

Pimp Hard

Canton Jones

I know that yous a pimp and wanna pimp hard
But in yo pimpin you cant pimp God

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Playa from da Himalayas
Asian, Spanish, White, Black
Hey baby come over here.
You flip through your black book and you like let me see
Then you get what you want and you like girl just let me be
You're like a pitbull...Sick'em
You got plenty, you cant trick'em
And to the curb you kick'em
But every dog has its day
Keep it pimpin and Pimp one day,
It's gonna be yo last leg.
You got with a top model
She brought you the top dollar
She had fleas on the colla (Holla)
But you a pimp, you aint afraid to try
You aint afraid to lie
Are you afraid to die?

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You gotta girl cheatin on her man wit you
And you know dude cause you to went to High School...Thats not cool
But she don' fooled you (ooo ooo)
And dude loves her and he's gonna kill you
But you say no no
And youu creep around on the low low
Thinkin he cant shoot because he the po po
So you keep goin
And her love for you keep growin
You think that cause the feelin shes showin

People say dont try her
And even though shes hotter than fire
Dont trust her because she is a liar
But you dont listen
And one night when you two were kissin
Ya heard a funny noise in the kitchen
You go out there
Saw another girl who had short hair
Pistol in her hand and she yells
"Where is my lover!"
Shes a lesbian you discover
Shoots you then she shoots at the cover
Then they call your mother

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Pimpin been pimpin since 96
And 6 jurisdictions
Hard on a Ooo
Get it tho
Rain, Sleet, Hail or Snow (Fa' Sho')
Make a pretty girl feel like a smurf
Hard as the turf
Never been soft like a nurf
I mean I'll sell you a drink
Put yo in a mini skirt
And now you selling for the team
Manipulate yo mind
Till yo mind is mine
Im years ahead of you
Girl you like way behind
And Ima have my way just stay behind
But if you let me manage you
Then Ima make you shine
Nothing but lies

Whatever it takes
Even though Im ruinin lives
Its how a pimp thinks
No love, Workin with a killa instinct
All for da money
I push you over the brink
But now that aint the way to go (Naw)
You better off lettin Jesus save yo soul
All the fake stuff is startin to take its toll
But Christ is in you face
Ready make you whole
Cause aint no game good enough
Naw you aint hood enough
To get over on God
Nobody gangsta enough
Nobody hood enough
Lemme tell you somethin
You aint that hard

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Lyrics submitted by dameika.

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