

Big Pimpin' (ft UGK)

Jay-Z

Uh, uh uh uh
It's big pimpin baby
It's big pimpin, spendin G's
Feel me uh-huh uhh, uh-huh
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah You know I thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em
Cause I don't fuckin' need em
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin' good
But I don't fuckin' feed em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe em
In the cut where I keep em
'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin' em up
Let em play with the dick in the truck
Many chicks want to put Jigga fist in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'm a break bread
So you can be livin' it up? Shit I
Parts with nothin', y'all be frontin'
Me give my heart to a woman?
Not for nothin', never happen
I'll be forever mackin'
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion
I got no patience
And I hate waitin'
Hoe get yo' ass in
And let's ride, check em out now
Ride, yeah
And let's ride check em out now
Ride, yeah We doin, big pimpin, we spendin' cheese
Check em out now
Big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin big pimpin up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Yo yo yo big pimpin, spendin' cheese
We doin' big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s

We doin' big pimpin up in N.Y.C.
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun BNigga it's the big Southern rap impresario
 Comin' straight up out the black barrio
 Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe
 Then sit back and peep my scenario
 Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
 No I can't fuck a scary hoe
 Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
 Hoes start pointin', they say, "There he go!"
 Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit
 We don't pull it out over little shit
 And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit
 Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' vocab
 Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me
 And you see us comin' down on yo' slab
 Livin' ghetto fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it
 But nigga if you hatin' I
 Then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it
 You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on
 Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
 Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
 Pump it up in the pro-zone
 That's the track that we breakin' these hoes on
 Ain't the track that we flows on
 But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin' like ozone
 We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man
 Fo' real it don't get no bigger man
 Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
 Gettin' blowed with the motherfuckin' Jigga Man, fool We be big pimpin' spendin' cheese
 We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.D.'s
 We be big pimpin' down in P.A.T.
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
 Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
 And we be big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
 Cause we be big pimpin' in P.A.T.
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B nigga Uh smokin' out, throwin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
 All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
 Everybody want to ball, holla at broads at the mall
 If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck with y'all
 If I wasn't rappin' baby, I would still be ridin' Mercedes
 Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, no rest until whitey pay me
 Uh now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
 Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin' noise We be big pimpin, spendin cheese
 We be big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s
 We be big pimpin down in P.A.T.

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Cause we be big pimpin, spendin' cheese
And we be big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s
Cause we be big pimpin in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B nigga

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