

DJ Clue F/ Cam'Ron, Charlie Baltimore, Lil' Cease "Gangsta Pimp"

Visit "[Gangsta Pimp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah
Back up in this biatch
Gelo
You know
You know how we do
Dedicated to all them gangsta pimps in the
motherfucking place
Putting it down in the 2002, '03, '04, '05

How many times will I kick these rhymes
Till you motherfuckers tell me that I'm sick with mines
Couldn't get my line so I slowed it down
Spelled G-E-L-O and they know it now
Style's still the same, forever changing with the game
Like the weed and the 'caine go straight to the brain
Hoes froze when I came, take me to the face
Wanna get a little taste anytime, any place
Anywhere they don't care, in their eye, in their hair
Wanna keep it like a little secret sex souvenir
What the hell I ain't tripping, if they're sipping then I'm
busting a nut
GB is never trusting a slut

[Chorus x2]

We them gangsta pimps, playboy mack daddies
Kind of motherfuckers that you see off in the Caddy
Kind of motherfuckers got the weed and the cavi
Kind of motherfuckers if you trip'll let you have it

Load them up, roll them up, letting them go
Take the collar off a bad bitch, testing a hoe
Bring a nickle to the tele by a quarter to four
Or you ain't gonna get to see your daddy no more
Oh for sure, on the stroll I play the roll as a mack
I'm in the 'Lac with the flat eye line down the back
With the sack I be blowing, every motherfucker
knowing
Little rapping, little flowing, little pimping, little hoing
Little this, little that, little stacking my ends
Little house, little boat, little 500 Benz
All my friends they be telling me I'm out of control

But my mama done told me so I already know
Gelo about to blow the hinges off the door
The ghetto Ross Perot with the low in Dago
Pursuing it and doing it, and doing it well
Off the heezy for sheezy, it's easy to tell

[Chorus x2]

So many brothers in the bizz is faking, they got me
tripping
Wondering is it the snizz or satan that they be dipping
Either way I'm not the one for flaking, or perpetrating
We gonna run and pull our guns, be done, no time for
waiting
I ain't hating on nobody but they hating on me
Always questioning and debating while they waiting to
see
If I'ma fall or ball I'll take it all and bounce
Shoot it straight to the dome like a half an ounce
No doubt we're about a trip as you can tell
Worldwide clientele putting zippers in the mail
Never fail, no jail's too deep to discuss
But got bud in the ass, probably got it from us
People bending in the corners of the back of the bars
Tripping on my motherfucking fancy ass cars
Wish upon a star, you ain't gotta go far
Southeast babygirl, you know who we are

[Chorus x2]

Visit [DJ Clue F/ Cam'Ron, Charlie Baltimore, Lil' Cease](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.