

MC Breed f/ The D.O.C. "Guerrilla Pimpin'"

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[Verse 1: MC Breed] Big baller, on fly biggie, black four fifty Quickly run to your city like a gypsy Kept a half ounce of buddah to get the cash and bounce 51 mansion, I ain't stopped to see who doin' the askin' All these motherfuckers doin' this blastin' So while these fools' words be heated like passion I'ma catch end, what? - I'm workin' with the full grip Ain't no future in that bullshit So I pull shit, off like my presidential Sniff and stay illegal like the governmental Make new world, everytime Got my shit lookin' bright like the shoes shine Rub you up like the massage when I'm on the grind Cause in my mind, you better get yours, cause I'ma get mine fool [Chorus: The D.O.C. X2] Stackin' them bricks got you trippin' Them cookies and them cakes got you slippin' A flock of birds got you on the yard simpin' We got B-E-N-G-A all day, Guerrilla Pimpin' [Verse 2: MC Breed] Now, now, now I'ma drop a jewel right quick, G shit You finna get the convict, subliminal bomb shit Criminal, monopoly, philosophy Million dollar properties, Gs overseas, status Meet my mackies and apparatus Known from I give the Grammer from Atlanta to Atlantis I handle this, pound for pound, Roy Juhon scandalous Break it down, I'm gonna give you what you need Full balls and big dick and straight weed Or get wet up, you know, you better get up And get yours from the T.O.P. - fuckin' with me Smooth Jacks and Braud Backs and Kool Max Some criminal contacts, be lovin' my gold plaques But that ain't who I'ma goes at On the real, dollar bill motherfucker Can you flow with that? [Chorus: The D.O.C. X2] [Hook: The D.O.C. X4] It's goin' on and on, nigga It's goin' on and on and on [Verse 3: MC Breed] Knick Knack Patty Whack, give the dog a bone No give him a zone, tell him get the fuck on It don't stop, 'til your life get popped And you can sell a 5 million when you drop hot jam Better then the rest of them I'm, therefore, pack the floor when I'm on my tour If we can't make it, though, nigga's actin' hardcore It ain't the cost though, niggaz it's the cash flow All the ass-holes, for sheezy Though it freezy, do right to the easy Nationality, reality, nigga's salary or locality Ugh, the Grand Finale, on my way back from

Cali' Fuckin' twin bitches and they're prayin' for their
ends And it's on nigga Rock, slang it to you like the
dirty cop Cluck 'til the world stop, make them all drop
My nigga Diggie empty out the whole box I set it off,
come on, come out get yours I'm talkin' from your old
black clothes to your Caddillac does And money from
fat whores, real bros who licked the world toes Realize
that you gotta get shows All dimes, all the time, better
get yours Cause I'ma get mine, fool [Chorus: The
D.O.C. X3] [Hook: The D.O.C. X2] It's goin' on and on,
nigga It's goin' on and on and on

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