

Real Pimp

Nate Dogg

[Chorus]

I'm a real P-I-M-P

And I love the way the ladies shake that thang

From a real G-A-N-G

And the haters know this Dogg Pound Gangsta gang

Nigga you can't fuck with me

From the jump I told you I cannot be faded

Never been no mystery

Never took no shit and always got my thang[Nate Dogg]

Let me teach you the game man, homie wit' this

When he rockin' ya brain man, gimme a visit

Let me show you the ropes loc, would she be missin'

Goin' to smoke you some endo, we keep it pimpin'Niggaz playin' that hate game, we keep it pimpin'

Niggaz movin' that weight man, we keep it pimpin'

Bitches shakin' that thang man, we keep it pimpin'

Got one comin' wit' me man, I got loveI got love for my niggaz who be watchin' my back

No I ain't got love for hoes who play them games

You can check my gangsta files

I been putting in work since 1985Got an angel by my side

All my demons always beggin' me to ride[Ludacris]

Uh, now ever since ruffles had ridges, Luda's had bitches

Pimp, get more gums then baby pictures

Menages wit sistas, veins poppin' out like shimp, lobster

A-Town mobster, garage full of 6's, what can I say?If something don't smell right, what can I spray?

Tec-9 incense, say for instance

See you in the distance, hit 'em in an instant

We so crummy, countin' mo' moneyBut stay strapped up like crash test dummies

Put 3 to ya tummy, 2 to ya throat

And bulletproof cars, we ride like the pope

Just in case, you don't make it homeYou better super glue grip the chrome

'Cause you was talkin' that yap and got put in the bed

Now it's a frog in ya throat like Ms. Piggy givin' head[Chorus]

Songwriters

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