

Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G "Pistols, Power, Paper"

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(Verse 1)

I got so much trouble on my mind
You playa haters make a real nigga shine
As we pop collars
Pimp slaps, I mash for dollars
We don't listen, hard-head-ass niggas
Heated with choppers
Can't tell me shit, or to talk to
When I'm walkin with my niggas thru the crowd
Talkin hella loud
Off that coke and rum, they let us in with our guns
Didn't search us at all, the made nigga Spice 1
You don't wanna see us
Nigga you better roll with us
We're ready to go to war when the Feds come to get us
We're obitual criminals, take your punk-ass home
Tryna hang with street dawgs with a flee color on
You can't ride with us
You can't slide with us
When you're actin like a bitch
Terrified to bust
'415' with us, too scared to die with us
Red lights and street signs don't apply to us
We brake the muthafuccin law every chance we get
Put a .45 slug in the back of your shit
Now, how muthafuccin gangsta can you get
Cause niggas gotta have balls 'n brains in this
Game in this bitch niggas aim to miss
I heat and sink dat muthafuccas battle ships
Smash and dip
Peelin on ass and hips
Do a show, bitches in the crowd flash they tits
We ain't fake nigga
Surroundin myself with killers
Know the best gun dealers in town
Bring Impalas to the shoot out
Puttin muthafuccas to sleep
It's deep, I still keep a .44 under the seat
You muthafuccas can't see me when I fade to black
Paranoid, tryna find where the fuck out where you at
nigga

(Chorus) 1x

Pimpin is Pussy-Poetry
Pistols, Power and Paper
Murderers, Money, Mayheim
Million of skyscrapers
Tell me do you see a killa when you look in my eyes?
Can you tell a real nigga from a bitch in disguise?
Is you ready to ride?
Is you scared to die?
Is you scared to die?
Is you ready to ride?

(Hook)

Pimpin is Pussy-Poetry
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(Verse 2)

I'm right behind ya
I know you feel death in a room
Military from the womb quick to be ghetto platoon
I'm a blood thirsty money hungry nigga for cash
Ridin on enemies, smokin weed and hash
G's don't last, will I die from a violent death
Will I live til I'm 85 and die from sex
This muthafucca is walkin 'round I wanna stop him from
breathin
As I dials his number he won't make it thru the weekend
I came thru the door
I said it before
Put one in his dome
He was dead before he hit the floor
Cause a Thug Lord nigga is always hard
Come fuccin with us and we will pull your card
Knowin nothin in life but to ride and ball
Never slide before a bitch nigga is hidin from
Under cars and bushes tryna dodge the bullets
Still makin more mail than the rest of the pushers nigga

(Chorus) 2x

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