

Pimp Mode Featuring Bun B (ShadyBlock.com)

Chamillionaire

Yea
Let her go
Let her go
Let her go
Let her go
Chamilitary-mayne
Yea
Pimp mode
U kno I stay in pimp mode
U kno I stay in pimp mode
Ya let her go
Let her go
Let her go
Yea pimp mode
Pimp mode
She don't wanna leave, u gotta let her breath baby
U wanna stay, make sure u wipe yo feet on the flo fo u step thru the door
Chamilitary mayne
Lez go[Chorus]
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Got the top down on a fresh set of 4's
And I push it real slow,slow,slow
I pimp the caddy real slow,real slow,real slow
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Put the game on em u know how the rest go
U know how the rest go,go,go
U know I be in pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode[Verse 1]
Picture me listenin while she beggin
That ain't even my style
Thats a penalty or a foul
Hit the sideline and sit down
I ain't even trippin bout how
Many my numbers that she gon dial
U'll get ejected from the game now
Watch reality hit ya like pow
U know my stacks will stay stackin
Knowin they hate so Ima stay packin
Knowin Chamillionaire got what they lackin
Havin them ladys showin they back in

Continental lincoln jus stretchin
Stash is hot and my weapon
Baby flashin her fleshin
Hopin its her that im sexin
Yes im stayin fresh jus like Mannie
Bout to go hit my spot in Miami
Now that I won im puttin my Grammy
On the grill and hood of my candy
She talkin bout can we can we what
Please take anotha vacation
And I'm like take another vacation
U gon have to sit and stay patient
I control her and remote her
She doin just wat I told her
Got a fonebook in my fone yea
Somewhere up in my folder
I stay choosin em like a voter
Told her ill promote her
Pinky shinin like its solar
Game colder than a polar[Chorus]
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Got the top down on a fresh set of 4's
And I push it real slow,slow,slow
I pimp the caddy real slow,real slow,real slow
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Put the game on em u know how the rest go
U know how the rest go,go,go
U know I be in pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode[Verse 2]
Well its a sunny day in the city
Wit syrup and sunny d
Flippin thru sunny side
Tryin to get me some money g
Down south on the south side
Where carseats is super-soft
If u trill we can conversateIf u aint ill blow ya off
From me the king of the trill
The one and the only mayne
My roof linin is swade
My seats is pony mayne
My air-forces is crocodile
Candy and dodo mayne
So when I step out
I step and im fly
Thats fa'sho tho mayne
Now cadillac cars

The machine 26's
Sittin clean cup
Full of promethazine for the lean
Naw mean
Sittin taller than yao-ming
Cut the corna them hatas
Fall back and start bawing
Lookin regal in the regal
Presidential in the lincoln
A balla in the beama
Man what the fuck was u thinkin
Me and koopa wouldnt shine
We got u boyz sweatin
Playa texas is the gind-house
Ask Robert and Quentin we be pimpin[Chorus]
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Got the top down on a fresh set of 4's
And I push it real slow,slow,slow
I pimp the caddy real slow,real slow,real slow
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Put the game on em u know how the rest go
U know how the rest go,go,go
U know I be in pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode[Hook]
U in the presence of a playa
In the presence of a playa
I ain't gon be the one to save ya
I ain't gon be the one to save ya
U in the presence of a playa
In the presence of a playa
I ain't gon be the one to save ya
I ain't gon be the one to save ya[Chorus]
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Got the top down on a fresh set of 4's
And I push it real slow,slow,slow
I pimp the caddy real slow,real slow,real slow
Let me hop right in the pimp mode
Put the game on em u know how the rest go
U know how the rest go,go,go
U know I be in pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp mode,pimp modeWhat u mean u ain't gon save me
I don't need nobody to save me
Oh yea
And u talkin about pimp
P-I-m-p
In the flesh
U know what that mean to me

What
Paper in my pocket
Haha
Now pull out ya credit card
Lets see if u can make my bank account pregnant
Man u crazy
Wat color is yo card
O is it black
American express
Cuz if it ain't
U need to step ya game up
Rookie
Man who u callin a rookie
Get up out my car
Uh I was jus playin baby
You know I love you
Yea aight
I hope u love to walk
Get out

Songwriters

PEREZ, NATHAN / SERIKI, HAKEEM T. / FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>