

# Pimps (Free Stylin At The Fortune 500 Club)

## The Coup

Fuck naw I ain't got no Grey Poupon  
Well anyway, I said, "That's no burglar! That's my butler."  
Mr. Rockefeller, 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  
Oh David, you must do it for us  
Well if they could make this music more funky  
Let me see if I can get my voice like those rappers  
Here we goWell, if you're blind as Helen Keller  
You could see I'm David Rockefeller  
So much cash up in my bathroom it's a Ready-Teller  
I'm outrageous, I work in stages, like syphilis  
But no need for prophylactics  
I'mma up you on some mean old mac shit  
Ain't buff, but my green gots amino acid  
Keep my hoes in check, no rebellions  
If your ass occur, shit  
It wouldn't be the first time I done made a massacre  
Nigga please, how you figure these  
Motherfuckers like me got stocks bonds and securities  
No impurities, straight Anglo-Saxon  
When my family got they 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 ho keep off my grass  
Less you cutting it, see I'm running shit  
Trick all y'all motherfuckas is simps  
I'm just a pimpThat 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

It's so, tribal  
Well, 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. Getty  
I am tearing shit up like confetti  
My money last longer than Eveready  
Ain't nothing petty about cash I never lose  
This is just like the stroll  
But the hoes don't choose, I chose you  
No voodoo can hoo-doo you  
From getting treated like a piece of ol' booboo who  
Do you think want those niggas that don't turn tricks?  
The loco ho in '94 is getting 86ed  
And all about those rebellions, and riots and mishaps  
I got the po po's for their daily pimp slap  
The motherfucker gangsta, rolling Fleetwood Caddy  
I'm that mack ass already pimped his daddy  
Lay 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 is simps  
I'm just a pimp Oh no here he comes  
Oh don't look at him  
Are you fellows rapping?  
I can do that reggie, uh, ah 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 that of fun  
X amount of this like just like the 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

Songwriters

RAYMOND RILEY Published by

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