

Sumn' Like a Pimp

Paul Wall

I put some new shits on my ride, hit the block
And I bet you if I turn the beat up I can make 'em bop
Got me saying
Who the fuck you be? Bitch, you know me
Who the fuck? Who-who the fuck you be? Bitch you know me
I'm sum'n like a pimp
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I'm whipping something inconspicuous
Got something pumped back at my house that be so ridiculous
And he's a piece or stick of this
My car door open like a butterfly, wonder why
I get them broads open then I tell her bye (tell her bye)
Now she's stuntin' in the front seat with a baller goin' places
Looking at my interior, baby makin' funny faces
Bump the stereo, here we go, speed up the scenario
Loosen her up with fruit juice and Caribou to boost her up
Can I get it? (Good)
Baby looking at me like nobody ever hit it (good)
Grip it, (wood)
It's too easy for my pimpin' like I never even did it, (stood)
It's something sharper than most, girlies flocking to me
Like I'm dropping dollars off in Barbary Coast
Now it's time for us to go, we switched from eighty-fours to blades
I put my car up on display and skate out like the Ice Capades
'Cause I'm living good now, see me grippin' wood now
I'm something like a pimp and I'mma make it understood now

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It started back in 1985
Seventh grade, I started lookin' bitches in they eye
Play game off in they brain like how to get 'em on they backs now
Thanks to my Uncle Ike, I'm puttin' macks down
Aye, I get up in that-that, sit up in that cat
Did up and then get blowed, literally, livin the ladies
And livin' la vida loca la coca la lavish and get chose
Can't a woman get me up outta a system
I see 'em, sick 'em, it's systematic to set up a strow
City slicker then sicker to seek a psycho set of sot
Or I say a super synapses speaking of she showed

Hoes, everywhere I go, they show those
T-N-A, like, every day, mane, that's my logo
She laid me and drink my babies, take my mojo
With my Mercedes, backwards 80, chrome four-door
Tech N9ne, KC King, Paul Wall, hey, he bling
Krizz Kali, may he sing till all of these B's bring ch-ching
Then it's steak and shrimp, no one's exempt
I'm a playa, ho, but something like a pimp, pimp

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I'm sitting down in pimp mode, my trunk bump like a lymph node
The boppas gaze and haters haze, I'm playa made with hemp roll
I pull up and make the wimps fold, my wide body big blimp ho
That fifth drop down, look to the floor, the trunk glow, I'm so throwed
I'm candy red like Elmo, me a simp? Oh hell no!
Just ask your girlfriend, she'll know, I got her stuck like Velcro
I put 'em under my spell, bro, my macking game is real cold
I'm crawling round the parking lot in a 'lac dial-up Dell slow
Catch a glimpse of this thug prince with Purple Rain up in my cup
When it get tense I never flinch that hunter pinch is by my gut
What the fuck? Oh that's a nine, that broad with me? Oh that's a dime
That Cadillac that's double parked and dripping stains? Oh yeah, that's mine
Boys know that I'm bout that bread, boppas know they got to give head
And haters know bout the infrared, that leave 'em dead and full of that lead
I'm one hundred and full of bread, I'm Paul Wall, I'll hold it down
You know me I'm getting mine, that paper and them dimes

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