

Pourin' Up

Pimp C Feat. Bun B & Mike Jones

[Pimp C]

Smoke somethin', bitch!

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

Young Pimp, know what we doin'? (Texas!)

[Chorus: 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

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

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

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

[Pimp C]

Grippin' grain, switchin' lanes, sellin' cocaine outta' candy thang

Jammin' Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang, 'cause I'ma "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 her whole head up like a blender, hoe need a daddy, you see pretender

I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'ma 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 snatch the white girl up off ya titty

Ya heard me right, I play wit' what I knows

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 and they on the floor wit' my candy 'Lac

[Chorus]

[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 where the deserts swang

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 and right then I turn up the bang
I'ma 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!

[Chorus]

[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 it white but I'ma go to 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 see hater
Insult, 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

[Chorus]

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