

## The Dirtbombs

### "Hit Da Floe"

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[Big Pimp]

I know that y'all feel me now  
Since we dropped that Versatile  
Know y'all ain't seen my clique in a while  
We in the hood coming up with killing style  
Everybody talk cause we home now  
Look at here boy, you'd better gone now  
It used to be black but it's chrome now  
If it's cocked back then it's gone fly  
Put it on boss, so I won't lie  
I used to be young but I'm grown now  
Hit a few licks, so we known now  
Kicked a little south, so it's on now  
Do what you gotta when you broke man  
If you get a verse, get the whole thang  
How we get here, see we drove man  
Rollin in a 'Lac on them chrome thangs, whoa man  
We leavin 'em blowed, we leavin 'em throwed  
We rollin' for sho'  
We got the wood smellin like cinnamon  
Gigolo, pimp, got 'em a pro  
I'm hitting them blowed  
I'm dropping straight game just to put them in  
Could've been  
The cheapest pimp that you ever seen before  
I know you love it when I ride D's and vogues  
I know the junkie love it when I cook keys and o's  
I'm a freak so you know I stay pleasing woes  
I love wood so you know I keep Optimos  
We had to Gump locked when we dropped ?On Them  
Vogues?  
And the south don't stop till my head explode  
Gotta keep it cold till my pockets swolle  
So if you don't know you'd better ask her though  
Big pimp quick to kick down your door  
I'ma say it again, like I said it before

Chorus (4X)

When them Dirty Boys drop  
Better hit the floe [Hit the floe (3X)]  
Here we is boy, here we is boy

[Mr. G Stacka]

OK now

Now who be dropping them bombs  
They keeping you crunk by making you jump  
Off of every word that I spit out  
You know them boys from the slum  
They carry big pumps and ready to bomb  
Off everything that's in our way now  
Packing the heat, you stacking the cheese  
Ready to freak, each and every one of you woes  
Who running the Gump, man y'all already know  
Them Dirty Boys, they got a style so cold  
Continue to blow that killa smoke through my nose  
Emptying clips and busting holes through our foes  
Who that out there that's trying to steal our flow  
After this time, I bet you won't no more  
We left for a while, but now we back on your block  
Locking it down because we opened up shop  
You open your mouth and boy you bound to get popped  
We licking up shots because we leaving them cocked  
And every thug that I run with G's  
Smoked out keeping freak tricks on they knees  
Gotta sack of green wood so we called it trees  
Plus a thing of Thunderbird that's swerving me  
Now what y'all know bout Mr. G  
Much love to them thugs that run the streets  
Crack sells, fat mail, while them junkies geek  
Pop slugs, draw blood, make them fakers flea  
I know a lot of y'all out there envy me  
That's all right, we knock em off easily  
Seems to be that you would be more concerned  
With making your own  
Plus a little skeeting up stone  
But let it alone  
Cause it ain't nothing you can do  
Dirty Boys coming back and we bringing the true  
And the rest of y'all know when you showed the show  
Deuce, triple O, we make em hit the floe

Chorus

[Big Pimp]

Now what y'all think we been doing brah  
Sittin at home  
Eatin snacks, getting fat  
We been in the studio making tracks  
But y'all boys wouldn't know nothing bout that  
You too busy running off at your mouth  
Hollerin about, we fell out  
You need to worry bout y'all own damn house

While you're always trying to worry bout ours  
Saying ?Where the Pimp, where the G  
I know they ain't fell of the M-A-P  
Is it gonna be y'all last cd?  
Look at here boy, stop asking me  
That's the same old thing you asked last week  
You talk too much if you ask me  
I'm glad I ain't tell you that I lived with G  
I'm glad I ain't tell you that I flipped the keys  
Let me ask you a question  
You remember my 'Lac  
The green one that I had with my name in the back  
Why you won't tell me  
Hell who stole that  
You pulling everything else out your hat  
See most of y'all started rapping yesterday  
See me and G been rapping since the 3rd grade  
And I don't give a damn what none of y'all say  
We bout the only group that deserve to get paid  
So roll em up, sack em up, pack em up, and move em  
out  
Them Dirty Boys coming back through this town  
And we won't stop till we shut it down  
So if you didn't know you'd better ask her though  
Pimp and G quick to kick down your door  
I'ma say it again like I said it before  
When them Dirty boys drop (When them Dirty Boys  
drop)  
Better hit the floe

Chorus

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