

## Digital Sandwich

### "Tha Classic"

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[Skinny Pimp]

Get that money mane if you true to the game  
Brothers coming up mane street thugs never change  
Straight out the projects now we cashing fat checks  
Pimp came a long way from slangin out the duplex  
Now I'm on BET with A.J. and Free  
Bringin out my new release it's a classic to the streets  
Still hard never flauge all in NYC like the mob  
When I do my job pulling up in them fancy cars  
This is for my gangstas ballin in them Cadillac trucks  
Moving weight state to state telling me come the sets  
full  
Now we in the bigger biz still taking care of the kids  
Still taking care of the fam still hitting big licks  
Anybody cross us y'all gotta die  
Understand this we ain't letting nothing slide  
We Mafia so never forget and respect that  
This is the business this is Tha Classic

[Chorus 2X: 211]

Why don't you come to my ghetto hood watch me come  
up  
On the video scene riding clean we blowed up  
The Kings of the south got it all sewed up  
Tha Classic this is the classic

[Skinny Pimp]

Hard times hard years and hard peers I done been thru  
it  
This time no sad faces cuz we gotta do it  
Get rich or die trying this is for my ghetto moms  
Mothers in the ghetto this is coming from your son  
The dope game show me the rap game owe me  
Now everybody in the world finna feel me  
The IC triple P International Cross country  
Professional Paid Pimp bringing it back to the streets  
Never will I sell my sold for a pot of gold  
I will kill these folks before I let them do me cold  
I'm the chosen one and I keep God first in my life  
Even when I'm strapped up riding in the silent night  
I keep it true like my kinfolk Lucky Lou

If he don't get you Big Hill gonna get you  
So when it's time to ride we gon keep it real quiet  
And when you gotta die you can't blame my guys

[Chorus]

[Skinny Pimp]

Why don't you take a trip to Memphis that's where all  
the pimps at  
Maury suits and Gator boots fine women and our strips  
We full of pure passion leaders or fashion  
Pimping and macking big bank we stacking  
24 inch big wheelers car dealers drug dealers  
Big gun shooters and we grid up like P-Miller  
We got the money and power  
the good and the Johnson to Johnson we self-rising like  
flour

[211]

Why don't you come to my ghetto hood watch me come  
up  
On the video scene riding clean we blowed up  
The kings of the south got it all sewed up  
Plenty of pimping in the big body of grown rode up  
The flicker of the diamonds all around the wrist is  
shining  
Pure pure rubian flex sipping wine and  
Bag them loot bundles of cash in the plastic  
This is the classic COME!

[Chorus]

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