

Dirty, Bendin' Corners

Big Pimp aka all up off in yo main gul drawers
Frank Dingaling the dirty hog

Thats some of that Peruvian weed
ok, ok ok ok ok

Now everyday is a pimpin day so...
I slide on my 'llac with black alligators
Feather in my hat wit a 3 piece tux
Ice in my grill plus my rollie stay plush
Don't got no main lady cuz i dont like to fuck
Just got one I can trust to bust these keys down to dust
Split these g'z out with us shut these p'z down to flush
I got sluts that can puff and blow yo nuts till they bust what
We bending corners in a plush crush (oh lawd)
And keep 2 clips cuz im quick to bust (on yall)
One pimp 4 hoes so we gone ball we got a case of yak so my dick won't fall
Them 20 inches got that Coup Deville sittin tall
Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stonewall
And we gone creep when we crawl here we come
We poppin 65432 and here comes the 1 and that's for real

[chorus]

I'm bending corners in my Cadillac
Pistol under my seat wit a sack full of crack
Smoking hay (hay) getting blown (blown)
Im bending corners in my Cadillac
4 hoes in the back One head in my lap
Getting head (head) on the road (road)

Now, its eight rules to my game of life
Rule 1: learn em all and follow em right
Rule 2: don't take no shit from none of these hoes
Just be bought 2 things fuckin em out and leavin em broke
Rule 3: if you ever get some bread to buy a key
Make sure the nigga you getting it from don't work for the MPD
(your under arrest)
Rule 4: If you ever try to kick in a doe, kick it right the first time
You dont lay out the back doe
Rule 5: Most important keep yo Southern pride
Fuck what they sayin hind closed doors you know the South get live
Rule 6: Tell them playahaters to suck yo dick, get mad like a bitch
Cuz they shit aint droppin hits
Rule 7: Aww naw now that shouldve been 1
Don't eva leave the house without being strapped wit a gun
Rule 8: Just repeat 1-7, and if you eva get to heaven
hug my late uncle Kevin
Bring it back now
Them 20 inches got that Coup Deville sittin tall
Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stone wall
We gone creep when we crawl here we come
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And that's for real

[Chorus]

Now ask yo self am I the slickest pimp you eva saw
They call me Peter Westraw the devil's son in law why
I know you niggaz don't know how
To make the sadidiest hoes snort powder and get live
Been doing this shit since the age 5, way back in 85' and I still aint tired
But why? Cuz that's something that yall need to know
When I empty out yo block im gone fill it wit holes
Bring it back now them 20 inches got that Coup Deville sittin tall

Eight 12's beat the hinges off the trunk like stonewall
And we gone creep when we crawl, we poppin 65432 and here comes the 1
And that's for real

[Chorus]