

## Butterfingers

### "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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