

Curd Jürgens

"Pimpoligy"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah, G's up nigga, hoes down nigga
Uh, yeah, g's up nigga, hoes down nigga
You know how it is, she is connin' you
Yeah, yeah, New York, California, wherever
What the fuck is ya, H.B.D.?

[Chorus: Hell Razah & 7th Ambassador]

Chickens come, and chickens go
We beat that pussy everytime we on the roll
Ya need to stop, ho, protecting these hoes
Just he I'm troopin, then, let the pussy go
Cuz a ho could never ever be a housewife
So don't try to do so
You are better off livin' ya life
On gettin' that dough

[Hell Razah]

She was ya main chick, the one you walked in the rain
with
The one you cooked up and chopped up ya cocaine
with
You depended on stickin' my dick up in the thong
Could of been ya baby mom, if she didn't do wrong
Started listenin' to snakes in the garden
I beg ya pardon, had titties that'll triple the size of Dolly
Parton
Had the thuggish nigga broke and hardege, droolin'
and starvin'
Suckin' my dick while ya niggas was kissin' and slobbin'
Batman and Robin, put her in a threesome, manage-a-
trois
She fuck niggas just to drive their car
Bettin' that, smellin' like strawberries, the more the
merry
Even brought her best friend so I can bust her cherry
They both came, baby oiled and ready
Ass split like a machete, I had them tossed up in my
telly
She knew Dreddy and the rest of the Sunz
Three o'clock, swallowed my cum, my frankfurter laid

in her buns
Industry chicks, who bone niggas only with whips
Gettin' open off the karats that was lit on ya wrist
Straight groupie, who love givin' rappers the coochie
Wanna be in video scenes strippin' for more C.R.E.A.M.

She addicted to the dick morphine, at eighteen
This is for all the bitches and hoes who ain't queens

[Hook 2X: Hell Razah]

Hit the road, bitch
And gimme back all my dough, my dough, my dough
Hit the road, bitch
And gimme back all my dough

[Hell Razah]

I thought I told you, never trust a chick that hold you
It be the money that you get that make them wanna
bone you
When you hit it good, they wanna own you
Get ya address, ya age and ya phone mobile
And don't know you, lookin' fuckable, but gullable
Butt naked, and loveable
Same chick I hit, son, I seen huggin' you
Never trust no, chickens or hoes
Trynna find out my beeper code so they can put me in
the sleeper hold
Gotta stay on my tippiest toes, a sweet rose'll
Put ya in ya grave clothes, if you outta ya zone
She be the same one that get ya dick up on the bones
Sticks and stones keep ya waitin' for ya chick to come
home
+Where My Girls At?+ like 702
You spend ya money on daily, but still givin' head to my
crew

[Chorus]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho
My nigga Goldie, what what, Hell Razah
Yeah, yeah, G's up nigga, hoes down nigga
7th Ambassador, yeah, Baghdad, what
Ah, yeah, that's how it go down
Ghetto Government, ah

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