

## David Krutzler

### "Put'cha Cream On It"

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(Don B.)

Yeah, what's happenin'? This yo boy Don B. with the Big Boy

Storm what's happenin'? Tell 'em how you feel?

[First Verse]

Off top I be the pimpstress madam, the main Missus

Loved by niggas and hated by all bitches

The dirt do'er, I'm actin' bad for my riches

Cross me wrong, I leave ya floatin' with the fishes

Peep the scandalous, a grown man couldn't handle this

Niggas wanna try but they be left wrapped in bandages

Evangilistic killers, drug users to drug dealers

All wanna get a feel-uh

I like the top billers, frontin' C's cuz cash rules plenty

On point like Jean, got 'em Jonesin' like Freddy

Holly Grove is in me and I got's to bring the ruckus

Uptown is representin' fuck all you cocksuckers

Hoes, they wanna be me

Niggas can't wait to see me

I step in the joint, and make the whole set steamy

I like them thugged down niggas and you know me

Now watch me represent and get down dirty

Chorus:

Niggas represent, I got a team on it

Niggas put'cha cream on it

Niggas be down to scheme on it

How do you want it? Scandalous design

Give me time, cuz pimps be hard to find

(2x)

[Second Verse]

Big Storm the infamous, them hoes better beware

Gimme a boatload of niggas and I'll handle that there

Cuz I swear, I ain't no joke comin' off of the dome

You see I'm only nineteen, but yet I'm quite grown

Make ya leave your own home, have your kids callin'

me Mommy

While your ol' man find the time to wine me and dine  
me  
You fallin' behind, steady askin' me why  
Cuz I'm a pimp and pimps be hard to find  
That hoe should've known I wasn't jivin'  
See I'm connivin'  
A top notch pro, with perfect timin', I ain't lyin'  
Full of deceit, givin' 'em grief  
But to niggas, Storm spells relief  
To hoes it spells beef  
Still I stand, the one they all envy  
Silly hoes I hate, but to niggas I'm quite friendly  
Killin' 'em gently, I be bout that dough  
Picture this comin' straight from the N.O. hoe

[Third Verse]

Who keeps your shit the hardest? It's me, the goddess  
Receivin' all the stares, lyrically debunaire  
I dare for you to bring it, your peeps are slow singin'  
Make it a lesson taught, revealin' you shouldn't have  
fought  
Against the woman with the cold heart  
It ain't my fault that'cha can't finish what'cha start  
And I could put to halt the shit you put together  
In seconds and do it better  
Never say never, Storm reigns supreme forever  
I got'cha niggas open, outspoken and never jokin'  
You want a toke it? My shit so fire, leave this joint  
smokin'  
I got the goods to keep it tight no doubt  
It's me ya dreamin' about  
Fake niggas gotta re-reroute  
I got clout, and I'ma keep it  
My game run in secret  
Be strategic, niggas weak and they'll believe it  
Peep it, I keep 'em sprung before they know what is  
done  
Stick 'em, you too could be my very next victim

Chorus (2x)

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