

# Big Pimpin'

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uh uh uh  
It's big pimpin baby..  
It's big pimpin, spendin G's  
Feel me.. uh-huh uhh, uh-huh..  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah..

You know I - thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em  
Cause I don't fuckin need em  
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin good  
But I don't fuckin feed em  
First time they fuss I'm breezin  
Talkin bout, "What's the reasons?"  
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch  
Better trust than believe em  
In the cut where I keep em  
til I need a nut, til I need to beat the guts  
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin em up  
Let em play with the dick in the truck  
Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist in cuffs  
Divorce him and split his bucks  
Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread  
so you can be livin it up? Shit I..  
parts with nothin, y'all be frontin  
Me give my heart to a woman?  
Not for nothin, never happen  
I'll be forever mackin  
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion  
I got no patience  
And I hate waitin..  
Hoe get yo' ass in  
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah  
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah

[Chorus One: Jay-Z]

We doin.. big pimpin, we spendin G's  
Check em out now  
Big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We doin.. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Yo yo yo.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
We doin - big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We doin.. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

[Bun B]

Nigga it's the - big Southern rap impresario  
Comin straight up out the black bar-rio  
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe  
Then sit back and peep my sce-nawr-e-oh  
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario  
No I can't fuck a scary hoe  
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go  
Hoes start pointin - they say, "There he go!"

Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit  
We don't pull it out over little shit  
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit  
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' vocab  
Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me  
and you see us comin down on yo' slab  
Livin ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it  
But nigga if you hatin I  
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it  
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on  
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin to the track  
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on  
Pump it up in the pro-zone  
That's the track that we breakin these hoes on  
Ain't the track that we flow's on  
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin like ozone  
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man  
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man  
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin throwed on the flip  
Gettin blowed with the motherfuckin Jigga Man, fool

[Chorus Two: Bun B]

We be.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
We be.. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We be.. big pimpin down in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Cause we be.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
And we be.. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
Cause we be.. big pimpin in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B.. nigga

[Pimp C]

Uhh.. smokin out, throwin up, keepin lean up in my cup  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck  
Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall  
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck witch'all  
If I wasn't rappin baby, I would still be ridin Mercedes  
Chromin shinin sippin daily, no rest until whitey pay me  
Uhhh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys  
Comin down in candied toys, smokin weed and talkin noise

[Chorus Two]