

Veruca Salt

"Pimps"

Visit "[Pimps](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Fuck no I ain't got no Grey Poupon

Well anyway I said that's no burglar that my butler
hahaha

Mr. Rockafella let me in on the gossip
I heard you and Mr. Getty are getting into rap music or
something

Yes we have this thing we do with our voices

We sing like authentic rappers

Well then could you muster it for us

(David you must do)

Well if they could make this music more funky

Let me see if i can get my voice like those rappers

(*clears throat*)

Here we go

Well if you're blind as Helen Keller

You could see I'm David Rockafella

So much cash up in my bathroom is a ready teller

I'm outrageous, I work in stages, like syphills

But no need for prophylactics

I am up your own, so me know wretched ain't funk

But my cream got amino acid

Keep my hoes in check no rebellions

If your ass occur shit it wouldnt be the first time

I done make a massacre, nigga please how you figure
these

Motherfuckers like me got stocks bonds and securites

No impurities, straight anglo saxon

when my family got their sex on

Don't let me get my flex on, do some gangster shit

Make the army go to war for Exxon

Long as the money flow, I be making dough

Welcome to my little pimp school

How you gonna beat me at this game I make the rules

Flash a little cash make you think you got class

But you really selling ass and hoe keep off my grass

Less you cutting it, see Im running shit

Trick all y'all motherfuckas as simps

I'm just a pimp

chorus

That is so cute
John Paul, why don't you entertain us with something as well?
Well, what should I do?
Why don't you rap for us?
No, I...
Come on old boy I did mine
I...
It's so tribal
Oh very well
Oh goody!
But hold my martini I have to do those hand gestures
We will begin at the commencement of the next measure

Now get ready, I'm J.P. Getti
I am tearing this shit up like confetti
My money last longer than Eveready
Ain't nothing petty about cash I never lose
This is just like the straws?
But the hoes dont choose, I chose you
No voodoo can hoo-do you
from getting treated like a piece of boonboonboo
Who do you think want those niggaz that don't turn tricks
The logo on hoein in 94 is getting 86ed
and all about those rebellions, and riots and mishaps
I got the po'-po' for that daily pimp slap
The motherfucker gangsta rolling Fleetwood Caddy
I'm that mack ass already pimped his daddy
Let you out like linoleum floors
I'm getting rich off petroleum wars
Controlling you whores making you eat top ramen
While I eat shrimp, y'all motherfuckas are simps
I'm just a pimp

Chorus

Oh no here he comes, oh don't look at him
Are you fellows rapping?
I can do that reggie um er reggae type of thing
You know one two three
Well actually we were just leaving...

And Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
Trump Trump check out the cash in my trunk
I am Donald Trump me think you mighta heard about me
How me last wife Ivana come and catch me money

She want all she want this she want the ? of fun
X amount of this like this ? gap hear me
Hol' up your hand if you love the money
Hol' up your hand if you love punanny
Gun pon mi side mi afi kill somebody
Because the money inna mi trunk dem wan fi come tek
see

Chorus

Well how did you like that then?
Well we really must be leaving you
Yes yes Donald it was smashing to see you again
Something I picked up in the Carribean
Yeah yes I remember
Why don't you stick around and I'll I'll rap some more
for you
Oh no no no old boy I think I see Jackie
Oh Jackie ah Jackie!!
Please please pass the bubbly
Well look here motherfuckers we are taking all these
motherfucking shit
Yeah we are taking all these
You besta come off up that coat we are taking these

Visit [Veruca Salt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.