

## Canned Heat

### "Po Pimp"

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Chorus: Johnny P

Do you wanna riiide?  
In the backseat, of a Caddy  
Chop it up, with Do or Die  
Do you wanna riiide?  
In the backseat, of a Caddy  
Chop it up, with Do or Die

Verse One: Belo

Seven double oh P.M.  
Fly low to them hoes in the B-M  
Sippin Seagram, chewin on a wheat stem  
Touchin on my fo' fin  
Move it to the back so I can see who beepin this Po Pimp  
Spring to the phone with a slow limp  
In a trip that shitted with 3-1-2-7-6-2-10  
Three line connection  
As the rest of them wanted affection  
Just bring the weed, we got the drinks you need  
And plus we strapped with two protections  
I put the phone in the hook, then I pause for a minute  
Cause I forgot where I met the hoe  
And the feeling I've forgotten if the hoes wanna snap  
I straight up check the hoe, really doe  
To the crib

Chorus

Verse Two: AK-47, Belo

Seven deuce five, the ride the point to spot the live  
hoes  
Three miles per hour  
Like we runnin up on some ri-vals  
Never to deny though, these bitches look fly 'Lo  
Introduce myself  
A to the motherfuckin K finna recognize  
Then I loose myself juice myself  
As you take one pull, uhh, pass it to the left and umm

Self-centered niggaz'll take two pulls cuz they thinkin  
about samplin umm  
P-I, M-P, ology, but logically  
We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...

Mmm, ain't this some shit, pull up in the C-A  
D-I, Double-L, with ah A-C, A-C hoes  
They peep those, P-I, M-P, and they think that  
automatically  
Cause he's a pimp, he gotta be, full of that  
M-O, N-E, but why?  
Cause nigga be sportin nice cars and fancy clothes  
Fresh jewels Girbaud flexin one five oh (chop chop)  
Chop up that paper hoe, chop up that paper hoe  
Watch where your lips go, caress my tip slow  
To the tempo, instrumental  
Real simple when you fuckin with a pimp doe  
Get involved in the backseat  
Let's have me in the cab betcha mess with ya young  
ass  
Smokin on that finest grass  
Never miss what you never had, at last  
P-I, M-P, ology, but logically  
We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...

Chorus

Verse Three: Tung Twista

Well a motherfucker might be broke and shit  
and then collecting no dough from tips  
But I be spittin mo' game than a mouthful of poker  
chips  
to get them hoes with the Oprah lips and the provokin  
hips  
and never gotta tell her many lies  
I been lookin in the city skies, get up in the kitty's thighs  
cause I'm blessed with a look of innocence, good sex  
peanut butter complex and some pretty eyes  
Pity cries on my strategy side, yo when outta me gotta  
be  
right, that'd be the flatter me right  
But if the head the bonk c'mon suck a nigga dick  
Members of my click, wanna see what that'd be like  
I know you wanna try it out, to the rhythm of a high hat  
Don't be bogus and deny that  
I done got a hold of dem my fellas on the train  
while she lie back, now motherfucker can you buy that?  
Where your ride at?  
On the passenger side of your hoe  
tryin ta come up on another G

The broad all up under me tryin ta smother me  
Lookin love-ly while I roll another bead, suddenly  
She learned that I don't deal with emotions  
But when we in the room she rubbin me with lotion  
Comin like an ocean coastin have a cig thinking  
me and Do or Die dig drinkin love potion  
The word that was never said  
Twisted be givin women dick in the bed, until they sick  
in the head  
And if I ever leave whoever dead  
They ain't trickin the Feds or spittin game but it's  
chicken and bread  
Kickin them legs in the air like a playa do  
Then belittle in a day or two  
After words I'ma slay a crew  
Now that's some pimp type shit that B-Low and AK'll do  
Wearing gray and blue  
If a hoe wanna holler then you a playa if you hit them  
ends  
and get the dividends  
But you a pimp if you can get the same hoe to wanna  
freak your friends  
Cause I studied P-I, M-P, ology, but logically  
Be learnin these hoes biology, obviously, well...

Chorus

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