

The Honey

Pimp C

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen
You are now tuned in to the best
This here Jazze Fizzle, produc shizzle
Pimp C, Jody Breeze
If y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah
But I just want the money, young chump change
Just fifties and them hundreds, girl, I know you want me I'ma
Scoop ya in my Impala, new Gucci and that Prada
Gotcha koochie by the collar
Well, I'ma strip off ya clothes and lay ya down on the flo'
He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoe
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He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoe
Yeah, hey, uh oh there he go, look who slid through the door
It's ya dog Jody Breeze, I'm the shit on the low
Y'all niggaz make me sick, spendin' chips on a hoe
On the grind, tryna get it, I shit on a hoe
Off top, let 'em know, I'ma mack, I'ma pro
Matter fact, lemme hit it from the back later on
Baby, gon' bend it over, tune it up let me see
I ain't from Houston hoe, but I'm still a pimp, see?
All I drink is Hennessy, all I smoke is stickery
Hoes wanna get with me, but they ain't get shit for free
I'ma playa, you can tell, ATL where I live
I ain't with the kissin', hoes, Jazze Fizzle let 'em know
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Y'all niggaz wanna lay, I wanna play in a bitch mind
If she playin' her Daddy, I will knock out her spine
I'm out here on the grind, 24/7 I'm gettin' it
I'ma let them tricks eat it up, I ain't trippin' bitch
Bitch, bend over, let 'em see it girl

Hoes in the club, like '96 showin' niggaz love
I used to be off in the Chi-C in Atlanta
Young girls poppin' cock out in Alabama
I seen it all from the pimps and the tricks
The real live boys opening the pussy stores
I got respect for the flat backers
Black, yellow or crackers, keep ya Daddy ridin'
'Cause I'ma Cadillacer
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Oh, he Tela in the change, I put the 'G' in the game
Put the 'P' in the pimp, brought back the blue to the flame
Break a bitch like a trig, write out some magical shit
And while I feel more slim, that ain't my starter bitch
Drop the top on the Rolls and roll under the sun
Throw my finger in the air like, kid', hoe I'm the one
Got my gators and suits, multiple colors like fruit
Pimp aroma on my breath, Tropicana and goose
To the roots of pianos, see my moves she can't handle
H.B.O., nigga hoe break up overtime Soprano
Diamonds up against panels of wood, it's all good
Lean back, candy 'llac gettin' head on my hood
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Ladies and gentlemen, Fizzle, oh, yeah
You have now been entertained
And you are now a part of the Pimpalation
You undersmell? Uh
There's a whole lot of devices that make this thing roll
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Yeah, Jazze Fizzle, Sho' Nuff Records

Pimp C, U.G.K. Records, Wood Wheel Records
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout!?
Rap-A-Lot mafia's behind this one, yeah
Wassup J? Large mackin' and sasquatch pimpin'
Y'all know what it is
Wassup Bun B? Wassup International Red? Oh boy

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