

# Pimps

## K-Rock

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 simps

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 Carribbean

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>