

# 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 holdin 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 car Look 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 car Ay 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'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 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 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 trippin on me, they wanna fuck my car Oh 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 momma Oh 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 oldie Fifty 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 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 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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