## Honey Thieves "Nothin' But Pimp Shit"

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(Droopy Drew Dog)

I come down baby walks once again it's on

You see I peeped at the game that wrote in your song

Definition for drama

Bout' to play wit'cha mama

Never been a sucka nigga

Cause it's still on the come up

You know a busta get faded

(???) would of made it

Somewhere down the line

You playa hated and traded

See I done what I did

And if you fell off

I do it again

Mama's only song I scrapped since the age of ten

I had no brothers and sisters

I had no father

World drama taxed

Thought the lord didn't bother

To hear me, nigga can you feel me

God can you forgive me

For all the dirt I'da did

(???)

I put the (???)

Because it's over now

Cross me again then it definetly a showdown

Jimmy Jex slipping get his crown cracked

(???) a bitch

But see you made me a tape

Chorus x2

See nothin' but shit up in my blood

And plus the drugs up in this thug

Indonisia

(??)

I'm a motherfucker hustlin that I'd trap down on

Tryin' to come up in this game

Whether is right or is wrong

My attitude is fucking

Bad around town in a bucket

I got a job but go quick

Cause minimum wage ain't shit

Now feel me

I think the government is fucking us blind

While they gettin' paid

Leavin' all the poor folks behind

Occupation for money was just a criminal grind

You don't gotta be in jail

Because your ass doing time

I'm black

Aggrivated, criminal mind stated

Problems with the police

They were all (??) related

Now take my shoes and walk em out of my pad Vic

A playa hatas they down to blood bound

Can you feel me

I'm talking about the real, do you hear me

A trick the bitch walk up the same (???)

I'm puttin it down on a mic representing self made

No shorts or losses

But bullets get sprayed

I'm not some artificial killer

Or some cheap ass thriller

But I can chop your head off

You get between my scribble

## Chorus x2

So there you have it

Self made playa Droopy Droop motherfucking Dog

Puttin' it down for playa village

AKA BH motherfucking P

Hook my shit with Paul

Motherfucking prophet

Juicy "J" behind this shit

You know what I'm saying

Can't stop

It's on from hurdle to hurdle two G's bitch

Fear this nigga

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