

Pimps

The Coup

Fuck no I ain't got no Grey Poupon
Well anyway I said that's no burglar that my butler hahaha
Mr. Rockafella let me in on the gossip
I heard you and Mr. Getty are getting into rap music or something
Yes we have this thing we do with our voices
We sing like authentic rappers
Well then could you muster it for us
(David you must do)
Well if they could make this music more funky
Let me see if i can get my voice like those rappers (*clears throat*)
Here we go
Well if you're blind as Helen Keller
You could see I'm David Rockafella
So much cash up in my bathroom is a ready teller
I'm outrageous, I work in stages, like syphills
But no need for prophylactics
I am up your own, so me know wretched ain't funk
But my cream got amino acid
Keep my hoes in check no rebellions
If your ass occur shit it wouldnt be the first time
I done make a massacre, nigga please how you figure these
Motherfuckers like me got stocks bonds and securites
No impurities, straight anglo saxon
when my family got their sex on
Don't let me get my flex on, do some gangster shit
Make the army go to war for Exxon
Long as the money flow, I be making dough
Welcome to my little pimp school
How you gonna beat me at this game I make the rules
Flash a little cash make you think you got class
But you really selling ass and hoe keep off my grass
Less you cutting it, see Im running shit
Trick all y'all motherfuckas as simps
I'm just a pimp*chorus*That is so cute
John Paul, why don't you entertain us with something as well?
Well, what should I do?
Why don't you rap for us?
No, I...
Come on old boy I did mine
I...
It's so tribal

Oh very well
 Oh goody!
 But hold my martini I have to do those hand gestures
 We will begin at the commencement of the next measure Now get ready, I'm J.P. Getti
 I am tearing this shit up like confetti
 My money last longer than Eveready
 Ain't nothing petty about cash I never lose
 This is just like the straws?
 But the hoes dont choose, I chose you
 No voodoo can hoo-do you
 from getting treated like a piece of boonboonboo
 Who do you think want those niggaz that don't turn tricks
 The logo on hoein in 94 is getting 86ed
 and all about those rebellions, and riots and mishaps
 I got the po'-po' for that daily pimp slap
 The motherfucker gangsta rolling Fleetwood Caddy
 I'm that mack ass already pimped his daddy
 Let you out like linoleum floors
 I'm getting rich off petroleum wars
 Controlling you whores making you eat top ramen
 While I eat shrimp, y'all motherfuckas are sims
 I'm just a pimp*Chorus*Oh no here he comes, oh don't look at him
 Are you fellows rapping?
 I can do that reggie um er reggae type of thing
 You know one two three
 Well actually we were just leaving...And Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
 Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
 I am Donald Trump me think you mighta heard about me
 How me last wife Ivana come and catch me money
 She want all she want this she want the ? of fun
 X amount of this like this ? gap hear me
 Hol' up your hand if you love the money
 Hol' up your hand if you love punanny
 Gun pon mi side mi afi kill somebody
 Because the money inna mi trunk dem wan fi come tek see*Chorus*Well how did you like that then?
 Well we really must be leaving you
 Yes yes Donald it was smashing to see you again
 Something I picked up in the Carribean
 Yeah yes I remember
 Why don't you stick around and I'll I'll rap some more for you
 Oh no no no old boy I think I see Jackie
 Oh Jackie ah Jackie!!
 Please please pass the bubbly
 Well look here motherfuckers we are taking all these motherfucking shit
 Yeah we are taking all these

You besta come off up that coat we are taking these

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