

A Pimp's A Pimp (Featuring Jermaine Dupri)

Cam'ron

[Chorus:]

Ayyo a pimp's a pimp

Flow is flow

Doe is do

Ho's a ho

Chic's a chic

Trick's a trick

Bitch a bitch across the world

So nigga, getcha money and attend to your girl Now when it comes to these hoes I did'em I got'em

Rip'em and rock'em

But if I hit'em I pop'em

But if I lick'em I lock'em

And I ain't famous at all

Let my game tell it all

But they a pain in my balls

Got to train'em like dogs

From how they, walk and they talk and when they sit on the couch

To how they, lick in they mouth and never shit in the house

But I make, babies with babies

Let the street drive'em crazy

They say "Cam, good you saved me"

Now I pimp'em and they pay me

They feelin' it like Jay-Z

Or Suger Hill like AZ

When Party Time like plainly

I'm So-So Def like JD

Oh baby they have you stressed, nigga

Mad depressed

I want they mind... Muthafucka, you could have the rest

'Cause I gas'em up, I tell them I'm more than just the lover

I want to be your friend, father, confidant and brother

See my, nine-inch slugger now she, chose her devotion

With messing with my money, girl you messing with my emotion [Chorus] Now baby-cakes what's your name?

(Ain't no need to explain)

Why is that?

('Cause I'm from Down South)

Well I got Down South game

And to mess wit' you this my last attempt

'Cause I only like when you're ass is bent

So they're dumb they're sashin'
You ain't know why you catch their pimp?
Go ask him, my whores are fresh
So I afforded them
Explore the rest
Tell you now backdoor's the best
For the stress
We never raw in flesh
Why I'm sores a guess
I done pay for yeah I stack them chips
Condoms when I grab them hips
Kiss and mix you wrap them lips
And if she act (Smack the bitch)
If she whack (Smack the bitch)
Sad to see the way it had to be
Smack the bitch the bitch don't smack me
Cupid's snap me but so are mine on my lines
Yo, my rhymes got a concubine
'Cause I control they mind
Avoid the crew
'Void the groove
Got more doe, than the feud
Got more hoes, than the few
If I die they wouldn't know what to do
Whatcha think all they do is cry?
Tell you this between you and I
Forty slit wrists outta the forty nine suicide[Chorus]And now I'm drunk off the Henny now
Went off the Remmy now
Niggaz always envy now
'Cause I'm good and plenty now
And when it come to gettin' head, yo many bow
Girls acting friendly now
(Killa c'mon feel me, ow
I leave'm past sleeping
Last weekend
I took Cardin to get his ass eatin'
He said you pass freepin'
But I'ma ace so throw your cards up
But if you stink baby, I ain't hard up
Parl' up
To wash up
But that's insulting
Revolting
But if you clean we ballin'
Eat you 'til you catch convulsions

And girls all feign, for the bod
On my team and my mob
Think we scheme and we rob the way they screamin' for God
And all sluts, with he V's
Let'em see how it be
They be like "No, you ain't puttin' all that meat up in me"
You wil'in out
For the styin'out
Girls say I'm foul and doubt
But baby got to understand
That's what my style's 'bout[Chorus x 2]Ayyo a pimp's a pimp.

Songwriters

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