

Pimp C, I Know You Strapped

I know ya strapped
But you cowards like to play hard
But knowing that you don't wanna catch a murder charge
See niggaz like to get full of dat weed and liquor
Snort a line in you mind now you'se a killa

Sweet Jones Story
Know what I'm talking bout?
P-I-M-P

I know you strapped, but you still a fucking bitch nigga
Ya talkin' bumpkin cause I know you ain't shit nigga
And if you don't shut the fuck up, you'll get hit nigga
And we'll put seven in your stomach through yo Hilfiger
I went to Dallas and some bitches tried to test me
But my nuts too big to let a pussy niggga check me
And I ain't laugh, bitch niggaz don't disrespect me
You shoulda killed me, bitch the first day that you met me

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I told you nigga I don't fuck wit no paid route
When I was young that nigga fucked me out some paper dude
But to call him to the studio that wasn't cross
But bitch you almost got your homeboy broke off
Cause Uncle Paul was gonna hit it from the front door
The whole time I had my eyes on this yellow hoe
Tryin' to talk like an O.G., better shut up
Before you get you and your homeboys whipped up

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The next night I'm at the kitchen makin' hits and ends
I see some niggaz drivin' funny in a square-like Benz
And showin' nothing but that bitch that put me in the cross
The first line in my mind was to pick him off
I said fuck him let's go do it, yeah let's let him talk
But if that bitch gon' pull his pistol we gon' kill him off
I told that girl what this mafia's like bitch
And if you ever try it it's gon' be repercussions across this bitch

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You niggaz week so you call Houston for the hit
But didn't know that we got gangsta niggaz all over this bitch
So now you bitches gotta deal with the King hoe
Cause you done call it three times, we just can't let that go
And to that forty-two pocket and my precious momma
??? its bitches for life you feel the drama
They gon' bring you to the center for that gun-shot drama
You could get hit in your Bentley or your Impala

I know ya strapped [screwed & chopped]
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You ain't no gangsta nigga
Fucker ass nigga
You ain't slappin' nothing here junior
Better get your mind right bitch
Dedicated to all you old stiff daddy ass niggaz

When you shoulda known not to fuck with me bitch [screwed & chopped]
I'm a put it dead on yo ass when it which
What happenin' my brother?
He was layin' there shaking and bleeding like a mother fucker

All you Tupac-ass wanna-be niggaz
Get your brains blew out on your dashboard bitch
Goin' down
Sweet Jones
Platinum bitch!