

Pimps (Free Stylin' at the Fortune 500 Club)

The Coup

Fuck naw I ain't got no Grey Poupon
Well anyway, I said, "That's no burglar! That's my butler."
Mr. Rockefeller, let me in on the gossip
I heard you and Mr. Getty are getting into rap music or something
Yes, we have this thing we do with our voices
We sing like authentic rappers
Oh David, you must do it for us
Well if they could make this music more funky
Let me see if I can get my voice like those rappers
Here we go Well, if you're blind as Helen Keller
You could see I'm David Rockefeller
So much cash up in my bathroom it's a Ready-Teller
I'm outrageous, I work in stages, like syphilis
But no need for prophylactics
I'mma up you on some mean old mac shit
Ain't buff, but my green gots amino acid
Keep my hoes in check, no rebellions
If your ass occur, shit
It wouldn't be the first time I done made a massacre
Nigga please, how you figure these
Motherfuckers like me got stocks bonds and securities
No impurities, straight Anglo-Saxon
When my family got they sex on
Don't let me get my flex on, do some gangster shit
Make the army go to war for Exxon
Long as the money flow, I be making dough
Welcome to my little pimp school
How you gonna beat me at this game? I make the rules
Flash a little cash, make you think you got class
But you really selling ass and ho keep off my grass
Less you cutting it, see I'm running shit
Trick all y'all motherfuckas is simps
I'm just a pimp That is so cute!
John Paul, why don't you entertain us with something as well?
Well, what should I do?
Why don't you rap for us?
No, I
Come on, old boy, I did mine
I

It's so, tribal
Well, very well
Oh goody!
But, hold my martini, I have to do those hand gestures
We will begin at the commencement of the next measure Now get ready, I'm J.P. Getty
I am tearing shit up like confetti
My money last longer than Eveready
Ain't nothing petty about cash I never lose
This is just like the stroll
But the hoes don't choose, I chose you
No voodoo can hoo-doo you
From getting treated like a piece of ol' booboo who
Do you think want those niggas that don't turn tricks?
The loco ho in '94 is getting 86ed
And all about those rebellions, and riots and mishaps
I got the po po's for their daily pimp slap
The motherfucker gangsta, rolling Fleetwood Caddy
I'm that mack ass already pimped his daddy
Lay you out like linoleum floors
I'm getting rich off petroleum wars
Controlling you whores, making you eat Top Ramen
While I eat shrimp, y'all motherfuckas is simps
I'm just a pimp Oh no here he comes
Oh don't look at him
Are you fellows rapping?
I can do that reggie, uh, ah reggae type of thing
You know, one, two, three
Well actually, we were just leaving And Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
I am Donald Trump me think you mighta heard about me
How me last wife Ivana come and catch me money
She want all, she want this, she want that of fun
X amount of this like just like the gap hear me
Hol' up your hand if you love the money
Hol' up your hand if you love punanny
Gun pon mi side mi a fi kill somebody
Because the money inna mi trunk dem wan fi come tek see

Songwriters

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