

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, A Pimp's Blood

[Intro - Andre Nickatina]

It's blowin' cop, cop
Try not to get knocked, knocked
Other pimp's on the block, block
They think you hot, hot

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's blood, the mouthpiece says a gold tub
Countin' money, talkin' shit, hit fifth with a back rub
'Cause in a pimp's eye, baby don't lie
'Cause every word not heard, game floats by
Man like a lear jet, I need a hairnet
'Cause I can see that my money in your purse yet

[Equipto]

Gon' to make money, I'ma stay hungry
Know the right time when not to say nothing
Huh, get gone international
Just campaign, tell 'em go cast yo' vote
I give game a good name, smooth as woodgrain
Spit real talk that you wish you could say
Right timin', hoes are co-signin'
My look cut glass like diamonds

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's veins, it's not good to forget names
I'ma get that bitch, I don't care what you say mayne
Yo, ho it's chump change
And if she wasn't so stupid she'd be with a mack mayne
You can see me in the left lane
Man I'm a rap cat God, I hangs with the best mayne
Tattoo on her chest mayne
And she'll represent the name in her brain 'til she rest mayne
She walk like a horse God
And when she get up his money and stop by force God

[Equipto]

Bitch where the bankwad, let the ass drop
So deep that I can't stop
Talk shit boastin', cloud nine mind stay floatin'
Yet I'm showin' no emotion
I'm stone face, on deck or the home plate
Rotate on the block like you won't skates
To the curb, I hit 'em with the right words
Chance is slim, you fuckin' with a iceberg
I'm gon' win, I spend to make ends
Ridin' alone, my phone's my best friend
Huh, I relax, you plottin' on G-stacks
Count mo', lean back

[Andre Nickatina]

In a pimp's act, I might tell a playa step back
Man I'ma bust that bitch and her girlfriend, fuck that
And at the right time, them hoes 'll be mine
It might take like twenty-three cold lines
Ask me anything, I'm just like Butterscotch
I got information freak, like a laptop
Yeah I'm at cha', I know you got to do
You know it's rude but it's smooth and it's way cool
It might feel like a snake when I make moves
But if you trust me, check it out we can't lose
'Cause in a pimp's eye, you see dollar signs
Sayin' he's number one with the fresh vines
Cadillac right there with the pure shine

And engraved in the steering wheel "Get Mines"
We do best havin' fun in the night time
And we can keep on grindin' 'till the sun shine
I keep a lock on your mind 'till lunch time
And I'm Sugar Ray Richardson in crunch time
Never full of hot air I don't pump lines
And the money's right there on the front line

[Equipto]

These hoes gon' fall like Autumn leaves
Make things so clear 'till my bottom be's
Come on, get to work it's back and forth
In town just to see what your track is worth
I'm sayin', all night P.M. A.M.
Put 'em down at the Days Inn
Get long distance, know the mind of your bitches
Tell 'em mind your bidness
'Cause all this mean somthin', 'till your team of runners
Come through too clean, bitch bring my money
No joke, I'm out for the federal note
We from the 'Sco where we known, to keep a bitch broke
Yeah, that's right, you tryin' to get your cash right
'Cause all this in the fast life, in a pimp's blood