

I'm a Pimp

Too \$hort

Nigga I need money to maintain, hustlin ain't a game
Nigga that go 'gainst the grain, gon' get to' out the frame
TV's in the Range, I'm into nice thangs
I slang weed, cocaine and hero-ayn
50 Cent that's my name, nigga I bring the pain
You thought, shit stay the same nigga shit gon' change
Put a bullet in your brain, nigga at close range
Run up with your Roley your rings and your motherfuckin chain
Haters, you funny mayne, I'm 'bout my money mayne
Bitch get down on that track and get my money I ain't playin
Better understand what I'm sayin when I'm sayin I ain't playin
I'll be in front of yo' crib layin with the mac to start sprayin
Any nigga that's in the game for the fame gotta be a lame
Crackers'll put you in chains, boxes to drive you insane
Sun cain't shine all the time man it's gotta rain
Now hoe go sell, you better crack the whip mayne

Well a pimp is a pimp and Bun is comin to get'cha
And if 6 is 9 then I'm 30 thousand dollars richer
Hit your bitch when she ain't wit'cha, Pryor pussy like Richard
Wide open make her forget ya then nut on your picture
Lit your world up like the 4th of July, nobody knew why
Not too fly maybe fo' fly, servin dick to make your hoe cry
My nigga you know I chew ya like a barracuda
Who and what you thought you could do to non-hesitatin game shooters
Blew your spot up, when I left nobody got up
If they did they got shot up left for dead in the parking lot, what?
Nigga you got nuts, put your money where yo' mouth is
I doubt this motherfucker even know what the South is
All about, startin the clock, ring the bell or somethin
Cause they stuntin, steady frontin, not cuttin, talkin 'bout nuttin
Now what in the fuck, made them push the button of a mack
Now I'm set to attack, crackin yo' back, just call me Jack cause I'ma rip

When money is no object ("I'm a pimp")
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When money .. when money
When money is no object what you thank, it's a game?
Bitch you will discover ("I'm a pimp")
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Bitch you will dis.. pimpin, bitch you will dis.. pimpin
Bitch you will discover I'm a pimp and not a lover

Aiyyo the bitch used to bring me dough, used to be yo' bottom hoe
Now yo' paper comin slow, she feel like she had to go
Roll with them rich niggaz and ball with them ballers
Politic with them Willies, the real shot callers

Yeah 50, yeah I took his hoe
Now he comin 'round here, what he lookin fo'?
He'll never get her back, she chose another mack
His other hoes are whack and that's nothin but a fact
I'm a pimp, I don't love 'em like that
If I ever lose a hoe I get another right back
I'm Too \$hort, a real player and a pimp
I ain't seen you in a while, Pimp C tell 'em where you been

Been around the world, y'all niggaz ain't seen all the shit I seen
Yeah I'm good, sittin in the S covered 16
I'm comin through a couple bars {?} lean
600 Benz S Class, know what the fuck I mean?
A pimper, I stay in shrimp-ah, like Jack Tripper
A candy sweet dipper, playin with cock and suckin on nipples
Every day my game get thicker, gettin good head from champagne sippers
Rapper to bird flipper, man a motherfuckin ripper

It's called gangsters to strippers
Murder Mob and the Pack bumpin loud on the speakers
From the A to the Bay, Newport to new graves
I'm breakin these hoes on Too \$hort's mixtape
And this ain't even the album
It's just a mixtape, it ain't even out yet
So close your mouth bitch, turn it up loud it hits
Jazze Pha and Lil Jon I told you all about the shit