

Pimpin' All Over the World (feat. Bobby V.)

Ludacris

[Chorus]

The fancy cars, the women and the caviar, you know who we are, cause we pimpin all over the world,
The fancy cars, the women and the caviar, you know who we are, cause we pimpin all over the worldSing it
hoes,

All over the world baby, it's only right that I share my experiences with ya'll, cause I've been
Places where you'll never imagine, but Ima start at home, when I see a girl I like I walk straight up to her
And I'm like (ugh), Heyy girl how ya doin, you are the woman that I'm really pursuin, I would like to get
To know ya, can you gimme ya name, if you jot down ya number you'll get mine in exchange, Heyy
See I'm the man of this town, and I hope you would'nt mind if I showed you around, so when you
Go to certain places you'll be thinkin of me, we got people to meet and many places to see, Heyy
I'm really diggin ya lips, but be careful where you walkin when you swingin them hips, I'm kinda
Concerned that you'll be causin a crash wit ya traffic jam booty, heads pausin so fast, Heyy
I would'nt trade you for the world I swear it, I like ya hair and every style that ya wear it,
And how the colors cordinate wit ya clothes, from your manicured nails to ya pedicured toes[Chorus]You hear
the song so dance, don't always think I'm tryna get in your pants, cause see me my
Pimpin's in 3-D, I'm takin you places you only see on T.V., tryna show ya that livin is trife,
How many guys you know that can bring the travel channel to life, one day we on the auto-bind
Swervin drivin, next day we in the sun on the Virgin Islands, if you wit me ain't no time to
Sleep, especially at wet willies on Miami Beach, but I drive you off and pay you no attention if
I make it to Atlantas Brina Brothers convention, then jump in the car and just ride for hours,
Makin sure I don't miss the homecomin at Howard, Hawaii to D.C. it's plenty women to see, so if
Yo ass don't show up it's more women for me, Heyy[Chorus]I'm in New York at the portorican day parade, thn
at night I'm in New Orleans drinkin hand
Grenades, outnumbered by the dozens at the jazz fest, in Mardigra all the women tryna show mw
They chest, Heyy
I'm in Jamaica spendin massive bucks, while the ladies all beggin me to masha tucks, I had sad
Beginnings when I rap wit no fans, now it's all happy endings in my lap in Japan, Heyy
I used to think that it was way too cold til I went to Canada and say some beautiful hoes, now I
Hit the Caribbean every year in Toronto, then fly t Illinois to get a taste of Chicago(ugh), Oh
Yet and still you would'nt believe your eyes if you went to Brazil, ain't no need of even askin
Brah, the best women are reside in Africa, and that's real[Chorus]Sing it hoesPimpin pimpin pimpin, ladies and
gentlemen as we ride out, could we have all the real pimps,
Please put both of your pinky fingers high in the air, now ladies look around wit me, lets see if
We can weed some of these niggas out, cause it's no way that all these niggas could be pimpin, no
If you happen to see a nigga wit two sweat patches up under his arms, look like he been swimmin
In shoulder height water, please tell that nigga, put yo hands down, if you smell like you been
At work all day and your car, please put your hands down, now look up at the pinky fingers that
Are still in the air, if you see him ashy around the knuckles, like the nigga wash half of his
Hands and lotion three quarters of his body, please say put yo hands down, if yo spinnin rims

Spin counter clockwise, you are not pimpin, if you are dancin on the dancefloor and you look to
Yo left and yo right and you do not see a woman in sight, guess what you guessed it you are not
Pimpin, if your Vodka and cranberry is really really dark like blood, that's because you did'nt
Order Vodka buddy, that's why it's three dollars a glass, put your hands down, now look down, I
Need everybody to pull up your pants leg one time ok, you see the nigga wit the white socks NOT
PIMPIN! [fading out], sorry unless you tryna do the Beat It entourage, if your shoes have a buckle
On, your not pimpin

Songwriters

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