

## Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ C-Murder, Magic "Pimp of the Century"

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[AMG]

With the mad funk..

[Chorus]

AMG, on the go

Back on the motherfuckin microphone

It's the pimp of the century

So bitch pour the Hennessey!

[AMG]

(Aowwww) I got a new bone to pick

and hoes, I got a big bone to lick

And niggaz been ridin my dick, like an Amtrak

Niggaz thought I fell the fuck off, but the G's back

The dog from around the way

Uhh (L.A., Cal-i-for-ni-a)

And baby I bust 'em in

Hoodrats hoes can't even just ride the dick

And niggaz been houndin me

I'll be out, they surroundin me

but never is they clownin me

And this ain't "Bangin on Wax"

But let me get straight to the facts

I ain't no blood or crip

but I got a glock 23 with a couple of clips

And gold diggin hoes get the 22

(Buzzin) buzzin and you bug my crew

[Chorus 2X]

[AMG]

(Aowwww) I used to drink Olde E, now I sip Moet

Hangin with the jet set

And the hoes know my records sell (records sell)

So they all eat a dick up well

From state to state, they can't wait

for me to rock a show, then I'ma knock your hoe

Countin dates in my gated estate

(Ya fool) I got your girl naked in the pool

(Aowwww, hittin that indo) What?

(She just called her friends so)

So we can have a big Three's Company  
Two big booties in front of me  
Put my rubber on, before we get to humpin  
Hit it from the back, like she stole somethin  
Bust a big nut, then I'm snorin  
cause when the hoes get to talkin, they borin  
And it's a shame, niggaz fallin for the okeydoke  
The whip appeal is a joke  
And like I said, I'll be your personal 304  
When I'm done, hit the do'

[Chorus 2X]

[AMG]

(Aowwww) I'm just a player on the run, havin fun  
in the California sun, hit me one  
And the leather and wood, I got my boys in the hood  
and they ain't slippin while they grip trippin  
Bumpin hoes and, baby if you're fly you're gettin  
chosen  
I scoop a freak like you're frozen  
And I like 'em when they got a little game  
No drama, just a fly little hot momma  
Ready and willin, big booty for the killin  
(What what?) But don't be catchin no feelings  
Cause a hoe is still a hoe, and I can't be witcha  
if 20 niggaz done hit ya, bitch  
I got the 4-1-1, on your hoochie cootchie  
Just a groupie, thinkin you can soup me  
But you gotta be more than a trick tramp big booty hoe  
to fade this nigga though

[Chorus 4X]

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