

Pimp Shit

Caskey

Ay girl, tell me what your name is
What's that language you speakin'?
I swear it's something like telekinesis
Body frame telling me that I should come up and meet it
And by meet it, I mean beat it, skeet it
Leave you on the track 'til I'm heated
Never greet again, swear I got hoes made in Cleveland
They all saying this time I'ma stay, I just leave again
But it's all gravy when we meet again
Don't know what the reason is
Oh yeah, boy, I'm pimpin', I believe in this
That's why she get all up in your pockets like, "How deep it is?"
Peep at this; Pimpin' 101, yeah, I'm teaching this
Lil B told me what the secret is
Make these bitches bring that money back instead of keepin' it
And that's why I be deep in it

Ah, it's pimpin' over here
Ain't like you fuck boys, we different over here
Ah, Ciroc sippin' over here
You looking for your girlfriend, she probably over here
I take your bitch, make her go and get some money
You think it's funny, me, I think it's how I'm stuntin'
I take your bitch, I make her go and get some money
You think it's funny, but me, I think it's how I'm stuntin'

Open your eyes to the dark side
Original pimpin', also know as traditional pimpin'
My interest is beautiful women
It's nice at the beginning, but it won't be a beautiful endin'
Take your thoughts, mix 'em up like a blender
Mail you away with my address as the return-to-sender
I was taught by some old school pimps
Who say my choice of words can affect the way a female thinks
You ain't always gotta fill her with drinks
You ain't always gotta fill her with drugs
Just show her that she real as a fuck
Show her you the one she could trust
Show her how to get paid off lust and every nut she bust
Then tell me if she don't choose up
And let the blessings show through her, follow the rules, lil bruh
The pimp guy might think I was wrong
For giving away pimpin' in all of my songs, ay

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Look, that money come in such unusual ways
It's easy to get paid with your body like it is with such a beautiful face
Mutual tastes, both us like the finer things
Mercedes-Benz, riding leather, it got reclinin' seats

The liner, it heats with one button
And I think profit should be involved when one's fuckin'
One for the money, one for the show
One hunnid million for all these hoes
And another for the schemes that we could possibly grow
The prophecies show, chivalry is obsolete
Pivotal moments call for a lootin' where the cops'll be
So when your body is where my stock'll be
Ain't no matter where our business go, stay connected like a lock and key
You and I make money, duplicate
Something so refreshing 'bout a female with money, it just rejuvenate
'Luminate your eyes, tricking mufuckers spit lies
But you and I take advantage and create this enterprise

Yeah, it's pimpin' over here
Ain't like you fuck boys, we different over here
Ah, Ciroc sippin' over here
Looking for your girlfriend, she probably over here

Now let me put y'all young feeble-minded suckers up on some pimpin', ya know
what I'm talking 'bout? Somebody fucking, ya know? You always worried 'bout
this and worried 'bout that, but you gotta think about it, man. She a grown
woman; somebody fucking. Just get over it, bruh, and keep it moving. Gone