Fuck My Car

Ugk

Check it out, 1996, bitches still suckin on dicks
Hoes just trippin' mayne
Choosin, they men by what kinda cars they drive
What kinda keys you holdinNow bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar
They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car
But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far
They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my carLook a nigga up and down like he a superstar
But they ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car
But bitch who the fuck you think you are by far
They ain't trippin on me, they wanna fuck my carAy C keep yo' eyes open for the boppers, car hoppers
Daisy Dukes out on the block, showin cock, traffic stoppers
Lookin good spendin some nigga G's
Nails by Vietnamese, [unverified], lookin' like they worth G'sDress 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 himBitches tellin' 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 goodSo, 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 rideNow bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar
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They ain't trippin on me, they wanna fuck my carOh yeah, these hoes think they cute in skin-tight catsuits
Assumin' that they body's too boomin to dispute
But pussy is the root of all drama
An attribute put up in they head by they mommaOh yeah, I'ma tell it like it is, I sees how it goes down
Niggaz talkin' 'bout, how they passin' these hoes 'round
But y'all trickin', them hoes told me
Fools y'all ain't Goldy, ridin' in a goodie but an oldieFifty dollars there, a hundred dollars here
You brought the bitch a drink and all her homegirls a beer
Your homeboys lookin for ya, but yo' ass gone
You left your niggaz at the club and took all them hoes homeAnd 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 showin out Vogues
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
They ain't trippin' on me, they wanna fuck my car
But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far
They ain't trippin' on me, they wanna fuck my carWhen you look at my chrome and you lick your lips
It's just like I'm rubbin' 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 CadillacAnd I'ma fuck you and fuck all yo' friends
Soon as Pimp C come through in that 600 Benz
With burgundy paint, butter and LG rims
Color TV, VCR playin X-rated filmsOf myself, runnin up in beauty queens
But let me tell y'all niggaz 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 freeBut bitch not me, you better ask them hoes if my name Pimp C
Unless your pussy makin ten thousand dollars a week
The only way I see you sittin in my passenger seat, you bitch!Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar
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