

Pastor Troy Feat. Peter The Disciple "You Can't Pimp Me"

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Pimp shit, yeah pimp shit, nigga, wassup baby Ken?
Like this yeah, all my niggaz mayne, aiyyo
All the real boss playa, aiyyo this real ATL playa style
Aiyyo, you can't pimp a pimp, playa

Niggaz is trippin', my shoes is tied up
Big boss pimpin', tell ya bitch I said wassup
Pastor, laughter, Remy in my hand
Countin' out some grands, ova in Ireland

The man, you done heard the name before
I keep a big gun wit me everywhere that I go
And I smoke dro', motherfucker keep that bap ass
weed
Niggaz claimin' they're my folks, bitch you don't know
me

D.S.G.B. representin', send them haters to hell
It ain't nothing to say, it ain't nothin' to tell
My glock shells will be empty if any tempt me
I'm not no fuckin' simp, bitch I'm a fuckin' pimp

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The one man army, the one wreckin' crew
I heard that shit, now who the fuck you referrin' to?
If it was me, come put your finger to my nose
Just like I thought ya niggaz motherfuckin' hoes

The clothes, the wardrobe, the gators with matchin'
socks
Bad ass bitch that kind of favors Goldie Lox
The clock stops tickin'
I step off in the spot, all the chickens get to pimpin'

Bubbly is pluckin', D.S.G.B. be gangsta fuckin'
Fuckin' for nothin', we be them niggaz they be lovin'
It don't get nothin' but worse for you simp
Bow down nigga, make room for a pimp

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You can't pimp me potnah because I'm pimpin' myself
I got my game from the old school straight off the shelf
I be the maca to the roni, the cheddar to the cheese
I roll wit' D.S.G.B., so is better than me

A Aug representative, I got the game on lock
I hit the street with them thangs, went to movin' the
block
So fuck the cops, we makin' money, we stay on the
grind
I'm bustin' strawberry Phillies while I break down my
pine

And I ain't blind, I can see it, you already know
So get the fuck out my face 'cause you can't pimp me
hoe
You see the dough, don't let it hit ya, you gets no play
And I'm the dro', you the Philly, get ready to blaze

You can't pimp me, I'ma pimp myself
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