Pimpin'

Big Tymers

Pimpin' is alive, these niggas just jive
I've been stackin' an' mackin' since '75
When I come through in the Benz, hoes tell they friends that
That's my daddy, daddy
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When I come through in the Benz, hoes tell they friends that
That's my daddy, daddy
I don't ride white walls, it's vogues I'm mashin'
But I'm Hood Rich, nigga, tell ya bitch to ask me
Swang yo' [Incomprehensible] in that brand new Caddy
Seville, four door slammed back, Lil' Daddy
Throwin' bricks in the cut like a nigga give a fuck
I spunt what you niggas spunt when I was comin' up
It's the bling bling king, worth mils with nuts
Scored that brand new Benz, loud pipes 'em up
Got that Avalanche truck, alligator in the trunk
Got the snake on the floor of a Bentley, heads up
Them white folks comin', ?Lil' Daddy, hold up?
Shift it up the block for a nigga can pop
I'm a born hustler but a pimp, pimp player
2 G an' 2, it's Big Tymer year
Doin' donuts in the drop top with Cartier's
An' I ain't met no nigga with more cars than this player
You don't wanna get it on
You'll get shitted on or spitted on
Reptile boots an' suits that's fitted on
Got the bar up in the car with the dranks, so I can sit it on
Peanut butter an' wood, it's still understood
That I'm a P I M P
The M to the A, double N I E
Now put yo' feet up on that mank
Take a pull of the stank
An' we can do it how it should be done
I treat a bitch like a hoe, a hoe like a slut
A slut like a nut 'cuz I really don't give a fuck
Now with a dick up in yo' throat can you still sing a note?
Well, if you can, say I'm the man with the superfly trim
Woah, move away, young dude, you're ruinin' my mood

Straight mackin' to the stackin' money, bitches an' food
Cadillac, Buritz, big booties an' tits
Got twenty bad bitches with the matchin' outfits
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I was the man in kindergarten an' a pimp in first
A mack in second grade, by third it was worse
A made man in the fourth, a don in the fifth
Had the teacher sellin' ass when I touched the sixth
Seven, eight an' nine, whatever they had was mine
From tenth to twelfth, bling bling ya blind
Now I'm the money foldin', phone holdin'
Two way checkin', home wreckin'
Rent collectin', weenie wreckin', big pimpin'
Love a lotta women, walk with a limp an'
I'll have the snow crabs a bottle of, uh, um, Cristal
Some fettuccine an' some, um, let me see what else
Oh an' some shrimp
I'm a bird on crew in that Lexus coupe
I left the roof at home, let the rain come through
Don't cry now, ma, you know how it go
But since ya hair got wet, let's smoke some 'dro
Get it right, ma, an' put that Fresh mink on
Them CMC boots with the platinum thongs
I wear enough ice to sit on the throne
An' if a nigga come close, I'ma go back home
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