Faith Lyrics by St. James Rebecca "Gimpin"

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Talking

Mi puta, This what its all about huh, fucking and sucking

You piece of trash, Every gimp like you needs a pimp like me ok

You get on that fucking block and you make my money you piece of trash

Make my money right now, you get on that street and you look good

And you work good and you suck good ok

(Kane)

Dressed to impress like I'm slinging them birds Put a bitch on pimp arrest as she keep her eyes to the curb

These ho's we don't need em, we let the welfare feed em

Hustlas pimp hoes for pussy let them fake bustas eat em

Mr. Kane, Mr. Magic, dog a bitch quick Hit that trick from the back and let her suck my brother dick

We don't sweat these hoes, we let these hoes
Find em, fuck em, duck em and forget these hoes
I need fresh money everyday bitch have my cash
Try to short game or run game get shot in the ass
Understand you da hoe and I'm the pimp
All paper comes to me, see you the gimp
Put some stretchmarks on that pussy and fuck till you
limp

When the sun goes down you gonna do it again

(Abel)

I started off two hoes on the block for me Now its two hundred hoes wanna shop with me

Chorus: (Magic, Kane & Abel)

Look, I got a proposition every gimp needs a pimp If you about gimpin' then we about pimpin (repeat 4x)

(Big Ed)

It ain't nothing like black pussy on my dick
My tank dawgs said never put my faith in a bitch
All females ain't hoes, I love the ladies
But gimps get tag team freaks in backseats of jeeps
I'm that big dick nigga drivin up ya street
Big dick nigga got em going mouth to me
I'll hit ya in ya grill hole if you want it there
I'll even watch you eat your girl's pussy I dont care
I'll hit you from the back, slap your ass and pull your
hair

Wrap around rub your clit through your pubic hairs Women call me the assassin cause they know I'm gone kill it

I fuck your pussy so hard I make ya momma feel it

(Mac)

Now where the gimps, I slam em like Shawn Kemp I guess I'm a born pimp cause I never eat it, still I complete it

My name Mac so motherfuckers know where my game at

I fuck em and duck, give em wrong numbers and what Camouflage love all night making you moan Yeah I get mine and I'm gone but I gotta go finish my song

Look you ain't gotta go home but you gotta leave Now straighten up your weave

And call me soon as you make it to your crib please And I'm gone give you a beep next time I want to creep Wouldn't give a fuck if you sleep, wake up and greet its me

I like them thug girls yall can have them pretty hoes Them giddy hoes aint good for nothing but videos

Chorus 4x

No disrespecting my sisters, I'm disrespecting you bitches

Scandalous hoes sucking and fucking for a nigga's riches

Keep your hands out my pockets ho cause I'm a pimp You can't play this fucking player thats why I treat you like a gimp

You ain't nothing but a fuck or two

So if you ain't got no cash then I really dont want your ass

I'm bout bigger and fucking better
If you really want me then bring the cheddar
And I promise you that you'll never need another fellow

Treat ya like daddy but be sure to call me Magic And if I ever catch you stashing, girl I'm gone let you have

When a nigga call you, call me and I decide (hmmm...)
Whether this nigga deserves the pussy...trust me
Sign your name on the dotted line and if you ever need
this nigga
Just call me I aint hard to find

Chorus 4x

Talking

(Magic)

What you don't get it or something...

No limit carry nothing but pimps and motherfucking players.

Know what I'm saying. Tell em twin.

(Kane)

Nigga these hoes like busses.

You miss one you just catch another one ya heard me.

Is that your pussy or is a catchers mitt?

Suck a dick bitch.

(Magic)

Ol' stanky uncomfortable scallywag trifling ass ho.

Hoes don't mean nothing to us.

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