

# Twista

## "Po Pimp (Feat. Do Or Die)"

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Chorus: Johnny P

Do you wanna riide?

In the backseat, of a Caddy

Chop it up, with Do or Die

Do you wanna riide?

In the backseat, of a Caddy

Chop it up, with Do or Die

Verse One: Belo

Seven double oh P.M.

Fly low to them hoes in the B-M

Sippin Seagram, chewin on a weed stem

Touchin on my fo' fin

Move it to the back so I can see who beepin this Po Pimp

Spring to the phone with a slow limp

In a trip that shitted with 3-1-2-7-6-2-10

Three line connection

As the rest of them wanted affection

Just bring the weed, we got the drinks you need

And plus we strapped with two protections

I put the phone in the hook, then I pause for a minute

Cause I forgot where I met the hoe

And the feeling I've forgotten if the hoes wanna snap

I straight up check the hoe, really doe

To the crib

Chorus

Verse Two: AK-47, Belo

Seven deuce five, the ride the point to spot the live

hoes

Three miles per hour

Like we runnin up on some ri-vals

Never to deny though, these bitches look fly 'Lo

Introduce myself

A to the motherfuckin K finna recognize

Then I loose myself juice myself

As you take one pull, uhh, pass it to the left and umm

Self-centered niggaz'll take two pulls

Cuz they thinkin about samplin umm

P-I, M-P, ology, but logically

We learnin these hoes biology, and obviously, well...

Mmm, ain't this some shit, pull up in the C-A

D-I, Double-L, with ah A-C, A-C hoes

They peep those, P-I, M-P, and they think that

automatically  
Cause he's a pimp, he gotta be, full of that  
M-O, N-E, but why?  
Cause nigga be sportin nice cars and fancy clothes  
Fresh jewels Girbaud flexin one five oh (chop chop)  
Chop up that paper hoe, chop up t

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