

Lucky Luciano

"Still Pimpin Pens"

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[Lucky]
Yeah, 2003..
They gone hate this..
My boy Filero, in here on the track..

[Lucky Luciano]
Well it's the nawfside mexican, wreckin these boys ugly
No matter what you do, there ain't no fucking with the
Lucky
The coldest in the free world, these record labels want
me
They know I'm bout to switch the game up and get
money
I got grown women with their own bank account
I ain't gone do nothin stupid, so these laws could take
me out
I gotta represent for y'all, put my hood on the map
Houstone till I'm gone, H-Town where you at?
I got a manager with me that keep a glock forty wit em'
Keep thinking I'm slippin, and get shot up by my
assistant
But nigga please, that shots from the k
Knock the smile off your face, so calmate guey
Im a blaze up the Arizona weed and smoke
Still sippin on the lean like a G supposed to
03 fa' sho, is my time to shine
If I don't make it with this rappin, I'm a cock my nine
And find the nearest dopeman and goto his dope
house
Kick down the door, take over and boss
Im a young boss hogg, nigga look at me now
In the kitchen on a mission, tryin a cook up an ounce
And serve y'all what you need, watch the block bleed
When I signed on the dotted lines I got G's
Thought I signed for nothin you must think Luck a fool
My lawyer would'nt let me do it even if I wanted too,
ooh!

[Lucky]
Oooh, that boy said that, know I'm sayin?..
Screwed up texas..

H-town, What it do?..
It don't stop..

[Lil' Keke]

I been pimpin major pen, since the year 9-3
Who better to get it crackin than that boy Don Ke
Got that Lucky on my side and he rippin the flo'
We gone shut down and close before we open

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