

DJ Clue F/ The Lox

"We Still"

Visit "[We Still](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Big Pimp]

Ha ha, off the top

We back, Dirty Boyz

A new beginnin' baby

We doin' this thang with Nfinity, and motherfuckin' Rap-A-Lot

Black Klown forever

All my dirty boyz representing the motherfuckin' south Alabama that is

Off the top, we still, and we still

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I'm a pimp to the first degree

The same nigga teachin' the pimp game to you

Shit, he heard it from me

Occasionally, I sack and hustle herb on the street

My cousin G say mac these hoes and leave the curb up to me

So I'm oblidged--to tell every girl that I meet

She wanna ride--she gotta get some dirt on her knees

It hurt'em to see, they baby mama swervin' with me

Left out your house with some pants but had a skirt underneath

She in the heavy C-H-E-V 350 rockin' with the shift kit hurtin' the street

She on the block like she workin' the street

But if I get her in my car, I'mma have the bitch slurpin' for free

Oh you say you wanna twirk for a fee? Well I ain't no trick, BIOTCH

I'll have your ass workin' for me

They call me Peter Wee, because I flirt with the freaks

But you ain't never seen me do it, you just heard it was me

And I'm is...

[Chorus: Big Pimp] (2x)

We still pimpin' hoes, we still gangstafied

We still ridin' vogues, we gettin' high

We still in the club, we still sackin' wood

We still on them tweety dubs, we still in the hood

[Verse 2: G-Stacka]

Now you know Gangsta stayin' blacked down, with a
black 4-pound
And'll bust off rounds, in your chest until your back
blow out
Cause everyday I hit the corner with a cracked up
ounce
Them fiends see me, boy they start to do the
Crackhead Bounce
And I got grams, grams, and grams of blow
Of pure white snow, I call myself the good-dope-store
You'll catch me deep off in the hood sittin' on all gold
spokes
Or probably smokin' on that wood, sippin' that Hypnot-o
And my motto is: If you ain't gangsta, you ain't livin'
right
And if you ain't pimpin' we got prescriptions that'll get
you tight
I come from the street, so packin' heat is just a part of
life
And game on your wife, freak her one night now she a
super dike
And it's the same damn thang everyday, flood the
block with ya'
They don't smoke if they don't pay
I got a tech-9 in my waistline that'll leave your smoke
gray
And in the hood is where you'll find me on a daily paper
chase

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: G-Stacka]

Now when they see me, hell they holla "Gangsta what
you got for bout two bills"
I'll give your ass a ten pack of triple stack X-pills
And that's real, cause a nigga out here tryin' to live
I hit the block with a bunch of rocks until I stack me a
mil'

[Verse 4: Big Pimp]

I shack/Shaq like O'neal, thirty-two O's in the grill
I point guard with G, but I coach them hoes like I'm Phil
Niggas ask what I'll be doin' if I ain't have this deal
And I tell them "The same thang for the last eighteen
years"
And that is...

[Chorus]

Visit [DJ Clue F/ The Lox](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.