

# Partners N Crime, Pimp'en The Scene

[First Verse: Kangol Slim]

Picture me peelin' out in a Deville Lac  
The Deville I'm peelin' out in is bustin' crushin'  
Diamonds ain't no thang  
Check out the ice on my fist  
Cardier wear flexin' on the wrist  
And my niggas makin' money like they supposed to  
The front seat of my Lac, feels just like a La-Z-Boy sofa  
I'm stackin' paper I'm makin'  
I'm makin' paper I'm stackin', these hatin' niggas tryin' to do a jackin'  
But I'm decappin', the first nigga I see  
If I feel he's gonna do some harm to me  
Protectin' me, by any means necessary  
In New Orleans, niggas killin' for less than a G  
That's why it be, just me and my P-N-C  
Straight screamin' seventeen til' I D-I-E  
Givin' all playa haters the blues it's a shame  
What they do to that poor alligator to make our shoes  
We pimpin' the scene

[Chorus: x2]

I'm movin' in my ride  
(Do you wanna ride?)  
My hats tilt to the side  
(Side to Side)  
Ridin' with a Gangsta Lean  
You know a nigga pimpin' the scene  
(A nigga pimpin' the scene)

[Second Verse: Misdemeanor]

See I be, pimpin' the scene cuz lil' red from the South  
Got that accent, plus I got them slugs in my mouth  
Ain't no sellin' out, boot niggas, love to shoot niggas  
Better recruit niggas  
We crackin' domes and splittin' vests niggas  
I see you grabbin' yo lady cuz she lookin' at me shady  
You must have seen that Devilish grin, that your girl gave me  
She slipped the number in, passed it to her girlfriend  
She gave me eyes again, her and her so-called friend  
I got'z to do them in, both of them broads gotta be done  
And I ain't doin' this shit for reppin', it's just for fun  
That's how it's done, on the one, then I'm on the run  
I play this game here for real and that's the way it come

[Chorus]

[Third Verse: Kangol Slim]

Check it  
This goes out to all my niggas, who ain't got it  
And to all my real niggas, who bout it bout it  
If you ain't got a clean ride, muthafuck it  
Still pimp the scene if you ridin' in a bucket  
I ain't even gonna make it look like the finer things don't get props  
Cuz every living motherfucka got 'em  
So I don't give a fuck  
If you ridin' in a Olds Cutlass or an Expedition truck  
Put it on the Neutral ground and bump the sounds, let your shit straight floss  
Rev the engine up, show them bitches you got dual exhaust  
It pays the cost to be the boss where I'm from  
Niggas scared of the gun, scared to go out, and have a lil' fun  
But not me, I'm gone continue to pop bottles of wine  
Keep my diamonds on shine in the nine  
For the nigga tryin' to take mine  
I never know when my day gone come, but until then

I'm down in New Orleans, know what I mean? Pimpin' the scene

[Chorus x3]