

## **Loc Tone**

### **"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 Schwin, 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 nuttet 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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