

# Brooke Valentine, Pimped out

Yeah, Brooke Valentine

Yeah-Yeah

Yeah DFB, What's Hannenin'?

Dem Franchise Boys

Got a college boy look (look), honor roll student (yep)

Shakin' off pounds like I'm Big Mate Luton

On the streets I'm a nuisance, whippin' in a blue six

Shinin' like a star, but Buddie's in Houston

I'm low key cruisin' wit a big boy purchase

Protected by my presence, therefore you're never nervous (nope)

I know ya boy worth it (yep), the kid got good game

I like that boy swag, I like the name on the kid chain

Gold grill on the front, trimmed up in the back

I know I gotta cop that, get my hands on it

(Then I let go!)

Before you know it, we'll be crusin'

(Pose with the pro, that's the way I like it baby)

Tight shoes on his feet, custom made for me

Stands out in the crowd, speed it up or bring it down

We'll roll slow, anywhere you take me, yes I

(Need to know, that's the way I like it baby)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)

And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)

I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)

And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song

I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my Cadillac)

And when we go, yeah everybody's on that

I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)

I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

Ride pimped out, mouth gripped out

Gutta on the chain, and the charm cost a house

Summer, DFB boys, yeah they wanna lean wit it

Gutta to the core on the scene, but I be clean wit it

And hoes know me, Jizzal be tryna get it in

Workin' like some Mexicans in the field, with round 'bout fifty men

See us shippin' in, gettin' it, flippin' it, and bring it home

That's why it's five cars, three accounts, and seven acres holmes

He breaks when I need to stop

Turn me on and take on off

Somethin' I can start

Everything I'd ever want,

(I got so!)

Let me see if you can make me

(Make me want more, I'll tell you what I like)

But if he costs more than he's worth

The boy ain't put in work

I just give him up, switch wheels on him

And I move on, you know I can't be waistin' time I gotta

(Move on, that's the way I like it baby)

I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)

And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)

I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)

And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song

I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my Cadillac)

And when we go, yeah everybody's on that

I want 'em built up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)

I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)

He's gotta be fly, if he's rollin' with me

Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me

He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me

Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me

He's gotta be fly if he's rollin' with me

Gotta have a nice frame if he's messin' with me

He needs a smooth ride is he's cruisin' with me

Gotta come around the way if he's comin' for me  
I got a new Sony flat, leather couch you can fall on (fall on)  
With floors at the house, you can ball on (ball on)  
And ride a '06 and got it pimped out (It's pimped out)  
I got 'em takin' pictures when the whip's out  
All my tv's flipped out, Pimpin' keep it pimped out (yup!)  
And if it's new, I got it soon it's shipped out (naw!)  
So you know I keep it pimpin' every time (every time)  
It's DFB bitch, and Brooke Valentine  
I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)  
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my Cadillac)  
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that  
I want 'em bulit up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)  
I like 'em pimped out (pimped out), to ride on (ride on)  
And when we're rollin', everybody's eyes on (eyes on)  
I like 'em built tough, so I can rely on (rely on)  
And when we're rollin', we're ridin' out to my song  
I want 'em pimped out, baby like my Cadillac (like my Cadillac)  
And when we go, yeah everybody's on that  
I want 'em bulit up, so I can get my lean on (lean on)  
I want 'em pimped out, ridin' out to my song (my song)  
Lose my mind, yes he makes me lose my mind  
So I gotta keep him close, no I just can't let him go  
He's got the jingles in her mind  
Slippin' in my pimpin' this time  
And I just can't let him go  
Bet I ain't gon' let him go