

Fuck My Car

UGK

Check it out, 1996
Bitches still sucking on dicks
Hoes just, tripping man
Choosing they men by what kinda cars they drive
What kinda keys you holding Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar
They ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car
But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far
They ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car
Look a nigga up and down like he a superstar
But they ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car
But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far
They ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car Ay C keep yo' eyes open for the boppers, car hoppers
Daisy Dukes out on the block, showing cock, traffic stoppers
Looking good spending some nigga G's
Nails by Vietnamese, hair by Mean Gene, looking like they worth G's
Dress above they knees, jellies and G-strings up the ass
Man I never let 'em pass
So tell me where can I find 'em
With they nigga or in that candy Cadillac right behind him Bitches telling me see yo' dick grand
All she wanna do is ride Su-bur-ban
Put her ass on the leather, and rub the wood
See we got boppers in Texas oh man that pussy look good
So I let them hoes ride and I show them a grip
But she blinded by the candy she can't see I'm a pimp
When she told me I looked good I didn't feel no pride
All the bitch wanted to do is just fuck my ride Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar
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They ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car Oh yeah these hoes think they cute in skin-tight catsuits
Assuming that they body's too booming to dispute
But pussy is the root of all drama
An attribute put up in they head by they mamma
Oh yeah I'mma tell it like it is, I sees how it goes down
Niggas talking 'bout, how they passing these hoes 'round
But y'all tricking, them hoes told me

Fools y'all ain't Goldy, riding in a goodie but an oldie
Fifty dollars there, a hundred dollars here
You brought the bitch a drink and all her home girls a beer
Your homeboys looking for ya, but yo' ass gone
You left your niggas at the club and took all them hoes home
And didn't even fuck, man what the fuck?
If you didn't want to fuck, then get the fuck up out the truck
You know what I mean? I ain't showing out hoes
Just so these hoes can be seen, c'mon you wanna fuck or cut? Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to
the bar

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But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far
They ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car When you look at my chrome and you lick your lips
It's just like I'm rubbing my dick between your hips
And when you smile and shake your ass, my grill smile right back
Bitch I'm the real, that's why I ride Cadillac
And I'mma fuck you and fuck all yo' friends
Soon as Pimp C come through in that 600 Benz
With burgundy paint, butter and AMG rims
Color TV, VCR playing X-rated films
Of myself, running up in beauty queens
But let me tell y'all niggas the difference between y'all and me
You see, man I can tell all that bitch wanted to do
Is just ride for free and smoke for free
But bitch not me, you better ask them hoes if my name Pimp C
Unless your pussy making ten thousand dollars a week
The only way I see you sitting in my passenger seat, you bitch Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to
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Songwriters

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