

Emily & Tom

"Still Pimpin' Pens"

Visit "[Still Pimpin' Pens](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lucky]

Yeah, 2003..

They gone hate this..

My boy Filero, in here on the track..

[Lucky Luciano]

Well it's the nawfside mexican, wreckin these boys ugly

No matter what you do, there ain't no fucking with the

Lucky

The coldest in the free world, these record labels want
me

They know I'm bout to switch the game up and get
money

I got grown women with their own bank account

I ain't gone do nothin stupid, so these laws could take
me out

I gotta represent for y'all, put my hood on the map

Houstone till I'm gone, H-Town where you at?

I got a manager with me that keep a glock forty wit em'

Keep thinking I'm slippin, and get shot up by my
assistant

But nigga please, that shots from the k

Knock the smile off your face, so calmate guey

Im a blaze up the Arizona weed and smoke

Still sippin on the lean like a G supposed to

03 fa' sho, is my time to shine

If I don't make it with this rappin, I'm a cock my nine

And find the nearest dopeman and goto his dope
house

Kick down the door, take over and boss

Im a young boss hogg, nigga look at me now

In the kitchen on a mission, tryin a cook up an ounce

And serve y'all what you need, watch the block bleed

When I signed on the dotted lines I got G's

Thought I signed for nothin you must think Luck a fool

My lawyer would'nt let me do it even if I wanted too,
ooh!

[Lucky]

Oooh, that boy said that, know I'm sayin?..

Screwed up texas..

H-town, What it do?..
It don't stop..

[Lil' Keke]

I been pimpin major pen, since the year 9-3
Who better to get it crackin than that boy Don Ke
Got that Lucky on my side and he rippin the flo'
We gone shut down and close before we open the door
Now it's 2003 it ain't no fuckin with me
I stay sippin on the sprite and I stay fire'n the tree
This for all the young G's that be reppin the blocks
they be rollin' 22's and be covered in rocks...it don't
stop
So I'm a pimp me a pen
Drop the top on the lac and try to smash again
Southside representin man, you know who it be
Straight up out the dirty third, it's that H-Town G
And it's R.I.P to that G named Screw
We gone keep this thing rockin, tryin a do what we do
We started this thing up and we bringin it back
Houston Texas in the house and the Don Said
that...What

[Lil' Keke]

Houston Texas...7-1-3
Peace to the whole underground..
Its the young Don, CMG representin..
Lucky..
My boy Filero..
R.I.P to Dj Screw!!!

[Lucky talking over Lil' Keke]

Fa' sho...Haa!
It don't stop..
H-Town, what it do, baby?..
Pullin' trails nawf, off the west gulf bank..
R.I.P to Dj Screw!!!..
Fa' Sho!

[Lucky Luciano]

Its time to lay em' down like that stripper last night
Some talk about it but I'm living that life
Who be ballin in them Houston streets
L to the U to the C to the K to the K to the E to the K to
the E
Lil' Keke and Lucky Me, shooting dice for a hundred G's
Show me the mic and I'm a wreck
Pimpin puttin these hoes in check
See the wrist got big bagets
Princess all on my neck
Full tank on Gulf Bank

Y'all already know I drank drank
Ga' dang, I'm a do the fool
When I come down chunkin duece out the roof
I got Gucci on my shoe, yeah I use to skip school
But now I'm throwing parties, women in my swimming
pool
Apple over blue, on them 22's
See the inside looking like a living room
Aint no mo' woo-doo
Im comin in somin new
Nawfside, southside, baby tell me what it do, haa

Visit [Emily & Tom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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