

Pourin' Up

Pimp C

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Pimp C]

Smoke somethin, bitch!

A trademark (trademark), know what I'm talkin 'bout?

Young Pimp.. know what we doin? (Texas!)[Hook: Pimp C]

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck x3

I'm smokin out, pourin up, keepin lean up in my cup

All my cars got leather and wood, in my (uh!) hood we call it { *screwed* } [Pimp C]

Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine outta candy thang

Jammin Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang, cause I'mma +Hot Boy+, gotta hot flame

And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way they can lay me

Niggas shoot slugs but they ain't graze me, they want Sweet Jones be pushin daisies

But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me, that's the reason I knock ya lady

How you gon' pimp wit'cha dick up in her? I told the pimp God that you was a sinner

You takin these square hoes out to dinner, the bitch chose me cause she want a winner

I mix a ho head up like a blender, ho need a daddy, you'se pretender

I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'mma young girl stealer

I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson, nigga say my name watch the priest reaction

Sweet Jones or Sweet James? Switched my name and finger fucked the game

The nigga fell off cause his raps are shitty, plus a nigga need to move up out the city

The game gritty but the bitch pretty, lemme snort some white girl up off ya titty

Ya heard me right, we play wit our nose

Wear platinum piece and wit' the Gucci clothes

Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes

In the winter time, mink coat to match the mink on the floor in my candy 'Lac[Hook][Mike Jones]

Uh! I'm comin out in that candy thang, 8 carats in my pinky rang

Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see butter guts & swangs

Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on

MOMO wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on

I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on

Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm sippin on

I hog the lane in that candy train, swangin left to right then I turn up the bang

I'mma say it for those who don't know my name, know my name
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age the name you can't tell by the wrists?
I sit on buck in that candy 6, and I keep that thing real handy bitch!
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum!
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum!
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum! [Hook] [Bun B]
When I pull the slab out and hit the block, wit' them 4's and vogues they clankin out
When they trunks pop, drop the top, don't be surprised you can go in shock
Wit' them neon lights, candy paint, belts and buckles across the back
Don't disrespect or call this a Cadi, maybe this more than just a 'Lac
Some like the white but I'mma roll the green, purple dro up in the swisha
Horny ladies sittin on the grill, wood grain to grip it's hard to miss us
We "G" so don't dismiss us, been here before gon' be here later
Down wit' that you understand the G Code and if you don't then you're hater
If so, I can't roll wit'cha, it ain't how I do it man
I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man { *screwed* }
U.G.K. for life is the family, that's how we get down
Bring them trill niggas to ya hood and shut ya shit down
Playa you need to sit down, you outta ya league
Tryna keep up wit' the trill, you just might die of fatigue
You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight
Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it straight
We be... [Hook]

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