

Pourin Up

Pimp C

Smoke somethin, bitch!
A trademark (trademark), know what I'm talkin 'bout?
Young Pimp... know what we doin? (Texas!)

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
I'm smokin out, pourin up, keepin lean up in my cup
All my cars got leather and wood, in my (uh!) hood we call it [screwed]

Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine outta candy thang
Jammin Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang, 'cause I'm a +Hot Boy+, gotta hot flame
And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way they can lay me
Niggaz shoot slugs but they ain't graze me, they want Sweet Jones be pushin daisies
But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me, that's the reason I knock ya lady
How you gon' pimp with'cha dick up in her? I told the pimp God that you was a sinner
You takin these square hoes out to dinner, the bitch chose me 'cause she want a winner
I mix her whole head up like a blender, hoe need a daddy, you'se pretender
I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'm a young girl stealer
I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson, nigga say my name watch the priest reaction
Sweet Jones or Sweet James? Switched my name and finger fucked the game
The nigga fell off 'cause his raps are shitty, plus a nigga need to move up out the city
The game gritty but the bitch pretty, lemme snatch the white girl up off ya titty
Ya heard me right, I play with' what I knows
Wear platinum piece and with' the Gucci clothes
Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes
In the winter time, mink coat to match and they on the floor with' my candy 'Lac

Uh! I'm comin out in that candy thang, 8 carats in my pinky rang
Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see where the deserts swang
Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on
I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm sippin on
I hog the lane in that candy train, swangin left and right then I turn up the bang
I'm a say it for those who don't know my name, know my name
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age the name you can't tell by the wrists?
I sit on buck in that candy 6, and I keep that thing real handy bitch!
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum!
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the

run

'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum!

I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run

'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and bubble gum!

When I pull the slab out and hit the block, with' them 4's and vogues they c
lankin out

When they trunks pop, drop the top, don't be surprised you can go in shock

With' them neon lights, candy paint, belts and buckles across the back

Don't disrespect or call this a Cadi, maybe this more than just a 'Lac

Some like it white but I'm a go to green, purple dro up in the swisha

Horny ladies sittin on the grill, wood grain to grip it's hard to miss us

We "G" so don't dismiss us, been here before gon' be here later

Down with' that you understand the G Code and if you don't then you'se hater

Insult, I can't roll with'cha, it ain't how I do it man

I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man [screwed]

U.G.K. for life is the family, that's how we get down

Bring them trill niggaz to ya hood and shut ya shit down

Playa you need to sit down, you outta ya league

Tryna keep up with' the trill, you just might die of fatigue

You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight

Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it straight

We be...