

The Skinny

Atmosphere

This is for all those tricks and hos
From the five-star rooms down to skid row
Whether you answer phones or dance on poles
Big money escort or broke on a strole
He don't care about your stats or background
He ain't picky once he puts his mac down
Make you suck it all the way to the ass now
Cause all of y'all heiffers are cash cows
And at first it was just a little game
Had no idea that he was fucking with your brains
When he was around you seemed mature
He helped you calm down and feel secure (sure)
He'd go get them when they still just kids
Give them some gifts, get on they lips
Before they even get a chance to get hips
Candy pimp turned it down to a trick real quick

Going pay all day
But won't ever get away
From skinny white pimp

I know it feel like you can't live without him
And you're still too embarrassed to tell your parents about him
It's kinda crazy how he's on your mouth
Every time you need a little bit of "help you out"
Ain't no kitten gonna play that sharp
Shake you down, make his mark
Take you down, break your heart
And don't give a damn for anything that came apart
Some try anything to leave him
Seen some even put themselves in treatment
Some get away but still gotta keep looking over they shoulder forever
That ain't freedom
Take his tax makes you love it
Same old trap, but ain't you above it?
He'll beat your ass in public
Now suck that skinny white pimp dick, suck it

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First thing you wake up to: your pimp
Don't forget to pay up to: your pimp
Get that money, give it here
He'll keep a bitch in that stable for 50 years
He ain't scared of the law or the cops
Got them paid off, some kind of trade off
Gonna stay in the pocket
As long as the money stays long and the hands stay strong
It's like you don't know a kid
He's right there in your clothes and hair
You never gonna let him in your home
I can smell his breath on this microphone
Your lips taste like his dick
I can always tell when he's been in your whip
You just one of a million, trick

Now take your ass outside and go talk to your pimp

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Hey baby I need to change
On top of that I need to keep the change
Mother fuckers put a filter on my brain
All the cigarettes of the world get together and sing...

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