

Dirty, We Still

[Intro: Big Pimp]

Ha ha, off the top

We back, Dirty Boyz

A new beginnin' baby

We doin' this thang with Nfinity, and motherfuckin' Rap-A-Lot

Black Klown forever

All my dirty boyz representing the motherfuckin' south

Alabama that is

Off the top, we still, and we still

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I'm a pimp to the first degree

The same nigga teachin' the pimp game to you

Shit, he heard it from me

Occasionally, I sack and hustle herb on the street

My cousin G say mac these hoes and leave the curb up to me

So I'm oblidge--to tell every girl that I meet

She wanna ride--she gotta get some dirt on her knees

It hurt'em to see, they baby mama swervin' with me

Left out your house with some pants but had a skirt underneath

She in the heavy C-H-E-V 350 rockin' with the shift kit hurtin' the street

She on the block like she workin' the street

But if I get her in my car, I'mma have the bitch slurpin' for free

Oh you say you wanna twirk for a fee? Well I ain't no trick, BIOTCH

I'll have your ass workin' for me

They call me Peter Wee, because I flirt with the freaks

But you ain't never seen me do it, you just heard it was me

And I'm is...

[Chorus x2: Big Pimp]

We still pimpin' hoes, we still gangstafied

We still ridin' vogues, we gettin' high

We still in the club, we still sackin' wood

We still on them tweety dubs, we still in the hood

[Verse 2: G-Stacka]

Now you know Gangsta stayin' blacked down, with a black 4-pound

And'll bust off rounds, in your chest until your back blow out

Cause everyday I hit the corner with a cracked up ounce

Them fiends see me, boy they start to do the Crackhead Bounce

And I got grams, grams, and grams of blow

Of pure white snow, I call myself the good-dope-store

You'll catch me deep off in the hood sittin' on all gold spokes

Or probably smokin' on that wood, sippin' that Hypnot-o

And my motto is: If you ain't gangsta, you ain't livin' right

And if you ain't pimpin' we got prescriptions that'll get you tight

I come from the street, so packin' heat is just a part of life

And game on your wife, freak her one night now she a super dike

And it's the same damn thang everyday, flood the block with ya'

They don't smoke if they don't pay

I got a tech-9 in my waistline that'll leave your smoke gray

And in the hood is where you'll find me on a daily paper chase

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: G-Stacka]

Now when they see me, hell they holla "Gangsta what you got for bout two bills"

I'll give your ass a ten pack of triple stack X-pills

And that's real, cause a nigga out here tryin' to live

I hit the block with a bunch of rocks until I stack me a mil'

[Verse 4: Big Pimp]

I shack/Shaq like O'neal, thirty-two O's in the grill

I point guard with G, but I coach them hoes like I'm Phil

Niggas ask what I'll be doin' if I ain't have this deal
And I tell them "The same thang for the last eighteen years"
And that is...

[Chorus]