

Dirty, Paid My Dues

[Intro: Big Pimp]

I'm not gonna scream at this time, nope
But I'mma let 'em know... throughout all the hatin'
and all the sticks and stones being thrown at the Pimp and da Gangsta
We stayed on our toes, all ten of 'em
No matter what, representin' Montgomery, Alabama
We still here, all debts paid
'Cause we don' paid our dues, we don' paid 'em

[Chorus]

Ooo-ooo-ooohhh, Ooo-ooo-ooohhh
I don' paid my dues - my dues - my dues (wo-ooo-ow, ooo-oo-hhh)
Ooo-ooo-ooohhh, Ooo-ooo-ooohhh
I don' paid my dues - my dues - my dues (wo-ooo-ow, ooo-oo-hhh)

[Verse 1: Mr. G-stacka]

Ok, uh
I dedicated ten years of my life, ten years on the mic
Ten years sittin' at home writin' rhymes gettin' tight
And every nigga dream is to blow up over night
But every nigga dream don't seem to turn out right
I had to sacrifice, so school just wan't the thang for me
I rather get a bag of weed and freestyle over every beat.. I hear
And enter every talent show to let them see our skills
This rappin' shit is school, but it ain't payin' mama bills
And they ask me why I feel, the way I feel for real
'Cause to get to where I am I paid my dues in my career
Like jackin' niggaz beats, hustlin' to get our own
Now we record in studios, we used to spit our raps on the phone
And dealin' with niggaz who claimed they'll manage us
They intentions was good, but their actions almost damaged us
They amateurs, and we was like, way before our time
It was money on our mind, so we stayed on our grind
One day we gon' shine, one day we gon' sign
One day we gon' get paid for writin' these cold ass rhymes
And since that day has came, it's been nothin' but trouble
Some niggaz who rolled with us, is no longer ridin' for us
Some bitches bad-mouthin' our names as if they know us
At first they had our back, now these bitches want to destro' us
But hold up, 'cause we got plenty fans that stayed true
That know what we been through to get here, we paid dues

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Big Pimp]

Y'all know me -- I'm the B-I-G P-I-M-P
Daddy Hall - that fat nigga that rap with Mr. G
Ooh Lawd - now what would I be without he?
Let me take y'all - back when it started in grade three
Every morning listenin' to this nigga named Boosky
This dude had lyrical flow, killin' niggaz back and forth
Who that there? Man, how you do that there?
Goddamn I wanna do that there
So I went home and wrote my first rhyyme, for the first tiime
Didn't know nothin' 'bout no bar, so I called it my first rap line
In due time, I was rappin' to the beats of Run-D.M.C.(Run-errie-Run)
Learnin' from the super staaars
We they rap - I start rappin', when they stopped - I stopped
That's how I learned to count sixteen baaars
Every chance I got, I showed my talent
'Cause every month this lady Coon throwed a talent show in Cedar Park
We did it for love, we didn't know nothin' bout know spinnin' rims or candy cars
The tips we got, we bought M&M's and candy bars
Plus at that time, I was still rappin' by myself

I hit eighth grade, then realized that I needed some help
My first time tryin' to find a partner, man I went through a dozen(psssss)
I went home one day and somethin' said, "Mayne, listen to your cousin"
His first rap - THIS NIGGA SNAPPED, first two bars: fightin' and shootin'
And every day - black bandana - retro J's - Nike suits, and
Big gold chains, and bad bitches that like to give brain
Hey, that's my kinda rap, shiet we one in the same
Simple and plain, the rest is history
A quick summary on how I met Mr. G
But since that time, our life don' got better
'Stead of.. rappin' for dips of chocolate, we rappin' for whips and cheddar
Fo' real, we don' paid our dues...me and my lil' cousin, we don' paid our dues

[Chorus: fades out]