

Do or Die f/ Johnny P

"That's My Car"

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(Verse 1, AK)

Just, bailin' outta the bed
Crossed up with some ho with some nice head
Feelin' exhausted from the slow sex
Still sippin' on the last night's Moet
I'm bout to get dressed
So I pull out the Prada with the Gucci fit
Might as well pull out two fit
At the burger workin' too thick
Lookin' too slick, about to jump off wit' two chicks
On the way to the strip to bump off a new bitch
Got the digits, hit the Hydro too quick, skeet
Me and lil' or whatever in the hood when we campaign
Flamin' mary, bumpin' Champagne, later on get a lil'
brain
If the head right, I'm in the Cadillac every night
Tinted windows, like air-tight
And it seem like... ch-oh-ch-ahhhh
Rich niggas, in the bread... ohh-ahhhhh
Bumpin' ho's and the woodgrain
I make 'em say "Who Dat?" (Who dat? Who dat?)
The colored nigga from the Chi, whoever knew that?
A Black n' Mild with some Hennessy, wit' two sacks
Nigga true dat...

(Hook, Johnny P)

And we be ridin' Lacs
Little kids be like...
That's my car! That's my car!
And we be ridin' Lacs
Little kids be like...
That's my caaar, that's my caaar

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(Verse 2, Belo)

Well I gotta pimp, like automatically
Cuz I kinda like a bitch, on the canopy
Baby mama lookin' very mad at me
But I choked her with the dick, like magically
And drastically, got a car full of ho's in my Escalade
Six T.V.'s in my Escalade, twenty inch rims on my
Escalade
Thanks to babe, you niggas say "ugh, ain't this some
shhhh...?"
Dressed in black, Lou Dob hat, spells C-A-D-I, Cadillac
Bumpin' A-C with the ho's in the back
Used to be the clique, see two matter fact
And "Pimpology" keep the women in tact
Gettin' paper when I'm watchin' the Mac
Bet a hundred dollars, did I do that?
Niggas pay a ho, puttin' flaws in the game
And niggas say Belo put a pause to your name?
I'm a bad pimp, beat a ho with a flame
Niggas ain't changed, y'all know the game
I could meditate while a girl gimme brain
Dodgin' the pump when I'm switchin' the lane
"Money ain't a Thang", chicks ain't a thang
Chrys' ain't a thang, hoggin' the lane

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(Verse 3, N.A.R.D.S)
Yo, when you don't grow up in this game
Ain't know about your walk
Or how many chicks ya got
Or who could ride a colder slab
'Cause we "Still Po Pimpin'"
Puttin' it down wit' the oldest macks
See I was told the fact that
Good game check all game
And y'all could be messin' wit these broads and thangs
Have a nigga bein' Crip, gettin' all at'cha thangs
Be stepped up, but how yall gonna explain?

And uhh... hell nah she can't come for my dough
But why she gon' fight other chicks, I don't know
Some of 'em move befo' they pass through the floor
See I could go pass for a chick to the dope
And uhh....

(Johnny P, singing)
See we don't love these ho's
And we don't trust these ho's
Gotta stay above these ho's
All I know, we just fuck these hooo's

(Verse 3, continued)
That's what a old pimp told me
Never love a chick that be runnin' the streets
Never love a chick that be gone for weeks
Never love a chick that be offerin' your peep's
If she gon' creep, then gon' let her creep
If she gon' cheat, then gon' let her cheat
If she gon' freak, then gon' let her freak
If a ho don't work, then a ho don't eat

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(Johnny P, singing)
Every time I hit the spot
All the honey's think I'm hot
You know the twenty's don't stop
Every time I'm 'finna plot
I say wassup and blow
Cause all the shorty's know
It's mista....
Whhhhoooooooooooooooo

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