

# Contract

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[Intro: Pimpin' Ken]

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, like I said this is your boy Pimpin' Ken dot net  
Sell the bitch pussy till it's drip drop wet  
You know what I'm saying, the vet, not the pet  
Dig this here man  
Like my nigga Cashball, you know what I'm saying, me and DeAnte say  
Man, it's "stacks, tracks and contracts," you know what I'm taking about  
Only time a bitch get off is when a bitch run off, you know what I'm talking about  
Hey man, you understand me  
Master constitution for the prostitution  
And let prostitution be the only solution  
Please believe it, you understand it, bitch, you know my choosing fee bitch  
It's a lifetime, bitch of ho crime, believe that ho you know what I'm talking about  
Yeah, bitch you know what I'm talking about  
Don coochie hole bitch, better known as pimp coochie hole  
Pimpin' Ken the Don in this shit ho  
You know what I'm talking about, yeah  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin you fuck-ass bitch

[Dirty Mouth]

As I pull up to the club  
Jumping out of the Jag  
24's still spinning with a dealership tag  
Brand New  
Bright leather guts and pearl blue  
These hoes they choosing like a lucky horseshoe  
But that's alright cause I don't pay these hoes no mind  
As I stroll to the front of the VIP line  
Straight in I go, headed straight to the bar  
I got a superstar status, so I guess I'm a star  
Haters checking me out  
Now tell me what's that about?  
I'ma chill to the point haters checking me out  
Sipping on the Crystal  
Bitches wanna get wild  
Popping X and smoking dro' on the verge of my style  
These bitches calling, asking where the after party  
The Embassy Suites downtown, room 112, my darling  
Bring your friends so we can let this party begin

And bring a box of Magnum rubbers so we can fuck till the end

[Jazze Pha]

Hey bitch, sign your name on the dotted line (well)  
Cause you belong to me (you belong to me, yeah)  
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (well)  
Cause now you're mine

[LA]

Just pulled up at the club  
I'm flyer than a motherfucker  
Damn, why they staring? ho, shit I'm the motherfucker

Not the front door  
We better go through the back  
See, that was back then, now look where we at  
Straight to VIP, my niggaz, man we deep  
You gonna go through 2 or 3  
Before you get to me

The bitch, and she a G and said "what's up for later?"  
I said "I'm 20 East, I'm headed to Decatur"  
And motherfuck the hater  
It's about this making paper  
And while she choosing hard, guaranteed I'ma take her  
So shake the saltshaker, the dro' is the vapor  
I ain't got love for niggaz cause all they try to do is cake her  
I ain't sippin on no chaser, that's what we tell the waiter  
You goddamn right, I'm a motherfucker player  
So tell me how you want it  
You riding? Get up on it  
I ain't fucking with the ho if she don't know how to donut, for real

[Jazze Pha + Lil Jon]

Hey bitch (hey bitch), sign your name on the dotted line (well)  
Cause you belong to me (you belong to me, yeah)  
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (well)  
Cause now you're mine

[Lil Jon]

Hey, hey bitch  
Hey bitch get up it's time to go to work  
Time to go to work bitch, it's your boy Lil Jon  
Never will I love a bitch  
Why would I trust a bitch?  
Always gonna dog a bitch  
They only good for sucking dick

Or riding on a nigga cock  
Trying to get a nigga stock  
I'm never gonna break bread  
Not even for a little head  
I'm a player, not a cake-a-ho  
Always gotta break ho, down to the fucking floor  
You step up, I'll let you know  
It's MOB, BME  
P to the I to the M P  
No, I'm Southside  
Sorry, bitch, you better pay me

[Big Sam]

Old school white Lac pimpin like I'm Don Juan  
When I pull up on the track, I toot-a-loo my horn  
Make these hoes come running like Mike for travs  
Ain't got my money ho, you bound to get slap  
Cause I don't love a bitch and won't save a bitch  
If it ain't about money, then it don't make sense  
I'll mack a bitch and I'll pimp a bitch  
As long as she making me filthy rich

[Don P]

Just up off the pill, drinking on my beer  
Sitting on a mill, but I'm pimpin still  
Riding round the track, like Goldie in the Mack  
Still I'm Don Coreleone pimping hoes from my realm  
Mesmerized by the words coming out my mouth  
So I'm flushing money quickly out these bitches' bank accounts  
After that I bounce  
To another ho, in a totally different city  
for a whole other show

They say, "why you don't call?" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"  
"You always out of town" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"  
"You probably in the club" I say, "bitch, where my dividends?"  
You bout to make me break your neck, I have to ask your ass again  
I'm Don a.k.a "stay pimpin hard"  
That mean hoes gonna march winter, summer, spring and fall  
Cause I have to ball, there's no other way  
Even if the bitch's pregnant, there's no Happy Mother's Day

[Jazze Pha + Lil Jon]

Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (sign right here)  
Cause you belong to me (you my bitch now)  
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line (right here)

Cause now you're mine (you mine, ho)

[Lil Jon] Get your ass up

[Jazze Pha (+ Lil Jon)]

If you get out line, I'm a slap you out

I'm a slap you out

I'm a slap you out

Better have my money (you better have my money, bitch)

Cause you signed your name on the dotted line

So get off your ass and get on the grind

(Get up, get out there and make my motherfucking money, right now)

Forgot what I am, bitch? What am I?

I'm a pimp in every inch of the word

Every inch of the verb

Every inch of the curb

I'm a hit it, like the lottery baby

Better believe it (please believe it)

Hey, yeah

If it's pimping you wanting (what), pimping you needing (what)

Everyday from me (from a real motherfucking pimp)

But bitch that's all I can see

Any day of the week, when you fucking with me

[Lil Jon]

If you fucking with me, you better get your ass out there

And make that motherfucking money

Rain, sleet or snow

Rob, steal and kill for a motherfucking pimp like me, ho

[K. Sanchez]

"Say, I'm comin at you with lines, think they lies

Just because I don't match your compatible sign

I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate

Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate..."

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