

Brujeria

"Pimp That Pin"

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(Lil Keke)

I'm draped up and dripped out
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Three in the mornin, gettin' the gat out the stash spot
Fire up a fat sweet
Turnin' on the bulb light
Hand on the wood grain
Ass on the tight white
I'm showin' naked ass in the great state of Texas
Home of the playas, so there'll never be no flexin'
So long we've been waitin'
Never ever hatin'
In Houston they Elbows, In Cali they Daytons
So 1996 you hoes better duck
Because the world gone drip candy and be all Screwed
Up
Just pop in your breaker set
Turn up your fuckin' deck
Lend me your ear because the SOUTHSIDE finna wreck
Down here we smoke tree
Then let the world see true hidden talent like Screw and
Lil Keke
Ain't no love for hatas and you busted big suckas
On the south side we stay paid MuthaFucka!

(Pocket Full of Stones -by UGK is in the background
mix)

"I got a pocket fulla stones"

(DJ Screw)

Lil Keke gone and tell 'em what time it is...

(lil Keke)

It time to lay 'em down like a fresh set of dominoes
For all the playas, all the pimps, all the bitches, and all
the hoes
Who's the man, who's mouse
Who's the nigga that's payin' the cost
I really don't give a damn cause I ain't the one that's
gonna take the
loss

Grippin a grand up in the slant workin' the wood
It's understood, doin' these shows, wear these clothes,
pullin' these
hoes,
and slammin' these doors
Who in the the hell was able to tell the southside they
had to chill
From hittin' these boulevards with belts and buckles
and workin the
grill
I'm smokin that skunk and poppin' the trunk and pulling
off candy red
I ain't no punk, not givin' a fuck and able to turn a head
Somethin' serious when I let go cause I got a way with
words
By takin' a noun a change it around to take the place of
verbs
My lyrics go together like a pair of socks and shoes
My flow is slow because it's bolted down by DJ Screw
Take it from me, the nigga Lil Key, the H- The A- the R-
D
Menace to society
Born and raised to be a G
Two or three songs I won't postpone
Cause these lyrics comin' the very top of my dome
So many ways it pays
For you to flip the script
That if you take a toke I promise that you'll be spung
Jackers and hustlers, players and macks
Slamin' doors to Cadillacs
Serve codine that makes you lean and killer sweets
rolled by the stacks
Never gonna bow down because I'm so able to win
All around town just because Lil Keke pimps that pen

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