

# What Up

Pimp C

High rollers what's up  
Drink Houston what's up  
Onyx what's up  
You does it baby you does it baby  
Harlem nights what's up  
Treasures what's up  
Legends what's up  
Just love me baby just love me baby  
Yeeeeeeah  
To all my Houston Texas country muffins  
Baby let me hit that liquor and that blunt you puffin  
And after that I'm a throw that fucking young money up  
And we can both watch and fall like it's bungee jumping  
Man I'm so high, next time we won't smoke all of that ounce you buy  
Oooh, I almost forgot to blow them candles out  
Cause I don't really want to fall asleep and light this house on fire  
Goodnight, I'm still up, I told my girl to lay down  
I see the bottle is full, I'm bout to drink it way down  
What up Bun my nigga  
Man you know we stay down  
And I'm an honoray resident in UGK town  
I'm on my way  
Yeah I'm on my way  
I never give a fuck about what any nigga say  
The music all slow and the bitches all pretty  
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city in this thing

What up, what up  
H Town in this bitch  
What up, what up  
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city  
What up, what up  
What up, what up

Money by the Ton  
Bricks from Crumbs  
Millionnaire from nothing  
Mind on hustlin  
Pussy's a commodity but dick sell better  
Em dickies and high shoes to a cashmere sweater  
Paint that got wetter than it was in 94  
The drink that got thicker and the dirt weed rolled  
96 Impala with the stick on the floor  
Now it's Bentely Four Doors with Patron on the Doors  
Light wood nigga Polo fuck Hilfiger  
Jammin Slim Thug, Belly fully of drugs  
Young hard nigga, underdog nigga  
Yellow Lights on the Masa (maserati)  
Yellow diamonds on my finger  
Playing in the car  
My dick wanna fuck but my pockets say stop

I need some more dough I'm a PIMP for sure

Well it's the Trill OG  
I got the neighbourhood soul

Kush is dead I'm getting blowed  
Riding bangin getting throwed in the candy painted low  
Chrome grill in front of it  
Belts on the back of it, my homie shoes running it  
And shorty on the side of me is straight up off the king cover  
Don't care what anybody say long as the King love her  
Wish I could tell her that I don't but it would kill her  
I just keep on gripping grains dripping stains  
Being trilla ain't another brother realer  
Blowing thousand dollar killer  
With the Filipino flow that I just got it from Manila  
Bout to snow up in my city  
So let me put on my chincilla  
In the 'rari doing donuts like my name was J Dilla  
All about the skrilla so just point me to the dealer  
Keep the work up in the attic and the money in the cellar  
Your girl up in the second automatics for the fella's  
You see us in the back than all you gotta do is tell us