

Intervalle Bizarre

"Who Am I?"

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[Pimpstress]

Cuz I'm the, Pimpstress, the baddest bitch
Clothes always baggy for the stitch and the itch
Thirty-five oh no, steady hittin' licks
Dreams to be rich, and be on top of the list
Brown eyes and bow legs, steady turnin' heads
Fuck all the cappin' cuz yo I'm all about my bread
Corsege lens, put that down on the Benz
Rags to riches and get more grip from my pen
S.P.M. Put it down, and left it to me
I got that chrome M.V.P., hustlin' loyal dope fiends
Rollin' deep, gettin' crunk, smokin' blunts with codeine
Sacked the cream, triple beam, platinum records just
gleam
Poppas, don't wet on your own carpets
Hollow tips, I'm on that, puttin' snitches in check
Drop gold diggers, floss chrome triggers
Dopehouse my crew, at six figures

Chorus:

Who am I? Pimpstress for life
Dopehouse is the family, so I gotta stay tight
Wreckin' shows in girbauds, slammin' through the side
doors
I'm the coldest Latina, in them baggy ass clothes
Squeeze lip, pop trunk and recline
Woodstrip, candy paint, I owe it all to my rhyme
I'm the coldest female rapper in this industry
From A-Town to H-Town I put it down for the three

[Pimpstress]

The dopest bitch in the clique, snappin' them necks
Cashin' them checks, what it takes to get wet
That's on the real baby, sometimes hoe be actin' shady
Disrespectin' a pimp, get a chip, from my three eighty
They want beef pimp, then voy a lo piscina
Big tits I'll flip, I got'cha chocolate Latina
Creamy thighs so lovely, ballas wanna touch me
Maybe cuz I'm down to pimp, they wanna fuck me
Ice on my rings, S.P.M. it's a shame

So many killas on my team, you'd think we're a gang
From Austin to Cali, New York to the valley
Babies screamin' for the pimp because they know this
bitch is bout it
Mob affiliated, to run with my killas, drug dealers
Those muthafuckas who be down for the scrilla
Pimpstress is what they call me, female roll call
Knockin' pictures off the wall, Dopehouse is standin' tall

Chorus

[Pimpstress]

Last but not least, I'm the freestylin' beast
My pimp goes on sheets, I pimp my pen like most
freaks
All them G's that be saggin', this a high dive act
Went out with the pimp, I got you comin' so fast
Crystal barros, and bezzle champagne
S.P.M. put it down, check the emblem on my chain
Kiss the pinky ring, get up off your knees
Dopehouse is family, Austin, Texas where I be
Southwest from the 3, I kick it down from where I see
Then you G's you got beef, que pasa?
Bounce is dead, and let it be known
On this microphone, I stand alone
Automatic chrome, underneath my throne
Don't make me reach for my heat, or bad heat will meet
you home
Miss Pimpstress, dismiss your existence
Have you callin' me from Hell, long distance

Chorus

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