

**Luniz****"Pimps playas and hustles"**

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featuring Dru Down, Richie Rich

\*(Yukmouth & Knumskull talking)\*

Nigga, what's hap'nin?

Who we got in here?

Nigga, ain't this the last album.

Fuck that. We got Richie Rich, Dru Down, (you know!)  
Yukmouth,

Knumskull, we bout to do this shit man. Fo the 9-Fever,  
check it out.

\*(Chorus- Yuk & Richie)\*

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch  
believe me.

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice,  
Yukmouth let me

hear ya.

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Well it's the one of the mill nigga

the Vill niggaz, that spill niggaz guts to the fullest

fill niggaz up wit bullets

kill niggaz, Yuk don't bullshit

an I pull licks if I have to, no laughter

or chit-chat I juss clack my shit back an then I blast ya  
when it's the wig split  
come wit big shit fo the 9-Feva-roo  
cuz ya fuckin either two  
of yo baby ma'mas  
got em on camera  
doin a tootsie roll wit a hammer up her coochie hole, an  
a 40 up her  
bootsy hole  
fo sho, I pimp nights like Gladis  
niggaz better knock on wood like havock, when I'm in  
yo hood wit an  
automatic  
so crack ends, givin me jaw, I be call fuckin around wit  
mo ups & downs  
then a see-saw  
sometimes I feel like I'm broke, sometimes I'm shot  
calla  
who got all the bitches lost in the motions like Pala  
balla than shisty, mo betta blues then Spike Lee  
might be off the 40 cuz I'm OG like Ice-T  
ya dig?  
Verse 2 \*(Richie Rich)\*  
Smoke hoes, an coke hoes, are sumpthin like the same  
one fo the white dope, one fo the nigga that's in the  
game  
now I know bitches that say "Richard, do what ya  
wanna"

but like old Vogues them bitches cry when I hit the corner

my 7-duce, produce, cuz the zues was pissed off

I'm still gettin zips off

niggaz feelin ripped off, an clipped off

until they told me, it was Knumskull, Yuk an Dru

now what you wanna do?

it's 35-hundred for the straight laced triple gold, wit the vogues

that's what they cost in the store, yeah

an you can reach, but you can not touch

ever figga, scared nigga that you feared too much?

if you scared go to church, I know it hurts

to find out, she works for me

brought me that Jeep

that's why I, keep my bitch business in the cut

that way I gets yo skrilla, plus I get to fuck,

cuz we.

\*(Chorus)\*

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice, Dru Down, let

me hear ya.

Verse 3 \*(Dru Down

I'm steadily stackin up on the green

ballas will use the triple beam

shot calla use they words

hustlas will use they shoulders, playas sit back an get served

now observe the definition of the pimp-mode

I take hoes, an break hoes, an hoes is stayin mobile, really though

doe is what I love, so what's up?

nigga who you tellin, that life always been tough

nigga I had it rough

an nigga it ain't no bluff

an potna I had my own mama sufferin, that's sumptin

yeah okay

I turned straight into a hustla

crap on bustas

skrilla fo reala from them suckas

I gave my mama half, me half, I'm out the door

ready to bubble

I turned into a balla, shot calla

two for twamp

with in a year I'm back on the spot

zippas in zipper, I'm ready to hit some fences, it's so wicked

bitch you jack rabbit call me Buggy

four-four up in the Paddy wagon, to break my niggaz love me

an I'll be sure the next time niggaz see me I'll be high

do or die, throwin up the 5, in the 5th lane right

side, I'm watchin the rearview juss for po-po's

I swerve to the curb, about 3 an you know that I straight  
broke that

hoe.

Verse 4 \*(Knumskull)\*

Fa sho. G-A fo checks

pimp bitches fo sex, might as well go all out an pimp  
the whole block

wit 4 techs

niggaz on this, on the move in many

plenty taken, playa hatin, Caddy's

that ain't my thang ruger

it's good to roll skroll that's the best thang

my S-S-I check came, you gotta be a big mack to do  
some shit like that,

an issued this game

my buddies, who ever can better my Operation  
Stackola

smack, mack, the greenery an crackola

homies wanna be down rollin big stacks

you wanna make an effort towards paper, then bitch  
get crack

so sick wid it

that's why I shitted on raps fo luck

I'm like what ever it takes to make a buck

could never be stuck

I'm facin a life of brokenness already

fuck the pain, it juss make sense fo me to stay on my  
hustle and game

blame no nigga fo my down fall

but pimpin is the final frontier, I gets around y'all

we all.

\*(Chorus)\*

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech gettin major scratch, it ain't easy, bitch  
believe me.

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

T for tech tryin to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch  
believe me.

\*(talking in the background)\*

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

Bitch believe me... ahhh-yaaa!! Ahaha

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