

# Cake (Feat. Pimp C, Lil Boosie & Big K.R.I.T.)

## Bun B

Hold up  
Smoke something, bitch  
My trademark, know what I'm talkin bout?  
Yea, know what I'm talkin bout?  
Uncle Joey was talkin' bout  
Hey man, do fries come with that shake?  
Do green guys come with them thighs  
Shit, pimpin', Tommy loose, OCBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeWell Peter Piper, Pete Kepers, and Run rock rhymes  
You know that C Pimp hoes and Bun knock dimes  
I be at it and on it, don't start no static, I want it  
When I want it I get it, so get to hoppin' up on it  
Ain't no stopping, no frontin', this certified and official  
When I see you lickin' your lips, you wanna blow on my whistle  
But I got that harmonica, you can play it like Stevie  
They say that pimpin' ain't easy, man it is if you be me  
I see a new one every day, and they think that  
Cause they jazzy and they carefree they gon' talk me out my pay  
See, you tight, but see my game is just a little bit tighter  
Pay for pussy, that's alright, I grab the smoke so pass the lighterBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeMane you know I hit the first night, get 'em right the first date  
But I got a question for yah, them thighs come with that shake?  
You want Pappadeaux seafood, well you gon have to eat boo  
Won't be in my foreign car, you gon' be a porn star  
I know what's going through your head, If I get 'em right with head  
I might get a slice of bread for just a minute  
I get cash in duffle bags, I don't chase the cake  
Let em ride, get em high as I pay for cake  
Sorry, girl, I gotta go, like Pimp I'm on that purple dro

Mid-west, 30 a show, yea I hustle and flow  
Round town, a bad chicks tryna flag me down  
Zoom zoom, see ya later, I gotta get the paperBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeShit, now all the trickin', you should stop it, money been the topic  
While she digging in your pockets I be pluggin on her socket  
All off in your crib, feet up on your shit  
Instead of breakin' off a ho, you out here lovin' a bitch  
When I get this pimpin' biz, steel toe ?  
The type of dick that run a chick some shit that she could bill for  
Live for, all off in your billfold to make her happy  
She shake you off, I break her off cause she bring it back to daddy  
Don't be mad at me, cause your ho done chose  
I was out here on the stroll, she got down like she's supposed  
I put her on some golds, and some vapors on her mind  
Cause thighs come with that shake and green on the sideBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cakeBoss get cash money, smokin' the vapors  
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper  
Them thighs come with that shake  
Bitch in yo mind, ho I got cake

Songwriters

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