

Pimp Hand (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

The Purist

Pimp hard on a ho. Yeah, spit bars on a ho. From the Monte, to the?
20 bricks in the muhfuckin trunk, switch cars on a ho
I be jerkin? and thuggin under this Cap 9. Everybody in the city know
Its my time. Coupe thang waiting outside. You can bet its only Forgies
When I ride. Splinters in my hand from the wood grain
Making hella money off the books mane, gotta quarter kilo in the kitchen
Getting cooked mane, federales only thing that have a nigga shook mane
Laws wanna get a nigga took mane. Got em' knockin on my door with a warrant
Sayin can we have a look mane? Hell naw muhfucka, our choppas is poppin
Blow out the wall muhfucka. AK-47 point it at ya'll muhfuckas
I ain't gon be shy bout it at all my brotha. Bust the heat shit
Duck the Precinct, you trust yo freak bitch, we all gon' fuck her, goddamn
You shoulda known that I was on some bullshit when a nigga first came in this bitch, yeah
Send that work up outta town I need a couple pounds of that Freddie Kane in this bitch
Insane in a bitch. Cocaine on the edge of a razor blade, growing money trees I was late for
shade?
I got this shit up out the mud gettin major paid, and now Im, getting head on the skyline
Everybody in the city know its my time, coupe thang waitin outside
You can bet its only Forgies when I ride]Yeah, you know what Im sayin bitch, like I was sayin
a nigga coming down
Candy paint, on some Robin O'Neal shit bitches was coming up to me like
"Fred let me uh, let me sick your duck, I mean uh uh, suck your dick
You know what Im sayin, Why dont you stick this dick in me like a dog
And I bet you wanna hold on my name and on this bitch
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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