

Lil' Keke "Still Pimpin' Pens"

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I'm still dranked up and dripped out, reclining to top
Straight up, outta H-Town and the funk don't stop
Watch the trunk just pop, and the front end hop
I'ma swang on these bopples, I'm a clown on these
cops
Candy red out the shop, I'm leaving paint on the street
Sippin' serve, slangin' birds, smokin' indo sweets
I done stay low in places, cause the playas hate Texas
TV screen, Young & The Restless, in my G.S. Lexus
>From Atlanta to Virginia through the Sunset Valley
Houston, all the way to Cali, got them fought in a rally
Remember that bitch Sally? They didn't like her walk
But she still gone get fucked by Keke in the hou'
Fat Pat and Mike Drew, what about punkin' the Screw
We gone bring her to the South and let the click run
through
It's real easy to see, there ain't no fuckin' with me
I pimp the pen, once again, this is Lil' Keke

On the Southside, we be blowin' on tree
Pimpin' pens, once again, this is Lil' Keke, cause uh
On the Southside, we be blowin' on tree
Pimpin' pens, once again, this is Lil' Keke

It's time to lay it down, like cards on the table
Big crib, watching gorgeous gal lickin' my navel
Who's the man? And who's the G?
L to the I to the L to the K to the E to the K to the E that's
ME
Heart of a hustler, mind of a g
Punk-ass niggas can't fuck with me
Give me cocain in reglerity
Pimps on all these hoes and jet
Break a nigga neck if he don't respect
Let me pimp right down effect
Gone of the drank, got' make a bank
Playa haters niggas don't want tryin' to take my pad
I'ma have to kill, when I come down, caught me blazin'
wood wheel
Pop another pill, careful, better chill
Southside Houston Texas won't you tell me how you
feel

Make another mill, while I pack my steel
Breakin' boys off with my freestyle drill
Higher than a hill, land of the trill
Pimpin' pens, hittin' skins, show another skill

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First crip to flow, if ya hoes that know
In and out the back door cause I gots to go
I'm more time I'ma flow, I'm a freestyle pro
Walkin' inside the club and dismantlin' the show
Houston, Texas, is the home of the playas and pimps
Sachi down with a limp, across the sky in a blimp
I punch in clocks, don't like dumb jocks
I'm a playa I'm a baller, baguettes and rocks
Worst strainer entertainer in the eye of the public
Niggas love me try to dub me, cause I stick to the
subject
Again and again, nothing less than a win
Your foy, your friend, I'm a keep pimpin' pen, pimpin'
pens

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