

# Pimp C, Havin' Thangs '06

(feat. Big Mike)

[Intro: Pimp C]

Huh... had to bring it back for the muthafuckin 2006  
It's goin down bitch! (fly hoes and chains and swangin thangs)  
Y'all remember that shit? (remember that shit?) Talkin 'bout?  
(Just another young playa havin thangs man...)  
Check this shit out... uh!

[Pimp C:]

It's really goin down in the God damn South  
Young girls poppin pussy with them golds in their mouth  
Young boys comin up, layin it down in the cut  
Never fallin in a rut 'cause life was made for us to strut (strut!)  
Never take for granted, take the bull by the horns (horns!)  
Sippin on somethin sweet, blowing green popcorn (corn!)  
I'm trill, I'm country 'til the end my nigga  
The underdog, young hog, fuck the pen my nigga!  
But this a waste of bodies (bodies!), a waste of time (time!)  
A waste of spirits you amateur, and a waste of mind (mind!)  
You ain't really tough 'cause you been dying little fool  
Everybody tryna get back to they families on the cool  
I rather grip off grain (grain!), get head in the lane (lane!)  
You can have them hoes' bodies, I'm possessing they brains (possessing they  
brains!)  
Comin up on 'em in a wide body frame  
Hoe can't even pronounce the name, I'm out here havin thangs!

[Chorus x2]

Fly hoes and chains and swangin thangs (swangin thangs)  
Just another young playa havin thangs man... (out here havin thangs)

[Big Mike:]

(Yeah! Big Mike y'all! Yeah!)  
From CD sales to jail cells  
From diamonds that shine to eatin slop straight up off a chow line  
From walkin that fine line uhh, to 12 jurors decidin mine  
From bein free, to bein confined  
From bein loved, to bein despised, many times I cried  
For not allowin that bullshit to slide  
It was a pill that I couldn't swallow loaded the strap with the hollows  
After takin to the head a whole bottle  
I did that, not thinkin twice about the consequences  
'Til I served damn near 4 years behind the fences  
All my folk were like, "Big Mike, you trippin"  
&"Get it together," if I could I woulda done somethin different  
Uh! From G-walkin to slippin, yeah, to flippin them caliper pagers  
Day after day, sweatin 'em out in them cages  
Patiently waiting on the day when I can.. get back at it  
Work that magic, collect that cabbage, I gotsta have it

[Chorus x2]