

## **Pimp C f/ Big Mike**

### **"Havin' Thangs '06"**

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[Intro: Pimp C]

Huh... had to bring it back for the muthafuckin 2006  
It's goin down bitch! (fly hoes and chains and swangin  
thangs)  
Y'all remember that shit? (remember that shit?) Talkin  
'bout?  
(Just another young playa havin thangs man...)  
Check this shit out... uh!

[Pimp C]

It's really goin down in the God damn South  
Young girls poppin pussy with them golds in their  
mouth  
Young boys comin up, layin it down in the cut  
Never fallin in a rut 'cause life was made for us to strut  
(strut!)  
Never take for granted, take the bull by the horns  
(horns!)  
Sippin on somethin sweet, blowing green popcorn  
(corn!)  
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end my nigga  
The underdog, young hog, fuck the pen my nigga!  
But this a waste of bodies (bodies!), a waste of time  
(time!)  
A waste of spirits you amateur, and a waste of mind  
(mind!)  
You ain't really tough 'cause you been dying little fool  
Everybody tryna get back to they families on the cool  
I rather grip off grain (grain!), get head in the lane  
(lane!)  
You can have them hoes' bodies, I'm possessing they  
brains (possessing they  
brains!)  
Comin up on 'em in a wide body frame  
Hoe can't even pronounce the name, I'm out here havin  
thangs!

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Fly hoes and chains and swangin thangs (swangin  
thangs)  
Just another young playa having thangs man... (out

here havin thangs)

[Big Mike]

(Yeah! Big Mike y'all! Yeah!)

From CD sales to jail cells

From diamonds that shine to eatin slop straight up off  
a chow line

From walkin that fine line uhh, to 12 jurors decidin mine

From bein free, to bein confined

From bein loved, to bein despised, many times I cried

For not allowin that bullshit to slide

It was a pill that I couldn't swallow - loaded the strap  
with the hollows

After takin to the head a whole bottle

I did that, not thinkin twice about the consequences

'Til I served damn near 4 years behind the fences

All my folk were like, "Big Mike, you trippin"

"Get it together," if I could I woulda done somethin  
different

Uh! From G-walkin to slippin, yeah, to flippin them  
caliper pagers

Day after day, sweatin 'em out in them cages

Patiently waiting on the day when I can.. get back at it

Work that magic, collect that cabbage, I gotsta have it

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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