

Brooke Valentine "Pimped Out"

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(Feat. Dem Franchise Boyz)

Intro:

Yeah, Brooke Valentine

Yeah-Yeah

Yeah DFB, What's Hanneenin'?

Dem Franchise Boys

(Buddie Rap)

Got a college boy look (look), honor roll student (yep)

Shakin' off pounds like I'm Big Mate Luton

On the streets I'm a nuisance, whippin' in a blue six

Shinin' like a star, but Buddie's in Houston

I'm low key cruisin' wit a big boy purchase

Protected by my presence, therefore you're never nervous (nope)

I know ya boy worth it (yep), the kid got good game

I like that boy swag, I like the name on the kid chain

(Verse 1)

Gold grill on the front, trimmed up in the back

I know I gotta cop that, get my hands on it

(Then I let go!)

Before you know it, we'll be crusin'

(Cruse control, that's the way I like it baby)

Tight shoes on his feet, custom made for me

Stands out in the crowd, speed it up or bring it down

We'll roll slow, anywhere you take me, yes I

(Need to know, that's the way I like it baby)

(Hook)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)

And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)

I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)

And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song

I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my Cadillac)

And where we go, yeah everybody's on that

I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)

I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

(Jizzal Man Rap)

Ride pimped out, mouth gripped out
Gutta on the chain, and the charm cost a house
Summer, DFB boys, yeah they wanna lean wit it
Gutta to the core on the scene, but I be clean wit it
And hoes know me, Jizzal be tryna get it in
Workin' like some Mexicans in the field, with round
'bout fifty men
See us shippin' in, gettin' it, flippin' it, and bring it
home
That's why it's five cars, three accounts, and seven
acres holmes

(Verse 2)

He breaks when I need to stop
Turn me on and take on off
Somethin' I can stunt
Everything I'd ever want,
(I got so!)
Let me see if you can make me
(Make me want more, I'll tell you what I like)
But if he costs more than he's worth
The boy ain't put in work

I just give him up, switch wheels on him
And I move on, you know I can't be waistin' time I gotta
(Move on, that's the way I like it baby)

(Hook)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my
Cadillac)
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

(Bridge)

He's gotta be fly, if he's rollin' with me
Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me
He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me
Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me
He's gotta be fly if he's rollin' with me
Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me
He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me
Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me

(Pimpin' Rap)

I got a new Sony flat, leather couch you can fall on (fall
on)

With floors at the house, you can ball on (ball on)
And ride a '06 and got it pimped out (It's pimped out)
I got 'em takin' pictures when the whip's out
All my tv's flipped out, Pimpin' keep it pimped out
(yup!)
And if it's new, I got it soon it's shipped out (naw!)
So you know I keep it pimpin' every time (every time)
It's DFB bitch, and Brooke Valentine

(Hook)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my
Cadillac)
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my
Cadillac)
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that
I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

Lose my mind, yes he makes me lose my mind
So I gotta keep him close, no I just can't let him go
He's got the jingles in her mind
Slippin' in my pimpin' this time
And I just can't let him go
Bet I ain't gon' let him go

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