

Living In A Box

"Pimp Without a Caddy"

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Hit me
Aaaaah yeeeah
That's the flavor right there
Sho' you're right
Yo, tell em what it's all about, man
All that ballin thing
How you got it goin and on and on with that, huh

(Tell em what it's all about)

[VERSE 1]

I'm a straight up hustler, never grew up in the ghetto,
though
Yet strapped with a gat and stiletto, hoe
Some say that I grew up in a wild hood
Not even knowin where I spent my childhood
The voice of panic hittin hard to make you hyper
The rhymes are pin-point and aim is sharp like a sniper
Out the barrels, the hollow point, comes the bullet
The trigger's aimin, yo, I ain't afraid to pull it
Cause in the city you never know what can come up
You turn your back and what's up - a sucker runs up
And then you're left in a stand-still
Nine times out of ten, yo, it's kill or be killed
So I sit back and observe what goes on
So when a brother feels an oath to carryin on
I let him know this ain't the time and place
But there will be a time and place
And I'ma smoke his ass..
Throw him so deep in the ground, boy, you think he
was grass
And when you wake up, apologize to your daddy
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Youknowmsayin?
Just a O.G. type brother
I want you to break it down
And tell em about the days of young

[VERSE 2]

Now the pimpin I talkin 'bout, it don't include girls

I pimp microphones and rock worlds
I been a gangsta since back in the day
Junior High School, I think it was in '78
Back in the days when locs was called insanes
And I was coolin with my big cousin Nobrain
Back then, you know a sucker wouldn't face me
Scared of catchin the pointed tips of my Stacy's
Strollin the street with my sweet girl Jackie
Creased Curduroys and starched up khakis
Back then that was the style and it was ice
And every gear you saw me in was deadly precise
I ain't never had a problem on any block
Cause if I did, sho' I cut him and get socked
Roll in my Schwinn, blazin up a fattie
Young Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?
Just a little bad gooseneck, unknowmsayin?
Wasn't really into a whole lotta bullshit
Just doin his own thing
Straight get his scrap on
But it was kinda cool, unknowmsayin
That's why he was very well respected

[VERSE 3]

It ain't all about who you're bangin
Gangbangin or how much dope you're slingin
It's all about gettin your life established
And when you're livin like Loc, your life is lavish
Everything, from my living to my bathtub
The exotic women and different type of backrubs
The places I travel, the things that I see
You're startin to get the picture how they start to juice
me?
You can't compare me to wanna-pimps whimps
Cause that's entirely a different type of pimp
Longevity is the key to my success
Not rollin around makin women undress
I am a player, petty actions surveyor
Never heard about a headache, cause I use Vaya
So the women can come kiss the sugar daddy
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?

...

It was on to the break of dawn
I got it like that
I'm sworn to the hood
But check
I got things to do
Check this out

[VERSE 4]

An O.G. for life, and that's what I have to be
Just like the homies standin front and back of me
And when you see us don't ask stupid questions
Are we gangbangin? You know what's our profession
We're servin suckers techniques and good rhymes
Big Buds, loose women and good times
I don't hesitate to check a boy in a second
He thinks I'm soft just because I went and made a
record
It's that petty thought that got him all smoked out
By a brother named Tone who was loc'ed out
I nuttud up and I'm known to do it on occasion
And engagin in .44s and 12-gauges
Some old suckers lay the beat twice as hard
And when you see I got 20'000 bodyguards
I came to battle with rhymes, knowin theirs shabby
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?

Straight up down for the crown
Tribe thing, unknowmsayin?
No matter who you are or where you come from
When they push you back to the wall
You got no choice but to come out swingin
Uknowmsayin
And that's straight up real
No matter where you're from
Laws of the street
Pimpin style

Special shout-out to the Westside Trizzide
Special shout-out to my homies EPMD
Special shout-out to Humpy Hump and crew
Special shout-out to ATL
What's up with your football game?
Tone-Loc 150 yards, don't know
To all the homies on the Westside

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