

Paul Wall "Sumn' Like A Pimp"

Visit "[Sumn' Like A Pimp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got (?) on my ride in the black
I Bet you if i turn you baby I can make em bop
Got me saying
Who the fuck you be bitch you know me
Who the fuck who-who the fuck you be bitch you know
me
I'm sum'n like a pimp(x2)

(Paul Wall:)
(Making em bop)

I'm sitting down in pimp mode
My trunk bump like a lymph node
Them boppas gaze and haters haze
I'm playa made with hemp roll
I pull up and make them wimps fold
My wide body big blimp hoes
That fifth drop down look to the floor
The trunk glow I'm so dope

I'm candy red like Elmo
Me a simp Oh hell no
Just ask your girlfriend she'll know
I got her stuck like Velcro
I put em under my spell bro
My mackin' game is real cold
I'm crawling round the parking lot

In a 'lac dialup Dell slow

Catch a glimpse of this thug prince
With purple rain up in my cup
When it get tense I never flinch
That hunter pinch is by my gut

What the fuck oh thats a nine
That broad with me oh thats a dime
That cadillac thats double parked
Dripping stains oh yeah thats mine

Boys know that I'm bout that bread
Boppas know they got to give head

Haters know bout the infrared
That leave em dead and full of that lead

I'm one hundred and full of bread
I'm Paul Wall
I'll hold it down

You know me I'm getting mine
That paper and them dimes

Visit [Paul Wall](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.