

# Big Pimpin' (feat. UGK)

JAY-Z

Uhh, uh uh uh  
It's big pimpin baby.  
It's big pimpin, spendin cheese  
Feel me. uh-huh uhh, uh-huh.  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah. You know I - thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em  
Cause I don't fuckin need em  
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin good  
But I don't fuckin feed em  
First time they fuss I'm breezin  
Talkin bout, "What's the reasons?"  
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch  
Better trust than believe em  
In the cut where I keep em  
til I need a nut, til I need to beat the guts  
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin em up  
Let em play with the dick in the truck  
Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist in cuffs  
Divorce him and split his bucks  
Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread  
so you can be livin it up? Shit I.  
parts with nothin, y'all be frontin  
Me give my heart to a woman?  
Not for nothin, never happen  
I'll be forever mackin  
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion  
I got no patience  
And I hate waitin.  
Hoe get yo' ass in  
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah  
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah  
We doin. big pimpin, we spendin cheese  
Check em out now  
Big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We doin. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Yo yo yo. big pimpin, spendin cheese

We doin - big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
 We doin. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N BNigga it's the - big Southern rap impresario  
 Comin straight up out the black bar-rio  
 Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe  
 Then sit back and peep my sce-nawr-e-oh  
 Oops, my bad, that's my scenario  
 No I can't fuck a scary hoe  
 Now every time, every place, everywhere we go  
 Hoes start pointin - they say, "There he go!"  
 Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit  
 We don't pull it out over little shit  
 And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit  
 Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' vocab  
 Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me  
 and you see us comin down on yo' slab  
 Livin ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it  
 But nigga if you hatin I  
 then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it  
 You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on  
 Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin to the track  
 Timbaland let me spit my prose on  
 Pump it up in the pro-zone  
 That's the track that we breakin these hoes on  
 Ain't the track that we flow's on  
 But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin like ozone  
 We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man  
 Fo' real it don't get no bigger man  
 Don't trip, let's flip, gettin throwed on the flip  
 Gettin blowed with the motherfuckin Jigga Man, fool  
 We be. big pimpin, spendin cheese  
 We be. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
 We be. big pimpin down in P.A.T.  
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
 Cause we be. big pimpin, spendin cheese  
 And we be. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
 Cause we be. big pimpin in P.A.T.  
 It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B. niggaUhh. smokin out, throwin up, keepin lean up in my cup  
 All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck  
 Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall  
 If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck witch'all  
 If I wasn't rappin baby, I would still be ridin Mercedes  
 Chromin shinin sippin daily, no rest until whitey pay me  
 Uhhh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys  
 Comin down in candied toys, smokin weed and talkin noiseWe be. big pimpin, spendin cheese

We be. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We be. big pimpin down in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Cause we be. big pimpin, spendin cheese  
And we be. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
Cause we be. big pimpin in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B. nigga

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