ass fool in the game
All the ho's be scream my name
Throwin' that ass, it's a damn shame
Must the game
So a nigga be bringin' the pain
Ho's
Still stand too tall and never fallin'
Player haters perpetrate
Standin' too close because we ballin'
No competition
But they wishin' they could dodge 5-0
Lay back in the cut
Get sucked and fucked
By a gang of hoodrat ho's
Thought you knew
The way we bring it to you it's on the real
From the days of wayback packin' my strap
On the West Side of the hill
Always chill with a gang of ho's
Cluck cluck pesos everyday
Be the bomb, show you love
So all the skirts head my way
P-A-I-D, no T-L-C
Hell no, we never beg
Take the dick down your throat
Don't choke and open up them legs
Nuff said

Presidents dead cause you know
That be's the business
Get down like you live cause y'all check it, what what is
this

How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish
Ho's get down like you live you know the business
How you likin' me now in 97 kind of pimpish
Ho's get down like you live you know the business
How you likin' me now, hey
How you likin' me now, uh, geah one two
How you likin' me now, geah, hey, geah

I know the story's all the same
But the names have changed so y'all can peeps my
mission
Nigga gone off the weed
Tryin' to feed with speed and take my damn position
Get my buck on, watch a nigga get the fuck on
While he stabbin'
I'm laughin'
My nigga just got his duck on
Lovin' it so it must be right can't be wrong
With a pocket full of stones
Rib bones and greenery, that's blown
Home grown, watch your tone
Homeboy you can't be from round here
Westside 'bout it 'bout it, we blowin' chronic all year
No fear
For all the niggas and bitches in short skirts
Don't fuck around, represent the town, nobody gon' get
hurt
More work, birds fly with ease, steady cluckin' cheese,
you know?
And y'all can't fuck around cause we dodge from 5-0
If you knew
Then I guess its your time to straight go
While you layin' in the ground, I creep around and fuck
your ho'
I thought you knew
About this time
We gotta get money
I gotta get mine

Chorus...

Hey
Come on y'all
Half Ounce in the house one time
Come on y'all, hey
X-fact's in the house two times

Come on y'all, hey
How you likin' us now, geah

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