

And You Say

Consequence

Yeah, I would like to welcome you to [?] with EPC, easy pimpin' cons
That's me, if you don't know, now you do know
And I got a hold on these hoes out here in the street
As usual, uh, check it out!

Ayo you know how your peel would give you the best test
When check had the skills would give me the dick test
Just spin me up and down as soon as I get dressed
And that's how she can tell if I been in a bitch dress
And now I start to think she got a tracking device
Cuz when she think I'm cheating she start acting uptight
And that'll keep us up beefing for a half of the night
Because she think I'm creeping and she actually right
See her man was a lame he was trash in her life
And I don't know why she let him back in her life
No other like that nigga had no cash and no ice
And only Jesus piece he's seen was the passion of christ
So for her to get uptight, it really ain't my fault
Cuz I couldn't bring my single like to a screeching halt
So I was bound to get caught with some groupies at dingy
Somewhere in the telly cuz we did something kinky
Cuz if they'd seen that seven carat ring on my pinky
They're only a call away like rudy and Chingy
So I'm moving discreetly and dead in this sippin
And taking out time just to catch up on my pimpin'

(Ooh, I like it) And you say New York City (yeah)
(Ooh, I like it) And you say... (yeah)
Now could it be I been away too long (check me out, son)
(Yeah) But now I'm back as easy pimpin' cons (EPC, nigga)
(Word) So you can blame my watch or the chain with the charm (Take your pic,
homie)
(Yeah) Cuz one look at your girl you know she gone (Now, what?)

Now he wants to know where you are ah ahhh
And he wants to know where you are ah ahhh
Now he wants to know where you are ah ahhh
And he wants to know where you are ah ahhh (and you say...)

(Ooh, I like it) And you say New York City (yeah)
(Ooh, I like it) Ain't no mixin pimpin with pity (yeah)
(Ooh, I like it) And you say New York City (yeah)
(Ooh, I like it) And you say...

The first sign of a simp is a pimp with sympathy
That's why I make em blow me like the horns in the symphony
And put em through the rig it's till they damn near sick of me
Before I fill out any order forms for typhanys
Cuz as soon as she get with me, her man'll resurface
Calling from blocked numbers and hanging up on purpose
Now tell me dude ain't insecure
The concept of hoes well cons makes em roar
Cuz he bought her everything at amazing stores
But now every Friday she likes me more
And that makes me sure... that bitches ain't shit
So nigga don't get mad when you get what you get
Cuz even if you trick like you brought out trina

You still ain't got a chance against the kid from the cleaners
Now fresh off that trip from the sold out arenas
So when it come to this pimp shit ain't none that can see us, word

(Ooh, I like it) And you say New York City
(Ooh, I like it) Ain't no mixin pimpin with pity
(Ooh, I like it) And you say New York City
(Ooh, I like it) And you say...

Now he wants to know where you are ah ahhh (uh, uh, yeah)
And he wants to know where you are ah ahhh (say word)
Now he wants to know where you are ah ahhh (oh, you out with a kid)
And he wants to know where you are ah ahhh (yeah, yeah, uh)

(Ooh, I like it) (word) And you say New York City
(Ooh, I like it) Ain't no mixin pimpin with pity (yeah)