P.I.M.P.

Little Bruce

I don't know what you heard about me

But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me

No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see

That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PI don't know what you heard about me

But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me

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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PNow shorty, she in the club, she dancin' for dollars

She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada

That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana

She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her 'cause they wannaI spit a little G man, and my game got her

A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada

Them trick niggas in her ear sayin' they think about her

I got the bitch by the bar, tryin' to get a drink up out herShe like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk

She from the country, think she like me 'cause I'm from New York

I ain't that nigga tryin' to holla 'cause I want some head

I'm that nigga tryin' to holla 'cause I want some breadI could care less how she perform when she in the bed

Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid

Look baby this is simple, you can't see

You fuckin' with me, you fuckin' with a P I M PI don't know what you heard about me

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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PI'm 'bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me

If you fuckin' with me, I'm a P I M P

Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy

Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P I M PCome get money with me, if you curious to see

How it feels to be with a PIMP

Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV

From the backseat of my V, I'm a P I M PGirl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball

We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all

We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall

If ever you needed someone, I'm the one you should callI'll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall

If you got problems, I can solve 'em, they big or they small

That other nigga you be with ain't 'bout shit

I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, bitch!I don't know what you heard about me

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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PI told you fools before, I stay with the tools

I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels

I holla at a hoe, till I got a bitch confused

She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoesI'm shoppin' for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper

Man this hoe you can have her, when I'm done I ain't gonna keep her

Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin' know

You sayin' it's secret, but you ain't gotta keep it on the lowBitch choose with me, I'll have you strippin' in the street

Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat

Now nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread

The last nigga she was with, put stitches in her headGet your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch

'Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six

Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't payin' bitch

Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick! I don't know what you heard about me

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That I'm a motherfuckin' P I M PYeah, in Hollywoood they say, there's no b'ness like show b'ness

In the hood they say, there's no b'ness like hoe b'ness, you know

They say I talk a lil' fast, but if you listen a lil' faster

I ain't gotta slow down for you to catch up, bitch! Ha ha ha, yea

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