

P.I.M.P. – 50 Cent

I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfuckin' PIMP
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Now, shorty, she in the club,
She dancin' for dollars
She got a thing
For that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabbana
She feed them foolish fantasies
They pay her, 'cause they want her
I spit a little G, man, and my game got her
A hour later have that ass up in the Ramada
Them trick niggas in her ear sayin'
They think about her
I got the bitch by the bar
Tryin' to get a drink up out her
She like my style, she like my smile,
She like the way I talk
She from the country,
Think she like me 'cause I'm from New York
I ain't that nigga tryna holla
'cause I want some head
I'm that nigga tryna holla
'cause I want some bread
I could care less how she perform
When she in the bed
Bitch, hit that track, catch a date
And come and pay the kid!
Look, baby, this is simple, you can't see
You fuckin' with me
You fuckin' with a PIMP

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I'm 'bout my money, you see,
Girl, you can holla at me
If you fuckin' with me, I'm a PIMP
Not what you see on TV,
No Cadillac, no greasy
Head full of hair, bitch, I'm a PIMP
Come get money with me, if you curious to see
How it feels to be with a PIMP
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
From the backseat of my V, I'm a PIMP
Girl, we could pop some Champagne
And we could have a ball
We could toast to the good life
Girl, we could have it all
We could really splurge, girl,
And tear up the mall
If ever you needed someone
I'm the one you should call
I'll be there to pick you up
If ever you should fall
If you got problems I can solve 'em,
They big or they small
That other nigga you be with ain't 'bout shit
I'm your friend, your father
And confidant, bitch

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I told you fools before,
I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
I holla at a ho 'til I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes
I'm shoppin' for chinchillas
In the summer, they cheaper
Man, this ho, you can have her
When I'm done I ain't gon' keep her
Man, bitches come and go,
Every nigga pimpin' know
This ain't a secret,
You ain't gotta keep it on the low
Bitch, choose on me,
I'll have you strippin' in the street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now Niki my bottom bitch
She always come up with my bread
The last nigga she was with
Put stitches in her head
Get your ho out of pocket,
I'll put a charge on a bitch
'Cause I need four TV's and AMG's for the six
Ho make a pimp rich, I ain't payin', bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych