

Bezzle (feat. Eightball, MJG & Bun B)

T.I.

stop the drop top like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in my watch like the bezzles in
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i came up bumping eazy-e, cube, and dre
(scarface, outkast what's happening niggaz) eightball mjg ugk
they raised me like santa raised cee

i always made the money, money never made me
break me what this bitch you crazy

you seen with the freaks don't think she never paid me
pimpin get a bitch, break a bitch, hit a bitch, shake a bitch
spit game till i make this shit turn these tricks and get me rich
lick his ass suck my dick bring me back my niggaz quick

who you think you fucking with

i'm serious about this pimpin shit

all the niggaz i kick it with looking for a richer bitch
get this bitch to take this trick for pounds of weed bricks and shit

broke bitch you get your shit

before i get another bitch who could fix your shit

my pimp to strong i ain't with your shit

you going to make me split your shit

two things i ain't seen is this you a fony bitch i can't get

eyes on the ride yeah right shut the fuck...

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whole mack load it up hard as fine blow it up
m-j-g i know you hoes and been exposed enough

i cross a tree over bag a bitch in a toaster oven
slam dunk in pimpin and her sister if she close enough

look over hear

open up the door and let it cook in hear

grab the mic a watch these niggaz tuck there tail and look in fear

as i bust around with no shells inside in myself

lyrics like a conseled weapon sending you bitches straight to hell

burning up just like in waco texas

heating up your neckless

scorching up your afro the devil coming at your

ass any hard one for niggaz who really want it

m-j- fucking g with pussy and titties on it
them bitches love when they see pimping come up in it
24 inches under somethin smoking tinted
hustle hard for keep it cause i love to spend it
pimping love is when your style is when you love to hit it
i came a long way from a posta posta
till i kosta nostra kept the toaster closer
than i'm supposed to well i poast ya procha
ride like a roller coaster
pistol whip you hold ya throat then choke you like a croacha croacha rocha
pull out a light and smoke you (damn)
pull my coat off i blessed man just streessed man
just still elementary just a glance couldn't learn it is hurting my chances
pack pistols just to blast it (blast it)
i put it to second guessers i blast it it just to prove it (prove it)
mother fuckers get a moving (moving)
i born into hustling i grew up tustlin
gave my muscle in and got into meeting my frail but hell i put my trust in
my left and right hand grinding threw the night
and i keep my family right and see some paper like a white man
balling in the ninth (and) we holding in the light (and) sippin on worthless
sprite and you can call it what you like
i call what the fuck i feel play the courts that fucking peel
but we ain't sleeping till they free and pimping here that's the fucking drill
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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