

# Pimpin' Skit

## Method Man

Yeah, them niggas talking bout y'all always want some lyrics, right?  
Real lyrics, well here we go, I'm a tell you a little story  
That's right, watch this shit, nigga, here we go, y'all, your ass  
Yeah, we write for days, hot shit, uh-huh  
Dope, drugs, sex, murder, King James version Aiyo, needle was left hanging, in the arm of a pimp  
He walk with a limp, had bitches on the payroll  
He gave the seeds candy and his family was poor  
Drove a '68 Caddy with the fur on the door  
The other macks ain't have jack on him, not even Goldie  
Slowly, he would rise, kept his runners with the police  
Jim Brown was his man, his brother was Muslim, they tried to convert him  
And turn righteous, but the streets got the good of him  
Big hats with gorgeous stones, honey designed the slacks  
With two attempts on his bottom bitch, her name was Precious  
Silky skin, priceless pussy, she took karate  
Her bubble ass got Pretty Chipp rich  
You can smell her perfume on every street corner  
A sexy motherfucka with the mean face on her  
Precious, sported bulletproof dresses, defending caring sex  
Thirteen smith, this boo that study her lessons  
She was the key to Pretty Chipp riches, bitches is fortune slang  
Control the south side, her name rings  
Lookout for the black cherry pussy extortion  
Any other hoes get pregnant, bet they get an abortion  
Back at the pub, at the Alice spot, bumping the sounds of Curtis  
Playing Live in the jukebox, this broad named Cookie  
In the purse, fifty thou' in cash  
Passed off to Chipp, told him count it fast, another 10 in my bloomers  
Fuck the rumors, it's lies, baby, you my daddy  
Bitches never saw me jumping out of Dirt Dog's cabby  
I'm a loyal bitch, and chicks can't stand me, pimps  
They know I'm ill, that's why they never put hands on me  
From Fillmore Slim to Goldie, Pretty Toney  
Frank War told me, C.C. get that money  
My potentials, credentials, my mouth stay hot  
Like Chinese mushrooms, wasabi with spicy lentils  
The other day I brought a little gat, where I keep near my lower back  
Cause these niggas don't know how to act  
At the Apollo, Ray Charles told me

Bitch just get in the car, cuz I want you to swallow  
I jumped in, and his bodyguards follow  
He was quick, I spit the nut on his '74 wallos  
He wanted to invite me to Chicago, I said 'nah, daddy'  
He pushed me out and lit up a Marlboro  
(Nah, papi) Cause I'm from New York  
He taught me the talks, he taught me the walk  
Cause I'm Chipp's bitch, we dine and resort  
Only nigga ever taught me, don't put swine on my fork  
And that's the truth, rest in peace, papi  
This Cookie, I still got another tall Goose for you daddy  
I'm a stick in the grave for you, baby  
Fuck them other pimps, they ain't got shit on you, daddy

Songwriters

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