

## **Pimp C f/ Mike Jones & Bun B**

### **"Pourin' Up"**

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Intro - Pimp C talking]  
Smoke somethin' bi\*\*\*  
Trademark, trademark  
Know what I'm talkin about  
Young pimp

[Chorus - Pimp C]  
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin d\*\*\* up in yo s\*\*\*  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck  
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin d\*\*\* up in yo s\*\*\*  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck  
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin d\*\*\* up in yo s\*\*\*  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck  
I'm smokin out, pourin up, keep it lean up in my cup  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck

[Verse 1 - Pimp C]  
Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine not a candy  
thang  
Jammin Lil Wayne, got a trunk of bang, cause I'm a hot  
boy like a hot flame  
And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way  
they can lay me  
Niggas shoot slugs but they ain't grave me, they want  
Sweet Jones be pushin [?]  
But you pushin slowin [?], and you can't fade me, that's  
the reason I knock yo lady  
How yo gon' pimp with yo d\*\*\* up in her? I told the  
pimp god that you's a sinner  
Yo takin these square hoes out to dinner, yo bi\*\*\*  
chose me cause she want a winner  
I mix her whole head up like a blender, ho need a  
daddy you's a pretender  
I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'm a young girl  
stealer  
I hit the streets like Steve Jackson, niggas say my name  
watch the priest reaction

Sweet Jones or Sweet James, switch my name, I finger  
f\*\*\*ed the game  
That nigga fell off cause his rap was sh\*\*ty, plus the  
nigga need to move up out the city  
The game gritty but the bi\*\*\* pretty, let me snatch the  
white girl up off yo titty  
You heard me right [???)  
I wear a platinum piece and with the Gucci clothes  
Pay my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin  
Blackman tennis shoes  
In the wintertime, and mink coats to match and they on  
the flo with my Candy 'Lac

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2 - Mike Jones]

Uh!  
I'm comin out that candy thang, 8 carats in my panky  
rang  
Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see [???)  
Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what  
I'm tippin on  
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on  
I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues  
what I'm tippin on  
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm  
sippin on  
I hog the lane in that candy train, swang a left, a right  
then I turn up the bang  
I'ma say it for those who don't know my name, know my  
name  
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age  
the name you can't tell by the wrists?  
I sit on buck in that candy 6 and that keep that thing  
real handy bi\*\*\*  
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and leave  
em on the run  
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard d\*\*\* and  
bubble gum

I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and  
leave em on the run  
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard d\*\*\* and  
bubble gum  
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and  
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[Chorus]

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[Verse 3 - Bun B]

When I pull the slab out and hit the block on them 4's  
and vogues...

[Chorus]

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