

King Arut "A Real Pimp"

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A Real Pimp (U-Huh) Let Me Give Ya
A Description... The clock is tickin
The cops is sittin waitin on me to pop the ribbon so I can
get locked in prison
But I forgive em
They don't know I got the bishop
Givin me a future face they cannot prevent it
Skys the limit, I travel but I tries to pivot
Look in my eyes and combine the spirits
Time'll end it
If it's not a coupla g's it's dimes and pennies
If I don't break a knuckle or knee, my shine is finished
I'm climbin in it but I could fall down the chimney
A hound is in me so don't come around or near me
You clowns is really fuckin up
Ya bound to get it
I sit a barrel on ya tongue so round and pretty
Fought my ticket now I'm a skip town and kick it
Dress code just some khaki brown lil Dickies
Got them pounds and chickens stuffed and coffee
grounds in visions pimps

A Real Pimp got ya back til da end (yep) unlike dese
otha niggas
Dey gon jus roll like da wind (u-huh) if ya aint got it
By now ya jus aint gon get it (here me cuz) I be all ova
da bread like sesame seeds dis shit I'm ova better dan
da fuckin sesame streets (u-huh)
And I be all ova dis beat like a dog with fleas
Yes it's I-uh, chucky I am fly-uh
Call me the fresh prince but to u hatas call me sior
Wait a minute let me put some pimpin in it
Shawty don't be playin ya ain't heard I was the maaaan
Shawty please he ain't got nothin on me
Cause I'm a young hard driver and a 4 mans dream
I'm bout ma cream and I stay super clean from ma
shoulders, chest, pant, shoes
You wanna win put ya bets up I'm like a wrestla cuz
homie when A
Real Pimp got ya back you can rest up

I ain't that cold

I'm 11 yeas old
Ma pants stay saggin cus ma pockets on swoll
Ma mad ma pockets on lean I stay super clean
I'm hot, I'm fresh
Go head and call me crispy cream
Ma flow so mean ma mad ma flow so cold
Hold up a-a chu ice cubes fall out ma nose
When I step up in the buidin all my Pimps got my back
Cuz da way we got here is cuz we stole a cadilac
Why my pimps behind my back is cuz nigga mess wit
us
We gon have a lil talk together (u-huh) *Yeah, when I
rap, my nigga it's so easy,
That girl's so thick, she remind me of suzy,
I'm cool but heated like a jacuzzi,
I'm the size of a mountain so bitch you can't move me,
Look homie, you not even on my level,
When it comes to battle MC son I kill several,
I get more blow then a tea kettle
Tell your girl come suck my dick and then we settle,

Hey
I'm Just Trynna Talk To You
If I Could Talk To You
Den I Would Talk
Forever And A Day
Yes I Remember
So Vividly
How We Would Be
When We Lay
And My Then Blue Skies
Were No Longer Gray
She So Brightened Up My Day
Put It On A Scripture
She Would Be A Picture
If Perfect Had A Face
I Promise You Homie
Dat U Would Be Hungry Like Me
If You Had A Taste
I Put It On My Momma
Cus Baby Girl Is A Flower
A Flower Without A Vase
No Water Needed At All
She Continues To Grow
More Beautiful Everyday
And I Love Her Somethin Vicious
And I'm Just Wishin
We Could
Okay I'm lookin for a redbone
And when I get her I'm goin
Tap it like a fed phone

And shawty talk about her man
She said tired of him
I said well baby I'm gonna have you
Tryin to hide from him
And if it's king
Then the women want to lie to him
And I'm gon give it to him
Mama said give it to him
So I'm gon give it to her
Just the way she want it
I said girl
I'm tryin to put my name on it
I'm tryin to own it
Welcome to my ranch and
I'm gon act a donkey
From the mornin till the night
Till the mornin
And if you back it up
Then I'm gon jump on it
She Got Her Bags By The Door Nob
Ok Be Cool Wait Baby Slow Down
Don't Walk Out Of That Door
Ooooh
I Dun Made Her Past Mad Now
Her Tears Fallin From Her Pourin On The Ground
I Aint Never Seen Her Like This Before... No
Now I'm Feel Like I'm Fallin
No One Here To Save Me
I don't Wanna Die Alone
I don't Wanna Live Alone
Hang Into This Shyt Together
We Gon Leave This Shyt Together
Baby Leave This Shyt Together!
But I'm Sorry I Fucked Up!
Ahh
Yah I Fucked Up
(Yah I Fucked Up)
Yea I Kno I Fucked
And Now She Gone
And that's Fucked Up

Welcome to hell I let em burn
Momma told me don't play with them choppas I never
learn
I hold the tube tight & firm I don't squirm
Killas hold court in the street court is ajerned
These niggas sleepin hope they keep it in they napsack
Watch me while I'm creepin leave em leakin like a flap
jack
Hustle all day like we eatin on the last stack
We play with ak's boy you need to bring that mac back

Hand gun they don't want no hand gun
Tote a shotty with a bass drum
Say somethin I'm from where them niggas can't come
We die rich & young
We die handsome and
Me I never ran from another man son
I take a lot a shots bitch nigga and one
So throw away them glocks
I hope they prayin for ya
You hear that chop now you sayin somethin
Naw bitch you can't tell me nun
Cuz when yo otha Pimps come back
And neva say hey mac say who da hell is mac nigga
I'm not yo muthafuckin mac bitch (u-huh)

R.U.T.L.E.D.G.E I Spit Movies Like V.C.R.
I Spit Rymes Like A Te-Ke Bar And If I
Got Beef I am Tha Meet Clever And I
Are The Illest Nigga Martin Luther King
Died For And I Ride Four Hollygrove
1-Seven Eagle Street And I'm Higher Than
An Eagles Beak But I Beleive In Me Applistic
Crossreet I am Just An Off-Spring Born In Tha
Ghetto That's Why I Can't Let Go One Call Will Have
My Dogs On You Like An Echo Baby I am Tha Real
Deal No Picole (Uh) Spit Cical Cell Physco I Go
Off Like A Motha Fuckin Rifle And I From Tha
Underground
Baby Like A Pipe Hole I Will Stand Tall Like White Poles
Until The Light Blows and when dat otha Pimp turn dey
back
Nigga don't fight jus move

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