P.I.M.P. (Snoop Dogg remix)

50 Cent

I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PI don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PNow shorty, she in the club, she dancin' for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her 'cause they wannaI spit a little G man, and my game got her
A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada
Them trick niggas in her ear sayin' they think about her
I got the bitch by the bar, tryin' to get a drink up out her
She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk
She from the country, think she like me 'cause I'm from New York
I ain't that nigga tryin' to holla 'cause I want some head
I'm that nigga tryin' to holla 'cause I want some breadI could care less how she perform when she in the bed
Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid
Look baby this is simple, you can't see
You fuckin' with me, you fuckin' with a P I M PI don't know what you heard about me
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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M P
I'm 'bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me
If you fuckin' with me, I'm a P I M P
Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy
Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P I M PCome get money with me, if you curious to see
How it feels to be with a P I M P
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
From the backseat of my V, I'm a P I M PGirl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball
We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all
We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall
If ever you needed someone, I'm the one you should callI'll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall
If you got problems, I can solve 'em, they big or they small
That other nigga you be with ain't 'bout shit
I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, bitch!I don't know what you heard about me

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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PI told you fools before, I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
I holla at a hoe, till I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoesI'm shoppin' for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper
Man this hoe you can have her, when I'm done I ain't gonna keep her
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin' know
You sayin' it's secret, but you ain't gotta keep it on the lowBitch choose with me, I'll have you strippin' in the street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread
The last nigga she was with, put stitches in her head
Get your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch
'Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't payin' bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick!
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No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M P
Yeah, in Hollywoood they say, there's no b'ness like show b'ness
In the hood they say, there's no b'ness like hoe b'ness, you know
They say I talk a lil' fast, but if you listen a lil' faster
I ain't gotta slow down for you to catch up, bitch! Ha ha ha, yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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