

The Dirtbombs "The Pimp & Da Gangsta"

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It's the

It's the eerrie pimp

Eerrie pimp

Eerrie pimp

Eerrie pimp

Eerrie pimp and gangsta!

Eerie gang

Eerie gang

Eerie gang

Eerie gang

Eerrie pimp and gangsta!

[Chorus - Mr. G'stacka]

Now it's the pimp and the gangsta, stackin cheese And we ain't rollin unless we sittin on 20 inch D's We slide wit ease and everyday we gettin high wit weed

We ride wit G's and movin on up from O's to ki's

(Big Pimp)

I was that'same pimp that y'all use to call

Hey lil fat daddy

And I'm still fat

Now I'm pushin a pretty ass fat caddy

I ain't livin lavvy shit

I had to hustle to stack this mil

Every car that I rolled out

Triple deal wheels to match my grill

How you haters feel

To see the pimp and the gangsta ridin off this here?

My diamond grill shinin from eastern mall all the way to western hill

We got yo bloody cause dem dirty boys we slangin

At times we movin keys cross county lines to make em peel

Now our safe can t close up

You probably got sum D's

But my spokes be gold n

You probably got sum dimes bro

But mine be swole up

You probably got sum rhymes

But pimpin to be so cold da

You probably got sum optimos

But none to roll up

You probably got sum ice

But mine be froz n

You probably got a gul bro

But mine be rolled up

You probably got a caddy player

But mine be smoked up

(Mr. G'stacka)

I'm slangin dem keys pickin up G's rolling through the gump

I know you jock that

The police watch that

This young gangsta dipped in chocolate

And they can t stop that

So pass the brew and just keep drankin

We ball for all thisis

We holla boss

We neva fall

We bankin wit'shankin

Any hater that's talkin bout gankin

He must quit thankin

Now the results of this is bullets slangin

We love that bangin

So look here mayn Don't come here wit that bullness

Cause if you start to actin hard I'm gon have to pull this

A full clip that's about to explode

Oh, you didn't know?

It's dem boys dirty, dirty

Act n wit dirty, dirty

He go by that bloody, bloody

Six feet deep in muddy, muddy

You neva was my buddy

And ain't nann out there can hurt me

Trust me

Believe that

It's Mr. G who is speakin

Dem pluggas I left dem tweakin

Yo broad I left her leakin

I'm creepin

On another level

I know you feel this

The pimp and the gangsta

Ask yo self

Now who s the realest

(Chorus - Mr. G'stacka)

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(Mr. G'stacka)

I'm leanin back and rollin up the window, we blowin indo

Creepin up through the hood hittin up my kinfolk And if you didn't know I'm the same G they call lil skinny

No longer skinny, but I'm pushin an expedition on 20's And it's plenty wood in my sack, and that's a fact

Playa we roll em fat, dem big ol ball bats

Oh yes, we call em that, I love to stack and ball dogg

Don't you recall dogg the same boss that had dem bodies hauled off

From the sawed off

And they'all lost

So they payed the cost

And that's a nice price

Cause I'm always with my folks

Wit the black hats tilted to the right

At night, we breed

And you best believe you gonna bleed

If you step to Mr. G or

The P-I to the M to the P

Take heed because we grind too, let me remind you I know the name is Dirty but look here we like to shine

too

Smoke pine too and neva fake neva roll shake

Cause we smoke mo blunts then our lungs can take Continue to hate and catch two A.K. shells to your face Ain't got no time to waste so playa stay away from our place

You'll get a taste, cause I'll leave yo whole life a disgrace

Cause it's the pimp and the gangsta wreckin towns in your state

(Big Pimp)

It's the pimp and the gangsta Quick to gank ya fo yo dope It's the pimp and the gangsta Slangin wood, heroin, and coke It's the pimp and the gangsta Servin dem junkies till they croak It's the pimp and the gangsta Mackin dem hoes leavin em broke It's the pimp and the gangsta Doin the same thang before Pushin a Lac wit triple gold D's Blazin treez and slangin dope Now everyday we smokin killa weed Slangin dust from coke or treez On the grind every goddamn week Just to sport dem 20 inch D's Take that dope, mix enough Cook it let it bubble up If it's not rockin up Then you must got to much cut Po it out, try again Now you got to buy sum mo Now you got to up yo price Cause you done fucked up yo dope Hit the block Make that bread Serve em to the mornin mayn Got dem junkies moanin mayn Tryin to make that money mayn Feelin good, choppin birds Cause you tryin to flo yo tea You aint got to sweat the curb cause you went from Os to ki's

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