Contract

Cracktorch

[Intro: Pimpin' Ken]
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, like I said this is your boy Pimpin' Ken dot net
Sell the bitch pussy till it's drip drop wet
You know what I'm saying, the vet, not the pet
Dig this here man
Like my nigga Cashball, you know what I'm saying, me and DeAnte say
Man, it's "stacks, tracks and contracts," you know what I'm taking about
Only time a bitch get off is when a bitch run off, you know what I'm talking about
Hey man, you understand me
Master constitution for the prostitution
And let prostitution be the only solution
Please believe it, you understand it, bitch, you know my choosing fee bitch
It's a lifetime, bitch of ho crime, believe that ho you know what I'm talking about
Yeah, bitch you know what I'm talking about
Don coochie hole bitch, better known as pimp coochie hole
Pimpin' Ken the Don in this shit ho
You know what I'm talking about, yeah
Milwaukee, Wisconsin you fuck-ass bitch

[Dirty Mouth]
As I pull up to the club
Jumping out of the Jag
24's still spinning with a dealership tag
Brand New
Bright leather guts and pearl blue
These hoes they choosing like a lucky horseshoe
But that's alright cause I don't pay these hoes no mind
As I stroll to the front of the VIP line
Straight in I go, headed straight to the bar
I got a superstar status, so I guess I'm a star
Haters checking me out
Now tell me what's that about?
I'ma chill to the point haters checking me out
Sipping on the Crystal
Bitches wanna get wild
Popping X and smoking dro' on the verge of my style
These bitches calling, asking where the after party
The Embassy Suites downtown, room 112, my darling
Bring your friends so we can let this party begin

And bring a box of Magnum rubbers so we can fuck till the end

[Jazze Pha]
Hey bitch, sign your name on the dotted line (well)
Cause you belong to me (you belong to me, yeah)
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (well)
Cause now you're mine

[LA]
Just pulled up at the club
I'm flyer than a motherfucker
Damn, why they staring? ho, shit I'm the motherfucker
Not the front door
We better go through the back
See, that was back then, now look where we at
Straight to VIP, my niggaz, man we deep
You gonna go through 2 or 3
Before you get to me
The bitch, and she a G and said "what's up for later?"
I said "I'm 20 East, I'm headed to Decatur"
And motherfuck the hater
It's about this making paper
And while she choosing hard, guaranteed I'ma take her
So shake the saltshaker, the dro' is the vapor
I ain't got love for niggaz cause all they try to do is cake her
I ain't sippin on no chaser, that's what we tell the waiter
You goddamn right, I'm a motherfucker player
So tell me how you want it
You riding? Get up on it
I ain't fucking with the ho if she don't know how to donut, for real

[Jazze Pha + Lil Jon]
Hey bitch (hey bitch), sign your name on the dotted line (well)
Cause you belong to me (you belong to me, yeah)
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (well)
Cause now you're mine

[Lil Jon]
Hey, hey bitch
Hey bitch get up it's time to go to work
Time to go to work bitch, it's your boy Lil Jon
Never will I love a bitch
Why would I trust a bitch?
Always gonna dog a bitch
They only good for sucking dick

Or riding on a nigga cock
Trying to get a nigga stock
I'm never gonna break bread
Not even for a little head
I'm a player, not a cake-a-ho
Always gotta break ho, down to the fucking floor
You step up, I'll let you know
It's MOB, BME
P to the I to the M P
No, I'm Southside
Sorry, bitch, you better pay me

[Big Sam]
Old school white Lac pimpin like I'm Don Juan
When I pull up on the track, I toot-a-loo my horn
Make these hoes come running like Mike for travs
Ain't got my money ho, you bound to get slap
Cause I don't love a bitch and won't save a bitch
If it ain't about money, then it don't make sense
I'll mack a bitch and I'll pimp a bitch
As long as she making me filthy rich

[Don P]
Just up off the pill, drinking on my beer
Sitting on a mill, but I'm pimpin still
Riding round the track, like Goldie in the Mack
Still I'm Don Coreleone pimping hoes from my realm
Mesmerized by the words coming out my mouth
So I'm flushing money quickly out these bitches' bank accounts
After that I bounce
To another ho, in a totally different city
for a whole other show
They say, "why you don't call?" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"
"You always out of town" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"
"You probably in the club" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"
You bout to make me break your neck, I have to ask your ass again
I'm Don a.k.a "stay pimpin hard"
That mean hoes gonna march winter, summer, spring and fall
Cause I have to ball, there's no other way
Even if the bitch's pregnant, there's no Happy Mother's Day

[Jazze Pha + Lil Jon]
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (sign right here)
Cause you belong to me (you my bitch now)
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (right here)

Cause now you're mine (you mine, ho)

[Lil Jon] Get your ass up

[Jazze Pha (+ Lil Jon)]
If you get out line, I'm a slap you out
I'm a slap you out
I'm a slap you out
Better have my money (you better have my money, bitch)
Cause you signed your name on the dotted line
So get off your ass and get on the grind
(Get up, get out there and make my motherfucking money, right now)
Forgot what I am, bitch? What am I?
I'm a pimp in every inch of the word
Every inch of the verb
Every inch of the curb
I'm a hit it, like the lottery baby
Better believe it (please believe it)
Hey, yeah
If it's pimping you wanting (what), pimping you needing (what)
Everyday from me (from a real motherfucking pimp)
But bitch that's all I can see
Any day of the week, when you fucking with me

[Lil Jon]
If you fucking with me, you better get your ass out there
And make that motherfucking money
Rain, sleet or snow
Rob, steal and kill for a motherfucking pimp like me, ho

[K. Sanchez]
"Say, I'm comin at you with lines, think they lies
Just because I don't match your compatible sign
I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate
Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate..."

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