

# Tone Loc, Pimp Without A Caddy

Hit me  
Aaaaah yeeeah  
That's the flavor right there  
Sho' you're right  
Yo, tell em what it's all about, man  
All that ballin thing  
How you got it goin and on and on with that, huh

(Tell em what it's all about)

( VERSE 1 )

I'm a straight up hustler, never grew up in the ghetto, though  
Yet strapped with a gat and stiletto, hoe  
Some say that I grew up in a wild hood  
Not even knowin where I spent my childhood  
The voice of panic hittin hard to make you hyper  
The rhymes are pin-point and aim is sharp like a sniper  
Out the barrels, the hollow point, comes the bullet  
The trigger's aamin, yo, I ain't afraid to pull it  
Cause in the city you never know what can come up  
You turn your back and what's up - a sucker runs up  
And then you're left in a stand-still  
Nine times out of ten, yo, it's kill or be killed  
So I sit back and observe what goes on  
So when a brother feels an oath to carryin on  
I let him know this ain't the time and place  
But there will be a time and place  
And I'ma smoke his ass..  
Throw him so deep in the ground, boy, you think he was grass  
And when you wake up, apologize to your daddy  
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Youknowmsayin?  
Just a O.G. type brother  
I want you to break it down  
And tell em about the days of young

( VERSE 2 )

Now the pimpin I talkin 'bout, it don't include girls  
I pimp microphones and rock worlds  
I been a gangsta since back in the day  
Junior High School, I think it was in '78  
Back in the days when locs was called insanes  
And I was coolin with my big cousin Nobrain  
Back then, you know a sucker wouldn't face me  
Scared of catchin the pointed tips of my Stacy's  
Strollin the street with my sweet girl Jackie  
Creased Curduroys and starched up khakis  
Back then that was the style and it was ice  
And every gear you saw me in was deadly precise  
I ain't never had a problem on any block  
Cause if I did, sho' I cut him and get socked  
Roll in my Schwinn, blazin up a fattie  
Young Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?  
Just a little bad gooseneck, unknowmsayin?  
Wasn't really into a whole lotta bullshit  
Just doin his own thing  
Straight get his scrap on  
But it was kinda cool, unknowmsayin  
That's why he was very well respected

( VERSE 3 )

It ain't all about who you're bangin  
Gangbangin or how much dope you're slingin  
It's all about gettin your life established  
And when you're livin like Loc, your life is lavish  
Everything, from my living to my bathtub  
The exotic women and different type of backrubs  
The places I travel, the things that I see  
You're startin to get the picture how they start to juice me?  
You can't compare me to wanna-pimps whimps  
Cause that's entirely a different type of pimp  
Longevity is the key to my success  
Not rollin around makin women undress  
I am a player, petty actions surveyor  
Never heard about a headache, cause I use Vaya  
So the women can come kiss the sugar daddy  
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?

...

It was on to the break of dawn  
I got it like that  
I'm sworn to the hood  
But check  
I got things to do  
Check this out

( VERSE 4 )

An O.G. for life, and that's what I have to be  
Just like the homies standin front and back of me  
And when you see us don't ask stupid questions  
Are we gangbangin? You know what's our profession  
We're servin suckers techniques and good rhymes  
Big Buds, loose women and good times  
I don't hesitate to check a boy in a second  
He thinks I'm soft just because I went and made a record  
It's that petty thought that got him all smoked out  
By a brother named Tone who was loc'ed out  
I nuttin up and I'm known to do it on occasion  
And engagin in .44s and 12-gauges  
Some old suckers lay the beat twice as hard  
And when you see I got 20'000 bodyguards  
I came to battle with rhymes, knowin theirs shabby  
O.G. Loc, boy, a pimp without a Caddy

Uknowmsayin?

Straight up down for the crown  
Tribe thing, unknowmsayin?  
No matter who you are or where you come from  
When they push you back to the wall  
You got no choice but to come out swingin  
Uknowmsayin  
And that's straight up real  
No matter where you're from  
Laws of the street  
Pimpin style

Special shout-out to the Westside Trizzide  
Special shout-out to my homies EPMD  
Special shout-out to Humpy Hump and crew  
Special shout-out to ATL  
What's up with your football game?  
Tone-Loc 150 yards, don't know  
To all the homies on the Westside

