

Don't wanna be disturbed, I got my swishas & erb
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Sippin' lean, smokin' on some pine
Girl I'm pimpin', got money on my mind
Game is crazy, niggaz lazy, I got heavy fire
put one on it bitch, it's still five for sure, for sure

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You know Bun B the business street soulja in the trenches
Frontline comin' down on twenty four inches
Dope boys hangin' on the corners and the benches
Sayin' it's a drout so it's plenty of heat pinches

Boy, used to come up from the rags to the riches
Plush lifestyle with the bad ass bitches
But now it's like the game is full of nothin' but some snitches
And wanna be gangsters that's scared to put 'em in ditches

Fed's takin' pictures so the cameras go click
And video rollin' while I'm holdin' my dick
They follow me around like they doin' they job
But while you watchin' me how many people gettin' robbed

Lets keep it trill 'cause we already know
What it already is and how it already go
That's why we chop blades comin' down real slow
Pop trunks, swang, riders slam Cadillac door
Pass the swisha let's blow

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Before we get started, every body roll up one for Pimp C
Before we go any further, take your lighter, light it up for me
Now let's go, now let's go and all the girls get down on the floor
Throw your money in the air and let 'em know
Throw your money in the air and let 'em know

I'm whippin' big wheels, whippin' big wheels
Hope your drink don't spill whippin' big wheels
Tell me how you feel, tell me how you feel
lady on my side, hey

And if you all down for me
Put your hands in the air raise 'em up for Pimp C
And if you all down with me
Put your hands in the air raise 'em up for Pimp C

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