

Like a Pimp (feat. Jucy J & DJ Paul of 3-6 Mafia)

UGK

Say bitch, I'm thinking of a master plan
And I'm bringing this paper faster than
These other lil' bastards can
So I'm digging in my mind for the bitches I broke
And keep a player paid in full 'cause pimping ain't no joke
You want to pop that pussy that's a slim ass chance
Put the paper in the panties when you get that dance
This C O D nigga, so you can keep your nuh plastic cards
No checks, no money orders, Visas or Master Cards
Original old school rock balling rappers
Bitches still say we high side call us sky cappers
But why slap us when you think a nigga down on his luck
You try and flag us when you see us coming down in a buck
Now, what the fuck part of the game taught y'all
that bitch play?
See, we makes a bitch pay like a bitch weigh
And then a bitch stay wouldn't sit still, fuck how this shit feel
This ain't studio pimpin', this shit real pimpin'
I got them bitches popping pussy getting buck
And you know that we couldn't give a fuck
I got them bitches on the corner selling cock
And the game that we go don't stop
I got them thug ass niggaz with the syrup
And you know that we always blowing herb
And in the club, man, you know we stay strapped
And bitch, you know that it ain't about this rap
To many niggaz out here buying hoes a meal
Nigga that ain't the way a bitch supposed to feel
I close the deal from the front door
Fuck me right and suck me tight
And you just might hit the blunt hoe
I don't stunt and blow smoke up your ass, baby
But don't be acting all saditty with class baby
You with a nigga such as my self it'll cost you
So pay before a nigga fuck around and be the tosser
Sweet Jones, Gripping Grain
With all that shit you talk ain't got no bezatine chain
And most of y'all niggaz ain't nothing but tricks
But we sipping lean and breaking bricks
Popping pills, work the wood wheel
Fuck where you're from and fuck how you feel
If you want to go to war, I'll take you to war
I got an AK 47 and a tek in the car
I got them bitches popping pussy getting buck
And you know that we couldn't give a fuck
I got them bitches on the corner selling cock
And the game that I got don't stop
I got them thug ass niggaz with the syrup
And you know that we always blowing herb
And in the club, man, you know we stay strapped

And bitch, you know that it ain't about this rap
Bitch, niggaz getting hit in the front
I give a fuck, bitch, you can hit the blunt
And everyday young boys that's paid
Lay it down when we chopping on the blades
I'm always trying to put in work, niggaz wanna do my dirt
Balling down on Beale Street, sipping on a pint of syrup
Chopping up the chronic weed, picking all the fucking seeds
Trying to slow my roll, in my trunk, I got them fucking keys
Always riding Chevy things, shining on them
twanky things
Kids, I'm a role model, police, I'm a dope man
Can't forget to check my traps, got me cheese a player slap
People say, that pimping dead, never has it left my mouth
Optimos a fifth of crown, red eyes with a frown
Niggaz with them gold teeth, fast talking on the town
Some of us are under cover, make your baby mama love us
Knot in my right pocket, left pocket got them rubbers
Right hand Rolex watch, stuffed shirt plastic glock
Back pocket Chevy keys, ready for the brain wash
I'ma go pimp a bitch, I'ma like wicked witch
Always got to watch your friends, backstabbers 'cause a snitch
Now see, let me blow your mind the real
business in the wind
The main thing fucking up these hoes is their fucking friends
You remember back in day it was niggaz pimping hoes
Take a look around now it be hoes pimping hoes
What the business, what the deal, man, these hoes got me
fucked
Make me walk up in the strip and kind of get like buck
Oh, you fucking with my cheese, oh, you fucking with my paper
Bitch, you got to pay the piper even if you straight rape her
I ain't mad about my girl licking pussy with a girl
'Cause she got to get it done but that thing ain't my world
Bitch, I'll tell you what your job and your job nonstop
I need the spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch
I need the Coke keys, door keys, low keys, rover keys
On knees and Bentley's, Mozzarella cheese
Now nigga, now you talking hoes get to walking
And I ain't trying to hear that bullshit, bitch, walk
I got them bitches popping pussy getting buck
And you know that we couldn't give a fuck
I got them bitches on the corner selling cock
And the game that I got, don't stop
I got them thug ass niggaz with the syrup
And you know that we always blowing herb
And in the club, man, you know we stay strapped
And bitch, you know that it ain't about this rap
Bitch, niggaz, getting hit in the front
I give a fuck, bitch, you can hit the blunt
And everyday young boys that's paid
Lay it down when we chopping on the blades
Hold up

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