

Pimp C, Working The Wheel

(feat. Slim Thug)

"Hold up..." [echoes]

[Slim Thug:]

Smoke somethin, bitch! [starts laughing]

[Hook:]

[Pimp C sampled from Three 6 Mafia's "Sippin on Some Syrup"]

"I'm trill working the wheel, oh you can get a biz-zerd"

"I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erp"

"I'm trill working the wheel, oh you can get a biz-zerd"

"I'm choking on that doja sweet and sipping on that sizz-erp"

[Slim Thug:]

(Slim Thugga! Muthafucka!)

I'm still trill, working the wheel (wheel), it's pimpin at its finest (at its finest)

We playas of the year, you other simps is behind us (is behind us)

Still sideline hustlin, got 'em for the chief (Geah!)

Only nigga in '06 hittin licks off this beat (Ha!)

Phones get ya fucked off, so need for conversations (un uh!)

Just hit me when ya get up to that corner gas station (here I come)

Keep a candy blue 'llac, pop the trunk on the chrome (on the chrome)

Had the state ridin dirty 'til the Pimp came home (free Pimp C)

Now it's on, get ready for that Texas takeover (takeover)

We got the whole world sipping on them purple sodas (Ha!)

Saying, "Man, hold up!" (up!) And screaming, "What it do!?!" (what it do)

Showing off the diamond grills, swangin, bangin on the screw (bangin on the screw)

[Hook x2]

[Pimp C:]

Uh! Pimp C, I ain't never made love (made love!)

Some of my friends sell drugs! (Uh!)

I got some bitches with some cock good as gold (good as gold!)

'Cause good hot pussy is to be throwed and sold

See me, I'm stackin my paper, grippin my wood

Diamonds up again, just like it should

Me and Young Thug, up in yo' hood

Pimpin a hoe like a trill nigga could

'Cause everyday is a holiday (holiday)

Poppin tags on a collar day (collar day)

Girls want this hot dollar cum, wanna suck my dick, wanna swallow Mae (Uh!)

Everything is everything, when I think to fuck with my pinky ring (ring)

Sipping on a colt purple thing (purple thing), candy red drop sittin on swang

I whip the 'llac like a whip a bird (whip a bird)

Used to drink and then hit the herb (hit the herb)

Cars swerve but don't hit the curb

Got kids in the 'burb, sipping on syrup

[Hook x2]

[Slim Thug]

My nigga Pimp off lock, off that lot in a Bentley (in a Bentley)

That's how that Texas represent, blowin dro behind tint (Geah!)

But still ain't let this money change us, still keep a set of swangers

On a drop in the garage, with a trunk full of papers

Fit this poppin room with hash pots, shining like stars (shining like stars)

She don't wanna fuck me she wanna fuck my car (fuck my car)

Bustin down a cigar, fillin it up with the green

Fire it up! Couplet on the money, cup for the lean

[Pimp C:]

Slim Thug 'bout to fan 'em (fan 'em!), fuckin niggaz' heads up (up!)

Hoe didn't know us country niggaz had our bread up (bread up!)

Everyday I eat too many shrimp
Every city that I go to, bitches love a pimp!
Now the shit gon' stop, we got this game by the nuts
Puttin pistols to these niggaz and puttin dick in these hoes' cunts
Been around the world, then I went to the pen
Fought, fled, came back, I finger fucked my enemies again
Bitch niggaz get some nuts, bitch niggaz say my name
We ain't got no time to be guessin and playin those pussy ass games (pussy ass games!)
You pussy niggaz must be smokin that krush
Take that monkey record off, you embarrassing us, huh!

[Outro: Pimp C]

Know what I'm talkin 'bout!? It's goin down in the South!
Young Slim Thug and Young Pimp C... already!
Puttin it up in these bitch ass niggaz' faces!
And we had the money down here, pussy ass nigga!
U.G.K. Records and Boss Hogg Outlawz!
It's goin down!! Huh!!