

# Luniz, Pimps, Playas & Hustlas

(feat. Dru Down, Richie Rich)

[Yukmouth & Knumskull talking]

Nigga, what's hap'nin?  
Who we got in here?  
Nigga, ain't this the last album.  
Fuck that. We got Richie Rich, Dru Down, (you know!) Yukmouth,  
Knumskull, we bout to do this shit man. Fo the 9-Fever, check it out.

[Chorus: Yuk & Richie]

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.  
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice, Yukmouth let me  
hear ya.

[Verse 1: Yukmouth]

Well it's the one of the mill nigga  
the Vill niggaz, that spill niggaz guts to the fullest  
fill niggaz up wit bullets  
kill niggaz, Yuk don't bullshit  
an I pull licks if I have to, no laughter  
or chit-chat I juss clack my shit back an then I blast ya  
when it's the wig split  
come wit big shit fo the 9-Feva-roo  
cuz ya fuckin either two  
of yo baby ma'mas  
got em on camera  
doin a tootsie roll wit a hammer up her coochie hole, an a 40 up her  
bootsy hole  
fo sho, I pimp nights like Gladis  
niggaz better knock on wood like havock, when I'm in yo hood wit an  
automatic  
so crack ends, givin me jaw, I be call fuckin around wit mo ups & downs  
then a see-saw  
sometimes I feel like I'm broke, sometimes I'm shot calla  
who got all the bitches lost in the motions like Pala  
balla than shisty, mo betta blues then Spike Lee  
might be off the 40 cuz I'm OG like Ice-T  
ya dig?

[Verse 2: Richie Rich]

Smoke hoes, an coke hoes, are sumpthin like the same  
one fo the white dope, one fo the nigga that's in the game  
now I know bitches that say "Richard, do what ya wanna"  
but like old Vogues them bitches cry when I hit the corner  
my 7-duce, produce, cuz the zues was pissed off  
I'm still gettin zips off  
niggaz feelin ripped off, an clipped off  
until they told me, it was Knumskull, Yuk an Dru  
now what you wanna do?  
it's 35-hundred for the straight laced triple gold, wit the vogues  
that's what they cost in the store, yeah  
an you can reach, but you can not touch  
ever figga, scared nigga that you feared too much?  
if you scared go to church, I know it hurts  
to find out, she works for me  
brought me that Jeep  
that's why I, keep my bitch business in the cut  
that way I gets yo skrilla, plus I get to fuck,

cuz we.

[Chorus]

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.  
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice, Dru Down, let  
me hear ya.

[Verse 3: Dru Down]

I'm steadily stackin up on the green  
ballas will use the triple beam  
shot calla use they words  
hustlas will use they shoulders, playas sit back an get served  
now observe the definition of the pimp-mode  
I take hoes, an break hoes, an hoes is stayin mobile, really though  
doe is what I love, so what's up?  
nigga who you tellin, that life always been tough  
nigga I had it rough  
an nigga it ain't no bluff  
an potna I had my own mama sufferin, that's sumpthin  
yeah okay  
I turned straight into a hustla  
crap on bustas  
skrilla fo reala from them suckas  
I gave my mama half, me half, I'm out the door  
ready to bubble  
I turned into a balla, shot calla  
two for twamp  
with in a year I'm back on the spot  
zippas in zipper, I'm ready to hit some fences, it's so wicked  
bitch you jack rabbit call me Buggy  
four-four up in the Paddy wagon, to break my niggaz love me  
an I'll be sure the next time niggaz see me I'll be high  
do or die, throwin up the 5, in the 5th lane right  
side, I'm watchin the rearview juss for po-po's  
I swerve to the curb, about 3 an you know that I straight broke that  
hoe.

[Verse 4: Knumskull]

Fa sho. G-A fo checks  
pimp bitches fo sex, might as well go all out an pimp the whole block  
wit 4 techs  
niggaz on this, on the move in many  
plenty taken, playa hatin, Caddy's  
that ain't my thang ruger  
it's good to roll skril that's the best thang  
my S-S-I check came, you gotta be a big mack to do some shit like that,  
an issued this game  
my buddies, who ever can better my Operation Stackola  
smack, mack, the greenery an crackola  
homies wanna be down rollin big stacks  
you wanna make an effort towards paper, then bitch get crack  
so sick wid it  
that's why I shitted on raps fo luck  
I'm like what ever it takes to make a buck  
could never be stuck  
I'm facin a life of brokenness already  
fuck the pain, it juss make sense fo me to stay on my hustle and game  
blame no nigga fo my down fall  
but pimpin is the final frontier, I gets around y'all  
we all.

[Chorus]

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech gettin major scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.  
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.  
T for tech tryin to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.

[talking in the background]

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

Bitch believe me... ahhh-yaaa!! Ahaha.