

Bounty Killer F/ Sugar Minott

"Pimp'en the Scene"

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[First Verse: Kangol Slim]

Picture me peelin' out in a Deville Lac
The Deville I'm peelin' out in is bustin' crushin'
Diamonds ain't no thang
Check out the ice on my fist
Cardier wear flexin' on the wrist
And my niggas makin' money like they supposed to
The front seat of my Lac, feels just like a La-Z-Boy sofa
I'm stackin' paper I'm makin'
I'm makin' paper I'm stackin', these hatin' niggas tryin'
to do a jackin'
But I'm decappin', the first nigga I see
If I feel he's gonna do some harm to me
Protectin' me, by any means necessary
In New Orleans, niggas killin' for less than a G
That's why it be, just me and my P-N-C
Straight screamin' seventeen til' I D-I-E
Givin' all playa haters the blues it's a shame
What they do to that poor alligator to make our shoes
We pimpin' the scene

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'm movin' in my ride
(Do you wanna ride?)
My hats tilt to the side
(Side to Side)
Ridin' with a Gangsta Lean
You know a nigga pimpin' the scene
(A nigga pimpin' the scene)

[Second Verse: Misdemeanor]

See I be, pimpin' the scene cuz lil' red from the South
Got that accent, plus I got them slugs in my mouth
Ain't no sellin' out, boot niggas, love to shoot niggas
Better recruit niggas
We crackin' domes and splittin' vests niggas
I see you grabbin' yo lady cuz she lookin' at me shady
You must have seen that Devilish grin, that your girl
gave me
She slipped the number in, passed it to her girlfriend
She gave me eyes again, her and her so-called friend

I got'z to do them in, both of them broads gotta be
done
And I ain't doin' this shit for reppin', it's just for fun
That's how it's done, on the one, then I'm on the run
I play this game here for real and that's the way it come

[Chorus]

[Third Verse: Kangol Slim]

Check it
This goes out to all my niggas, who ain't got it
And to all my real niggas, who bout it bout it
If you ain't got a clean ride, muthafuck it
Still pimp the scene if you ridin' in a bucket
I ain't even gonna make it look like the finer things
don't get props
Cuz every living motherfucka got 'em
So I don't give a fuck
If you ridin' in a Olds Cutlass or an Expedition truck
Put it on the Neutral ground and bump the sounds, let
your shit straight floss
Rev the engine up, show them bitches you got dual
exhaust
It pays the cost to be the boss where I'm from
Niggas scared of the gun, scared to go out, and have a
lil' fun
But not me, I'm gone continue to pop bottles of wine
Keep my diamonds on shine in the nine
For the nigga tryin' to take mine
I never know when my day gone come, but until then
I'm down in New Orleans, know what I mean? Pimpin'
the scene

[Chorus] (3x)

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