

Big Pimpin' (Album Version)

Jay-Z

Uh, uh uh uh
It's big pimpin baby
It's big pimpin, spendin G's
Feel me uh-huh uhh, uh-huh
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah You know I thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em
Cause I don't fuckin' need em
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin' good
But I don't fuckin' feed em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe em
In the cut where I keep em
'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin' em up
Let em play with the dick in the truck
Many chicks want to put Jigga fist in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'm a break bread
So you can be livin' it up? Shit I
Parts with nothin', y'all be frontin'
Me give my heart to a woman?
Not for nothin', never happen
I'll be forever mackin'
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion
I got no patience
And I hate waitin'
Hoe get yo' ass in
And let's ride, check em out now
Ride, yeah
And let's ride check em out now
Ride, yeah We doin, big pimpin, we spendin' cheese
Check em out now
Big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin big pimpin up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Yo yo yo big pimpin, spendin' cheese
We doin' big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s

We doin' big pimpin up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun BNigga it's the big Southern rap impresario
Comin' straight up out the black barrio
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my scenario
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
No I can't fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoes start pointin', they say, "There he go!"
Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit
We don't pull it out over little shit
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' vocab
Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me
And you see us comin' down on yo' slab
Livin' ghetto fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it
But nigga if you hatin' I
Then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breakin' these hoes on
Ain't the track that we flows on
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin' like ozone
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
Gettin' blowed with the motherfuckin' Jigga Man, fool We be big pimpin' spendin' cheese
We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.D.'s
We be big pimpin' down in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
And we be big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
Cause we be big pimpin' in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B nigga Uh smokin' out, throwin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Everybody want to ball, holla at broads at the mall
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck with y'all
If I wasn't rappin' baby, I would still be ridin' Mercedes
Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, no rest until whitey pay me
Uh now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin' noise We be big pimpin, spendin cheese
We be big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s
We be big pimpin down in P.A.T.

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B
Cause we be big pimpin, spendin' cheese
And we be big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s
Cause we be big pimpin in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and Bun B nigga

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