

## Louis Logic

### "Pimp Shit"

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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]

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It's kind of explicit  
We twisted, drinking  
And puffin a lit spliff  
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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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And puffin a lit spliff  
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Erasing their lipstick  
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