

Louis Logic

"Pimp Shit (Feat. Jay Love)"

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F/ Jay Love

[Jay Love]

Yeah, odd couple baby (ha ha)

Hide your daughters

I stay drinking on an empty stomach

Till I sink and plummet

Thinking of it

Lets get blunted till we stinking of it

I think I've done it cause I'm one hit

Over the edge

I dove from the ledge

I can't stand I fall through my legs

Stumbling over the keg

And it's just the first inning, girls grinning

And all I can see is the world spinning

I can't move I puff mad boom

Trying to find the bathroom

Cause it feels like I'm gonna gag soon

I'm torn from the bottles

Praying through the porcelain gods

To try and ease the pain and the scorch from the
vodkas

Walked into the topless

Cause I gotta get brain soup

For the right price crisp the wrist sex in the champagne
room

I can't zoom cause I have whiskey dick

I had to pay extra like a paper view titty flick

That's my lucky charms so bitch lick me dick

Suck the shit out like a fucking Pixy stick

[Chorus 2X]

This shit

Pimp shit

It's kind of explicit

We twisted, drinking

And puffin a lit spliff

We party with bitches

Erasing their lipstick

This is the odd couple up in your district

[Louis Logic]

I master the disclosure
'cause I never spit sober
After the Coronas
I'm trying to see the flash exposure
The chick that's a master in yoga
Bending over backwards
Stick a slit with more pick
As if she stroked the cactus
You see that stripper sipping over flipping glasses?
I'm trying to feed her licked till she throws up on my
mattress
I'm logical but not in the sense
That I can't be seen chewing panty strings
Hopping the fence
My crib reeks of cigarettes, pot and incents
I'm somewhat of a loner but the bottle's my friend
And I gotta a collection stored on the shelf

So when I talk to the walls on the spot I'm not talking to
'self
I'm akward as hell
Drunk and stumbling
My stomach's rumbling
You thinking I stop drinking
Dumb assumption
Cause this nigger got game
When I chuck a pumpkin with flames to take your head
off
Like Ichabod Crane

[Chorus 2X]

This shit
Pimp shit
It's kind of explicit
We twisted, drinking
And puffin a lit spliff
We party with bitches
Erasing their lipstick
This is the odd couple up in your district

[Jay Love]

Now when the odd couple rustles
And rumbling clubs
There's gonna be trouble for smucks
Stashing up bundles of bucks
Cause the first one of the sluts to come up to us
Jump on a bus we'll skid away until your lungs full of
dust
Bitch's tongue in my nuts while I just humping her butt
Puffing a blunt while I'm juggling the juzzling stunts

Sit up in the front cause I'm drunk
'cause I hit the bottle
Application for a groupie?
One question
Do you spit or swallow?

[Louis Logic]

You wrestle like your in a brothel trying to earn your
rent now
Bend down I'll pull my poison pen out
Cause when the wolf destroys the hen house
The feathers will fly
Seventy five miles
Whether I'm drunk or whether I'm high

[Jay Love]

I busted dead on her eye
Now she's a blinded bitch
Walk around with one eye shut
On some pirate shit
You better buy this quick period
Like a bloody twat
We're all up in your face
Like the money shot

[Chorus 2X]

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It's kind of explicit
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