

Pastor Troy

"You Can't Pimp Me(feat. Peter The Disciple)"

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[Pastor Troy talking]

Pimp shit

Yeah pimp shit, nigga

Wassup baby Ken?

Like this hea

All my niggaz mayn

A yo, all the real boss playa

A yo, this real ATL playa style

A yo, you can't pimp a pimp playa

[Verse 1]

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 befo'

I keep a big gun wit' me every where that I go

And I smoke dro', motherfucker keep that bap ass
weed

Niggaz claimin their my folks bitch you don't know me

D.S.G.B. representin send them haters to hell

It ain't nothing ta' say, it ain't nothin ta' tell

My glock shells will be empty if any tempt me

I'm not no fuckin simp, bitch I'm a fuckin pimp

[Chorus 2x]

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

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

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

I'mma pimp myself

I'mma pimp myself

[Verse 2]

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 mother fuckin hoes

The clothes, the wardrobe, the gators with matchin
socks

Bad ass bitch that kind of favors Goldielox

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

[Chorus 2x]

[Peter Tha Disciple]

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 chedda to the cheese
I roll wit' DSGB, 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 doe don't let it hit ya', you gets no play
And I'm the dro' you the philly get ready to blaze
[Chorus fade out]

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