

## Young Ghetto Stars

Pimp C

Three 6 Mafia  
Put your money where your mouth is boy  
If you really wanna do somethin'  
Get the fuck up  
Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
I'm ridin' tall on 24's, spittin' game out to the hoes  
With my windows tinted black, make you think you saw a ghost  
My home painted white on white, inside leather white on white  
Chiefin', drankin' up all night, ballin' out, yeah that's the life  
Ladies wanna roll with me, blow a bag of dro with me  
Party to the crack of dawn, when I'm down in yo' city  
I'm all about this pimpin', when it comes to women  
Get some head while drive mayne, oh what a feelin'  
Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
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I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
Here I am, here I am so fresh, so, so clean  
Off in the club, aw shit, I see I blew the hoe's brain  
Befo' I came, I say I blew a whole thing  
Clean as a dollar off in my black on black Impala  
The Don Dada is what they call me overseas  
But over here I should say I'm the king of Memphis, Tennessee  
Rap is a wrap, haters wrapped off in my duct tape  
What it take I say I been hard since first mix-tape  
Face get your G's up, way, way up to my level  
Higher than the clouds where my daddy rests in Heaven  
But on another note I'm so stylish I changed the name  
I surpassed clean, like a baby I'm clean, clean  
Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
I got money, I got clothes  
I got whips, hold up, I got hoes  
Ay let me tell you niggaz somethin'  
Let me tell you somethin' nigga  
That paper is like trash, nigga  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
That paper is like trash nigga  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
Throw that shit out, throw that shit out  
We got big rims, big cars, big guap, ghetto stars  
In the hood, gettin' rich, gettin' it, livin' large  
Sellin' white, sellin' pills, sellin' crystal meth, meth

Sellin' D's, sellin' speed 'til there's nothin' left, left  
Fresh clothes, pullin' hoes, get my roll on, roll on  
Phone ringin' off the hook, bitch hold on, hold on  
I got a brand new woofer, put some more hoes on  
So I can hit the club, strip and get chose on  
Bitch, I got money, I got clothes  
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