Bobby & Whitney

Pimp C

I know you hoes on a mission to steal my dick

But Pimp Chad ain't goin' for the Georgia, bitch

It wasn't nuttin' when I saw ya bitch

She knew that I was on some millionaire shitEverythang I say is the truth

I need five funky hoes for one prostitute

Just 'cause you sell pussy don't make you certified

You ain't in it to win it, I can see it in yo' eyesWww dot, wonder why I'm quickly gettin' exposed

Breakin' tricks for they money like a female is supposed

I'm not in Neptune on some space age shit

All my diamonds got paper, Emmitt keeping me legitWhen the welfare was over, I be sellin' cocaine

I'm out in Las Vegas, takin' over bitches' brains

Tony Snow don't sniff no blow

Pimp hard on a cracker but I love me a crowI gotta big truck on some big rims

I get my dick sucked, when I pull out the bent

These hoes jockin' me, they wanna ride with me

They gotta be down hoe like Bobby Brown & WhitneyI gotta big truck on some big rims

I get my dick sucked, when I pull out the bent

These hoes jockin' me, they wanna ride with me

They gotta be down hoe like Bobby Brown & WhitneyLife is a game of inches

You move up little by little to the fame and riches

Life be a game and a broad of visions

Some niggaz is hoes and all women ain't bitches And your reach? Keep the heat near

Games, I don't play, I'm tryna make it clear

You don't hear me nigga? Open up ya ears

If you movin' too fast, slow down and switch gears P.A. somethin', ya life give ya nothin'

The streets ain't pokin', you can get shot bluffin'

Cash rule everythang, keep that on ya brain

Get rich quick, let pimpin' do the blameMidnight blue with the peanut butter ducts

Chrome on my feet and bump in the trunk

Ball cap popped up, raised to the back

Kush in my realer, rollin' big like ShaqI gotta big truck on some big rims

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These hoes jockin' me, they wanna ride with me

They gotta be down hoe like Bobby Brown & WhitneyI'ma pimp, sellin' hoes to a chick on the track

Make my money, bend her or over, slap the dick on the back

They call me Young Jay, G, I'm the man in charge

If you read this application, you'll change ya jobI gotta order motherfuckin' rappers, teachers, preachers and athletes

All make a personal visit or to the backstreet
I even gotta hoe, play away

With one rule, till ya gray, nigga stay awaySee I'm the reason why ya letcha girl stay at the house

And beat her up 'cause my name couldn't stay out her mouth

And I don't need to know if she just wanna join the team

Get down and kiss all up on my ringI keep a Cadillac and I select a few in my car

If you don't own one, then you ain't got shit in ya garage

I go hard, you motherfuckas ain't breakin' a hoe

You just flyin' bitches in, showcasing a hoel gotta big truck on some big rims

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