

Gaby Albrecht

"Gorilla Pimpin'"

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(Babe Reg)

Yeah yeah

Woke up one morning to see my niggas from high school

Checc it out

Babe Reg...Mr. Doctor...Foe Loco

(Babe Reg)

Woke up one morning out some bomb ass cocc

My dick kinda limp so I cruise around the blocc

Call my cousin Doc as I swoop in the drop

Stop by my homie Foe house to puff on the ounce

Seen my little homie Twamp who I ain't seen in a while

Nigga gone been floatin on clout nine

Headed to the Liquor sto', got some mixed gin and juice

Got a quarter pound of kills so I'm fucced up for real

Seven, eight, nine ten eleven twelve

Bailed bacc in the crib (For what?) Because I'm all-in

Conversated then I dug the hoe out

I fixed me some food, then go the hell out

Two A.M. on the diz-ot, I pause and I stiz-op

I reminisce on that ass that I riz-occed

And now I'm high as a kite

Yeahh, and I'm feelin alright

Four A.M. as I stoll bacc to my crib

to see what's with my woman and my newborn kid

(Mr. Doctor)

With my mind on my money and my money on my mind

We do this everyday about the same time, be-otch!

(Foe Loco)

Up at Rosemont Park one day, that's when I saw her face

She looked kind of cavi to me

And when I take her home, and tap that ass I'm gone

I'm just a hog don't blame me

(Mr. Doctor)

Yeah, yeah...yeah, yeah
Now do I love them hoes? (Reg: Nigga hell naw)
And why is that? (Reg: Because we some gangsta's
Doc)
(Reg: And we don't never give a fucc about a bitch
To Odysea...bitches ain't shit but hoes and triccs)
Ha hah, dee dee dadi dadi dah
Listen to the sounds from my nigga Mr. Doc
While I slide through the city in the rag six-tre'
Hoppin like a mutha fucca tryin to find some play
Hittin all the spots but I'm comin up blank
I'm headed to the liquor store to get myself some
drank
Parks my ride as I, steps inside, as I
Slips my Colt 45 by my side, as I
Continue with my mission
Pussy is my dish and I'm dishin, dishin
Upon a star, to come up on some ends for my caviar
And a little bit of pussy
So I can get my pimp on
Cause my pig gets my pimp on from G to Odysea,
nigga

(Babe Reg)
I put my pen, on cold Ohio nights
and the bitch didn't freezed up when I wanted her to
write
Put my pen in the hot California sun
and the bitch didn't swear nor run
What's up girl, you know you look good
But you got to pay me cuz you ain't from my hood
I need skrills, gotta pay the bills
And you lookin kind of over the hills
Make my money...bring it home
Cuz I don't wanna have to knocc you in your dome
Bitch...where my money at
Don't start to runnin batch
I might have to slap you
Don't want to have to slap you
Don't want to have to bacc you
Up of the N
Up off the North, up off the South
Up off the East and West
Bitch...them breasts is my tits
I run you, I want all of it
I'm the balla bitch
Bring all skrills cuz you know

