

Pimpin' Chipp

Method Man

Yeah, them niggas talking bout y'all always want some lyrics, right?

Real lyrics, well here we go, I'm a tell you a little story

That's right, watch this shit, nigga, here we go, y'all, your ass

Yeah, we write for days, hot shit, uh-huh

Dope, drugs, sex, murder, King James version

Aiyo, needle was left hanging, in the arm of a pimp

He walk with a limp, had bitches on the payroll

He gave the seeds candy and his family was poor

Drove a '68 Caddy with the fur on the door

The other macks ain't have jack on him, not even Goldie

Slowly, he would rise, kept his runners with the police

Jim Brown was his man, his brother was Muslim, they tried to convert him

And turn righteous, but the streets got the good of him

Big hats with gorgeous stones, honey designed the slacks

With two attempts on his bottom bitch, her name was Precious

Silky skin, priceless pussy, she took karate

Her bubble ass got Pretty Chipp rich

You can smell her perfume on every street corner

A sexy motherfucka with the mean face on her

Precious, sported bulletproof dresses, defending caring sex

Thirteen smith, this boo that study her lessons

She was the key to Pretty Chipp riches, bitches is fortune slang

Control the south side, her name rings

Lookout for the black cherry pussy extortion

Any other hoes get pregnant, bet they get an abortion

Back at the pub, at the Alice spot, bumping the sounds of Curtis

Playing Live in the jukebox, this broad named Cookie

In the purse, fifty thou' in cash

Passed off to Chipp, told him count it fast, another 10 in my bloomers

Fuck the rumors, it's lies, baby, you my daddy

Bitches never saw me jumping out of Dirt Dog's cabby

I'm a loyal bitch, and chicks can't stand me, pimps

They know I'm ill, that's why they never put hands on me

From Fillmore Slim to Goldie, Pretty Toney

Frank War told me, C.C. get that money

My potentials, credentials, my mouth stay hot

Like Chinese mushrooms, wasabi with spicy lentils

The other day I brought a little gat, where I keep near my lower back

Cause these niggas don't know how to act
At the Apollo, Ray Charles told me
Bitch just get in the car, cuz I want you to swallow
I jumped in, and his bodyguards follow
He was quick, I spit the nut on his '74 wallos
He wanted to invite me to Chicago, I said 'nah, daddy'
He pushed me out and lit up a Marlboro
(Nah, papi) Cause I'm from New York
He taught me the talks, he taught me the walk
Cause I'm Chipp's bitch, we dine and resort
Only nigga ever taught me, don't put swine on my fork

And that's the truth, rest in peace, papi
This Cookie, I still got another tall Goose for you daddy
I'm a stick in the grave for you, baby
Fuck them other pimps, they ain't got shit on you, daddy

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