

Lobster & Scrimp

Timbaland

Yeah uh huh
Uh huh uh huh uh, yo!
Yi yea yeah
Yo Timbaland wh, where Missy at?
(Ha ha right here Dawg) Geyeah
Uh huh uh huh uh
Uh huh yaknahmean? (Yeah)
Lobster shrimp nigga I'm a pimp nigga
Feel the game that I spit lobster shrimp nigga Yeah c'mon
From the gutter to the rich
From holes in my clothes to the most butter shit
How's life what a bitch
Now I rock ice for the fuck of it
Your wife love my shit, know who you fuckin with?
Jay-hovah, 'fore I never got no play
Now these bitches want to give me more head than Sade
(Say what?) Crisp in the 6 withcha bitch parlayed
I need privacy I pull up the back shade
Initials on the headrest, it's official
Style so sick I need bedrest, nigga I got issues
(Say what?) I hate fake bitches, "you gotta wait" bitches
"I don't know you, I don't fuck on the first date" bitches
(Is that right?) Hot shot niggaz, talk to the cop niggaz
"Money, that's my girl," cock block niggaz
See you in the club, and scheme on your watch niggaz
Talk a lot of shit with, no Glock niggaz
It's Jigga baby, let it be known
I'm the king, I could never be dethroned
Thank God Uh-huh, yeah yeah yeah
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, yo
Is you a pimp nigga? (Yes I'm a pimp nigga)
Well spit the game nigga (Lobster and shrimp nigga)
Yo, ain't nothin' changed nigga, you know the name Jigga
And I came to put it down for y'all, what? Call me, fitty plus, niggas envious
Drop top, Jigga, leave 'em in the dust
You got a lot of crew, do any of 'em bust?
Hell no, Jigga off the hook, "Hello!"
They call me poppy seed, this is hot to me
I got this lock and key, I got cities Under Siege

When I'm in L.A. the six-four is ill
When I'm in the A-T-L it's the Coupe DeVille
When I'm down in Miami, I'm hoppin through
With the all black Ninja with the sock over my shoe
Mami screamin', "Papi chu', who keeps stoppin you?"
And I'm screamin, "Not a cat, Money holla back"
It ain't nothin but beginners, and y'all in the game
But y'all can't ball like Chicago centers
This is it niggaz, get your grip niggaz
It's about to get hot mami, Who You Wit? "Jigga!"Is you a pimp nigga? (Yes I'm a pimp nigga)
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And I came to put it down for y'allYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hear Timbo' on the CB, need some info
Your chick is with you Dawg?Gotta be, 10-4
I'm in the 5-speed now so I shift to fo'Mash my foot on the gas til it hit the floor
Tires left skid marks, whoa
Shit's about to start
How we got there?
Snatched the case of Crist' up out the car
Can you stand the rain cause it's pourin now
I hope she likes porno flicks cause she starrin now!
If the answer is no, she speakin foreign now
Just let a brotha know, I turn my car around
Freak or freeze, if the answer really is noGirl I leave so fast you can speak to my breeze
She said, "You're stressin me now,"
Said, "No No No," then, "Yea yea yea" like she Destiny's ChildWe about to cook with no recipe now, to the
mornin, thenLet's be out!Is you a pimp nigga? (Yes I'm a pimp nigga)
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And I came to put it down for y'allThat's how we do it y'all
Timbaland, Jay-Z
Two pimps

Two pimps
Two pimps baby
Put it down
Don't you like that?
We like to do it like that
We like to ride these tracks
Uhh, you don't think we two pimps?
Huh, holla back
You know what? Tell you somethin like this
With the Ferraris and Jaguars, switchin four lanes
Ha ha, money ain't a thang
Ha ha, I got no thangs you know what I'm sayin?
You know why? Cause I'm a pimp
And Jay-Z? He's the pimper you know what I'm sayin?
That's how we do it right here in the nine-eight
So we gotta be out let it ride like this
Bounce

Songwriters

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