

Kingpin Skinny Pimp f/ Eightball, Jack Frost, Nikia Shine, Yo Gotti

"TV's, 24's, & Wang"

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(Intro, Jack Frost)

Yeah mayn, this Jack frost
And this the anthem for them ballers who live to floss
I see ya mayn
You watchin TV's with DVD's, you just lost your top
And you ridin on rims that keep spinnin when the car
stop (Schrrrr)
I ain't mad at'cha playa, ya got money to burn huh?
I tell ya what, ya need'a spend it cause you got it
That's what I do
Check it, the Rap Hustlaz made this one for you, playa

(Hook, Nikia Shine)

Turn ya TV's on, light'cha truck up
Turn ya TV's on, light'cha car up
You got a system in that junt, let it wang (Let it wang)
23's, Kinfolks, do ya thang (Do ya thang)

(Verse 1, Kingpin Skinny Pimp)

Well here's a true story I gots 'ta tell
About them playas with them TV's and chrome
Sprewells
It all kicked off in 2000 and 2
The first hit singles "TV's" and "Do What You Do"
Got the whole world lit, fancy trucks and cars
Pullin nothin but superstars on Beverly Boulevard
Diamond bezel blingin out the tint, ya dig
Desert Eagle in my lap, on my Lakers outfit
Ya see we doin it big, that brand new smell in my ride
And I keep a amazon on the passenger side
We got the bump and the funk
Pretty ladies with the booties like the wide TV screens
Cause they think they at the movies
If you on them 24's and that candy too
Flip flop and hit cruise to my video-shoot
And these girls, they love us
They choosin to drive us
TV's in the headrest, and the sun-visors

(Hook x2)

(Verse 2, Yo Gotti)

I'm a young nigga, money and power
Top dropped, TV's, burnt orange Prowler
Flip flops with the sharks in the visor
When on a blind date, pulled up and surprised her
She knew I was a rider, Gotti on fire
Didn't know I was illegal substance provider
They say I'm pullin stunts like my name was MacGyver
But no I'm not, I'm a North Memphis survivor (Survivor)
You got them brand new, tossin shoes, 22's
You feelin fine, your TV screen bow down
Plus you sippin Wine
That Chryssy-Chryssy, or that Mo', or that Grey Goose
You feelin loose wit'cha ho
I ain't Trick Daddy nigga, but I "Slip n' Slide"
Cause my TV's on in my show-off ride
I didn't say I'm no CashMoney Millionaire
"Hood Rich" and to a bitch, I'm a zillionaire

(Hook x2)

(Verse 3, Nikia Shine)

Now since the first TVs, ya boy Shine had to flip
Shit, too hot out here in Memphis, so I had to take a trip
I'm at the BET Awards, and I got my shit shipped
Got my 24's and wang, and I'm bout to hit the strip
I'm in my Sean John valore, young black entrepreneur
Got a bag of sticky kush, and I promise you it's pure
Got them 8-1-8's, 3-2-3's, and 3-1-0's
On my 2-way, my cellphone, different hoes, area codes
Ballin down Sunset, bout to hit Roscoe
Meet Alicia, wit it? We can fuck, we bout to bounce
though
Navigation in my dash, givin me direction
Wangin at Yo Gotti as I hit the intersection
Pull over at the sto' for Cigarillos for my 'Dro ('Dro)
Rims still spinnin as I walk up out the sto'
Memphis to the West Coast, Kinfolks, it ain't a game
It's ya boy Kia Shine, now gon' let it waaang

(Hook x2)

(Verse 4, Eightball)

Yo, this Big Ball
You know a playa like me came to straight up keep it
raw
The hardest pimpin nigga that'chu biches ever saw
I come from Memphis Ten. where niggas all about they
change (Yeah)
And all the real playas know my name and my game
The bitches that I kick it with, they like to keep it crunk

They smokin sticky with me, poppin lips and love to
fuck
Then I go right to the studio and drop verses
Go do a show and never give a fuck about rehearsin
Get on a plane, flip to ATL and get some peaches
Miami, at the tides, chillin on South Beaches
My Rap Hustla homies pull up chiefin with some bitches
(Kinfolk)
Screens fallin out the sky, on 22's, teachin

(Hook x6)

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