

(Yukmouth & Knumskull talking)

Nigga, what's hap'nin?
Who we got in here?
Nigga, ain't this the last album.
Fuck that. We got Richie Rich, Dru Down, (you know!) Yukmouth,
Knumskull, we bout to do this shit man. Fo the 9-Fever, check it out.

(Chorus- Yuk & Richie)

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice, Yukmouth let me
hear ya.

Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*

Well it's the one of the mill nigga
the Vill niggaz, that spill niggaz guts to the fullest
fill niggaz up wit bullets
kill niggaz, Yuk don't bullshit
an I pull licks if I have to, no laughter
or chit-chat I juss clack my shit back an then I blast ya
when it's the wig split
come wit big shit fo the 9-Feva-roo
cuz ya fuckin either two
of yo baby ma'mas
got em on camera
doin a tootsie roll wit a hammer up her coochie hole, an a 40 up her
bootsy hole
fo sho, I pimp nights like Gladis
niggaz better knock on wood like havock, when I'm in yo hood wit an
automatic
so crack ends, givin me jaw, I be call fuckin around wit mo ups & downs
then a see-saw
sometimes I feel like I'm broke, sometimes I'm shot calla
who got all the bitches lost in the motions like Pala
balla than shisty, mo betta blues then Spike Lee
might be off the 40 cuz I'm OG like Ice-T
ya dig?

Verse 2 *(Richie Rich)*

Smoke hoes, an coke hoes, are sumpthin like the same
one fo the white dope, one fo the nigga that's in the game
now I know bitches that say "Richard, do what ya wanna"
but like old Vogues them bitches cry when I hit the corner
my 7-duce, produce, cuz the zues was pissed off
I'm still gettin zips off
niggaz feelin ripped off, an clipped off
until they told me, it was Knumskull, Yuk an Dru
now what you wanna do?
it's 35-hundred for the straight laced triple gold, wit the vogues
that's what they cost in the store, yeah
an you can reach, but you can not touch
ever figga, scared nigga that you feared too much?
if you scared go to church, I know it hurts
to find out, she works for me
brought me that Jeep
that's why I, keep my bitch business in the cut
that way I gets yo skrilla, plus I get to fuck,
cuz we.

(Chorus)

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech out to get the scratch, it ain't nuthin nice, Dru Down, let
me hear ya.

Verse 3 *(Dru Down)

I'm steadily stackin up on the green
ballas will use the triple beam
shot calla use they words
hustlas will use they shoulders, playas sit back an get served
now observe the definition of the pimp-mode
I take hoes, an break hoes, an hoes is stayin mobile, really though
doe is what I love, so what's up?
nigga who you tellin, that life always been tough
nigga I had it rough

an nigga it ain't no bluff
an potna I had my own mama sufferin, that's sumpthin
yeah okay
I turned straight into a hustla
crap on bustas
skrilla fo reala from them suckas
I gave my mama half, me half, I'm out the door
ready to bubble
I turned into a balla, shot calla
two for twamp
with in a year I'm back on the spot
zippas in zipper, I'm ready to hit some fences, it's so wicked
bitch you jack rabbit call me Buggy
four-four up in the Paddy wagon, to break my niggaz love me
an I'll be sure the next time niggaz see me I'll be high
do or die, throwin up the 5, in the 5th lane right
side, I'm watchin the rearview juss for po-po's
I swerve to the curb, about 3 an you know that I straight broke that
hoe.

Verse 4 *(Knumskull)*

Fa sho. G-A fo checks
pimp bitches fo sex, might as well go all out an pimp the whole block
wit 4 techs
niggaz on this, on the move in many
plenty taken, playa hatin, Caddy's
that ain't my thang ruger
it's good to roll skril that's the best thang
my S-S-I check came, you gotta be a big mack to do some shit like that,
an issued this game
my buddies, who ever can better my Operation Stackola
smack, mack, the greenery an crackola
homies wanna be down rollin big stacks
you wanna make an effort towards paper, then bitch get crack
so sick wid it
that's why I shitted on raps fo luck
I'm like what ever it takes to make a buck
could never be stuck
I'm facin a life of brokenness already
fuck the pain, it juss make sense fo me to stay on my hustle and game
blame no nigga fo my down fall
but pimpin is the final frontier, I gets around y'all
we all.

(Chorus)

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech gettin major scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.
Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.
T for tech tryin to get the scratch, it ain't easy, bitch believe me.

(talking in the background)

Pimps, playas, hustlas, ballas, shot callas, all of us.

Bitch believe me... ahhh-yaaa!! Ahaha.