

All About It

Pimp C

Now who's sleeping on the midwest, better get your head checked
Niggas gonnna feel this, even all the rednecks
Bounce to the beat when they hear this shit
I've been underground damn near 20 years in the mix
I moved down south cuz old man was wild
My lil homie rapping on, came to show you how
To take my skills and keep paying the bills
f*ck what you're saying cuz I'm staying real
The young homies keep me on my toes, still got the old flow
Book me in your town and there'll never be a no-show
Kick it down south where they keeping it crunk
Cuz the niggas down south got they own funk!
You heard about the West Coast, heard about the East Coast
Heard about Miami-base, but what about [?]
Or Kalamazoo, they got MC's too!
If you come around my crew, you gonna have to say a few
Or you can just get your bitch-ass out
You come to me you can play, sing, rap, no doubt
You got to go, what the f*ck is this?
Hip-Hop Culture or the music business?

Bitch, I'm so all about it
I just can't live without it
Bitch, I'm so all about it
I just can't live without it
Nigga I'm so all about it
I just can't live without it
Bitch, I'm so all about it
I just can't live without it
Nigga I'm so...

(Pimp C):

Bitch it's all about the indo weed and stacking money
In this land of milk and honey, ain't a damn thing funny
Let's put this shit together, Too \$hort and Pimp-C
Put niggas on the map from Oakland to P.A.T
(Too \$hort):
Chicago and Detroit, Houston, Dallas
Support Short records and you can have this
Funk 'till eternity, folks gotta learn to be together
Cuz we all on the same journey
So as I roll, I'ma look out for you
If I see you do it wrong I take my time and show you
How to get it right, make money every night
Gotta use your brain if you wanna win the fight
East coast, West coast, who got the best flow?
Maybe at your next show, niggas oughta test your
Crowd skills, and check your record sales
Then we'll find out how you fake as hell
I said it ain't where you from it's how you do it where you're at
Real players from your town all knew that you was whack
Fake nigga in Cali', fake nigga in New York
Small time, you never be bigger than \$hort
Now why you trying to front so hard?
You from a gangster town but you is a punk ass mark
Respect don't come cuz of where you from
Keep it real in your heart from square one

And all you highly influenced followers, on the wrong path
Spitting game to make the motherf*cking song last
It's a shame you can't make no cash
Everytime we roll out we gotta wait on your ass
You're just slow, can't be down with nation wide
Cuz we seriously, trying to get the paper right
Talking bout contracts, cash flow, credit cards, mean cars
Signin lot of that for the next 16 bars
Make a hit, get paid, get laid, what you want
Tellin motherf*ckers where you getting all that money from
\$hort records now you trying to flip 18's
Got what it takes make a hit, make G's!

Sweet Jones, the pimp of the year
Riding drop elderado with two carrots in my ear
My baby momma brother put me down with the D
I bought my babe a 'lac and changed my name to Pimp-C
I put the pimping down to the hoes
Now \$hort got me rocking on the microphone
And all the trill niggas riding trues and vogues
And all the bitch niggas trying to buy these hoes
Got a bitch try to chip me on my cellular phone
Smelling like 64-dollar cologne
Nigga got mad cuz his bitch chose me
But you just showed you ain't no real P.I.M.P
Like Kool Mack A Ace and Sir Captain
You ain't no goldy motherf*cker you was acting
And all that punk shit we could do without it
I'm still down with Master P so bitch I'm 'bout it!

(Pimp C):

I dip from city to city, squeezing ass and titties
The head was good, but the p*ssy was shitty
She just wanna kick it with a rap star
The bitch got freaky, tried to f*ck my car!
ATL, the city of bless
Where hoes like to take big dick in they belly
Got two freaks from Decateur wanna lick our sacks
I tried hit you \$hort, man where the f*ck was you at?

(Too \$hort):

Out in Nashville, Tennessee
Bitches in with me for sure
Sipping on the Remy X ho!
With the hoes, last night I did that
Every blue moon I got to pull out my big hat
Do some more shit other niggas can't do
Like hooking up this funky ass nation wide crew
We come from everywhere, working under one roof
Come through, front, somebody might stump you
With a rhyme or a boot
What you finna do?
Getting blood all over my nigga's tennish shoe
You better take my advice and get lost fast
Before them boys from Texas, get off in your ass
And it won't be pretty, if my uncle Frank Middy
Come lookin for you, shooting at you, it gets shitty!
But in your mind you rank higher than me
Put your money in the bank then come wire it to me
Cuz I'll flip it, while you trying to buy a new car
Find me in the studio signing new stars

Take a hundred thousand dollars make a quick million
Start from the floor and go straight to the ceiling
You hiding from reality, nigga you is a bitch
Niggas like me get used to getting rich
Signing autographs, taking pictures of my fans
Hit the town and take your bitch to my place
She get a bigger and better deal, f*cking with me
I heard \$hort dog ran up in your freak!
She dissapeared, heard she went to Cali!
Jumped on the plane, and flew the bitch to Maui
Or maybe Atlanta, I got your bitch posted
Popping champagne bottles 'bout to get roasted
Chilling at the house, me and four hoes
Jumped in the jacuzzi ain't wearing no clothes

(Pimp-C spitting game during the last chorus)
Say \$hort can I f*ck?
Smoke something bitch
Bitch!
Hol' up