

# Pastor Troy, You Can't Pimp Me

(feat. Peter The Disciple)

[Pastor Troy talking]

Pimp shit  
Yeah pimp shit, nigga  
Wassup baby Ken?  
Like this hea  
All my niggaz mayn  
A yo, all the real boss playa  
A yo, this real ATL playa style  
A yo, you can't pimp a pimp playa

[Verse 1]

Niggaz is trippin, my shoes is tied up  
Big boss pimpin, tell ya' bitch I said wassup  
Pastor, laughter, Remy in my hand  
Countin out some grands, ova in Ireland  
The man, you done heard the name befo'  
I keep a big gun wit' me every where that I go  
And I smoke dro', motherfucker keep that bap ass weed  
Niggaz claimin their my folks bitch you don't know me  
D.S.G.B. representin send them haters to hell  
It ain't nothing ta' say, it ain't nothin ta' tell  
My glock shells will be empty if any tempt me  
I'm not no fuckin simp, bitch I'm a fuckin pimp

[Chorus 2x]

You can't pimp me, I'mma pimp myself  
You can't pimp me, I'mma pimp myself  
You can't pimp me, I'mma pimp myself  
I'mma pimp myself  
I'mma pimp myself

[Verse 2]

The one man army, the one wreckin crew  
I heard that shit, now who the fuck you referrin to  
If it was me, come put your finger to my nose  
Just like I thought ya' niggaz mother fuckin hoes  
The clothes, the wardrobe, the gators with matchin socks  
Bad ass bitch that kind of favors Goldielox  
The clock...stops tickin'  
I step off in the spot all the chickens get to pimpin'  
Bubbly is pluckin, D.S.G.B. be gangsta fuckin'  
Fuckin for nothin, we be them niggaz they be lovin'  
It don't get nothin but worse for you simp  
Bow down nigga make room for a pimp

[Chorus 2x]

[Peter Tha Disciple]

You can't pimp me potnah because I'm pimpin myself  
I got my game from the old school straight off the shelf  
I be the maca to the roni, the chedda to the cheese  
I roll wit' DSGB, so is better than me  
A Aug representative, I got the game on lock  
I hit the street with them thangs, went to movin the block  
So fuck the cops, we makin money, we stay on the grind  
I'm bustin strawberry Phillies while I break down my pine  
And I ain't blind, I can see it, you already know  
So get the fuck out my face 'cause you can't pimp me hoe  
You see the doe don't let it hit ya', you gets no play  
And I'm the dro' you the philly get ready to blaze

[Chorus fade out]

