

Cake (feat. Big K.R.I.T., Pimp C & Lil Boosie)

Bun B

[Intro]

Hold up

Smoke something, bitch

My trademark, know what I'm talkin bout?

Yea, know what I'm talkin bout?

Uncle George was talkin' bout

Hey man, do fries come with that shake?

Do green guys come with them thighs

Shit, pimpin', Tommy loose, OC[Hook: Pimp C]x2

Boss get cash money, smokin' the vapors

Don't chase the cake, chase the paper

Them thighs come with that shake

Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cake[Verse 1: Bun B]

Well Peter Piper, Pete Keppers, and Run rock rhymes

You know that C Pimp hoes and Bun knock dimes

I be at it and on it, don't start no static, I want it

When I want it I get it, so get to hoppin' up on it

Ain't no stopping, no frontin, this certified and official

When I see you lickin your lips, you wanna blow on my whistle

But I got that harmonica, you can play it like Stevie

They say that pimpin ain't easy, man it is if you be me

I see a new one every day, and they think that

Cause they jazzy and they carefree they gon' talk me out my pay

See, you tight, but see my game is just a little bit tighter

Pay for pussy, that's alright, I grab the smoke so pass the lighter[Hook: Pimp C]x2[Verse 2: Lil Boosie]

Mane you know I hit the first night, get 'em right the first date

But I got a question for yah, them thighs come with that shake?

You want Pappadeaux seafood, well you gon have to eat boo

Won't be in my foreign car, you gon' be a porn star

I know what's going through your head, If I get 'em right with head

I might get a slice of bread for just a minute

I get cash in duffle bags, I don't chase the cake

Let em ride, get em high as I pay for cake

Sorry, girl, I gotta go, like Pimp I'm on that purple dro

Mid-west, 30 a show, yea I hustle and flow

Round town, a bad chicks tryna flag me down

Zoom zoom, see ya later, I gotta get the paper[Hook: Pimp C]x2[Verse 3: Big K.R.I.T.]

Shit, now all the trickin', you should stop it, money been the topic

While she digging in your pockets I be pluggin on her socket

All off in your crib, feet up on your shit
Instead of breakin' off a ho, you out here lovin' a bitch
When I get this pimpin' biz, steel toe, [?]
The type of dick that run a chick some shit that she could bill for
Live for, all off in your billfold to make her happy
She shake you off, I break her off cause she bring it back to daddy
Don't be mad at me, cause your ho done chose
I was out here on the stroll, she got down like she's supposed
I put her on some golds, and some vapors on her mind
Cause thighs come with that shake and green on the side[Hook: Pimp C]x2

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