

Pyro Methane "Pretty Girl\$"

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[Verse 1: Pyro Methane]

Flew in over night on the red eye, double edge life
Too live with the crew
Scared niggas food, hit'em with the voodoo
Young Zulu, put the paws on'em like scrappy do
We can fuck baby girl if that pussy tight
Eat a bitch like MC Lyte on a good night
Corked bottles of the fine shit I never say right
Fettuccine on the plate, baby with the white wine
Li-Live life comfortable, I get the best of views
Give a nigga some shine like Diddy, Loon
You know Mase and an 'Em?
Its no biggie, biggie, biggie, I be lacing them
I pop the fun you run, you gone cock the gun?
Who these niggas think the fooling when the Uzi's done
I be ruling them. I pop the skilly kinda illy
Like gullie, in Philly, flow wetter than a wet willie
P-P-pop the Glock till I jam the lock
Word on my lil' niggas standing on the block
Say your lines is dope, man my shits be chalked-
outlined
Murder murder blow up the spot
Young ODB word on the WU
Real nigga over here what breed is you?
Man these chickens over here seem to caught the flu
You niggas too food I'm Cordon bleu
Chugging' on brews what are you in too
Finger running through her hair like shampoo
Pop it for my old heads repping damu
And my real niggas modern day too live crew
Can you get it wetter than shamu
See your dude hating over there
I cook a mean beef stew
What you tryna take it too?

[Hook]

Pretty girls wanna roll with a G
On the tour bus, in the shows VIP
Mi-might mosh-pit, front row no seat
Everyday tryna get high, tryna live it up

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North-side, South-side lets ride
East-side, West-side hands high

North-side, South-side lets ride
East-side, West-side hands high

[Verse 2: AyoitsCraig of Ka\$hklub]

Make no mistake about it, I'm down as Fuck and im
bout it
Head high in the motherfucking clouds, say Pyro?
How bout I teach em how to dance with a psycho
Blind bat wit a blindfold, black lines on a white road
Black ho with a white robe, acid when it drips
I'mma pit when I grab hold
I told ya'll , I'mma threat when it comes to the pen
Lowlife til I die but I still try ta win
Get a crown for the fit,loud for the ten
So I can smoke dope wit the pope in his crib
Need to focus your lens, so much hope when he spits
Hoping I hit with this vocalist shit
Bro gotta hit mixing Craig in the mix
Hope I get a break more bread with my grit! IT'S!
Ayo that local, written shit bitch I go so loco
Who don't know? Its ka\$hKlub no hopefuls
I'm filthy, no soap ho
I, O.D., on rhyme schemes
Ingesting that rap crack!
Take all that by all means!

[Outro: Pyro Methane]

Roll with a G, R-R-R-Roll With a G
R-Roll with a G, R-R-R-Roll with a G
Roll with a G, R-R-R-Roll With a G
R-Roll with a G, R-R-R-Roll with a G

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