

DJ Clue F/ The Lox

"Hit Da Floe"

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[Big Pimp]

I know that y'all feel me now
Since we dropped that Versatile
Know y'all ain't seen my clique in a while
We in the hood coming up with killing style
Everybody talk cause we home now
Look at here boy, you'd better gone now
It used to be black but it's chrome now
If it's cocked back then it's gone fly
Put it on boss, so I won't lie
I used to be young but I'm grown now
Hit a few licks, so we known now
Kicked a little south, so it's on now
Do what you gotta when you broke man
If you get a verse, get the whole thang
How we get here, see we drove man
Rollin in a 'Lac on them chrome thangs, whoa man
We leavin 'em blowed, we leavin 'em throwed
We rollin' for sho'
We got the wood smellin like cinnamon
Gigolo, pimp, got 'em a pro
I'm hitting them blowed
I'm dropping straight game just to put them in
Could've been
The cheapest pimp that you ever seen before
I know you love it when I ride D's and vogues
I know the junkie love it when I cook keys and o's
I'm a freak so you know I stay pleasing woes
I love wood so you know I keep Optimos
We had to Gump locked when we dropped "On Them
Vogues"
And the south don't stop till my head explode
Gotta keep it cold till my pockets swolle
So if you don't know you'd better ask her though
Big pimp quick to kick down your door
I'ma say it again, like I said it before

Chorus (4X)

When them Dirty Boys drop
Better hit the floe [Hit the floe (3X)]
Here we is boy, here we is boy

[Mr. G Stacka]

OK now

Now who be dropping them bombs
They keeping you crunk by making you jump
Off of every word that I spit out
You know them boys from the slum
They carry big pumps and ready to bomb
Off everything that's in our way now
Packing the heat, you stacking the cheese
Ready to freak, each and every one of you woes
Who running the Gump, man y'all already know
Them Dirty Boys, they got a style so cold
Continue to blow that killa smoke through my nose
Emptying clips and busting holes through our foes
Who that out there that's trying to steal our flow
After this time, I bet you won't no more
We left for a while, but now we back on your block
Locking it down because we opened up shop
You open your mouth and boy you bound to get popped
We licking up shots because we leaving them cocked
And every thug that I run with G's
Smoked out keeping freak tricks on they knees
Gotta sack of green wood so we called it trees
Plus a thing of Thunderbird that's swerving me
Now what y'all know bout Mr. G
Much love to them thugs that run the streets
Crack sells, fat mail, while them junkies geek
Pop slugs, draw blood, make them fakers flea
I know a lot of y'all out there envy me
That's all right, we knock em off easily
Seems to be that you would be more concerned
With making your own
Plus a little skeeting up stone
But let it alone
Cause it ain't nothing you can do
Dirty Boys coming back and we bringing the true
And the rest of y'all know when you showed the show
Deuce, triple O, we make em hit the floe

Chorus

[Big Pimp]

Now what y'all think we been doing brah
Sittin at home
Eatin snacks, getting fat
We been in the studio making tracks
But y'all boys wouldn't know nothing bout that
You too busy running off at your mouth
Hollerin about, we fell out
You need to worry bout y'all own damn house

While you're always trying to worry bout ours
Saying "Where the Pimp, where the G
I know they ain't fell of the M-A-P
Is it gonna be y'all last cd"
Look at here boy, stop asking me
That's the same old thing you asked last week
You talk too much if you ask me
I'm glad I ain't tell you that I lived with G
I'm glad I ain't tell you that I flipped the keys
Let me ask you a question
You remember my 'Lac
The green one that I had with my name in the back
Why you won't tell me
Hell who stole that
You pulling everything else out your hat
See most of y'all started rapping yesterday
See me and G been rapping since the 3rd grade
And I don't give a damn what none of y'all say
We bout the only group that deserve to get paid
So roll em up, sack em up, pack em up, and move em
out
Them Dirty Boys coming back through this town
And we won't stop till we shut it down
So if you didn't know you'd better ask her though
Pimp and G quick to kick down your door
I'ma say it again like I said it before
When them Dirty boys drop (When them Dirty Boys
drop)
Better hit the floe

Chorus

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