

U.G.K. f/ DJ Paul, Juicy J

"Like a Pimp"

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{*Scratching: "Like a pimp"*}

[Bun B]

Say bitch I'm thinking of a master plan
And I'm bringing this paper faster than
These other lil bastards can
So I'm digging in my mind for the bitches I broke
And keep a player paid in full cause pimping ain't no
joke
You want to pop that pussy that's a slim ass chance
Put the paper in the panties when you get that dance
This C.O.D. nigga, so you can keep your nuh plastic
cards
No checks, no money orders, Visas or Master Cards
Original old school rock balling rappers
Bitches still say we high side call us sky cappers
But why slap us when you think a nigga down on his
luck
You try and flag us when you see us coming down in a
buck
Now what the fuck part of the game taught y'all that
bitch play
See we makes a bitch pay
Like a bitch weigh
And then a bitch stay
Wouldn't sit still
Fuck how this shit feel
This ain't studio pimping
This shit real pimping

[Chorus #1: Pimp C]

I got them bitches popping pussy getting buck (getting
buck)
And you know that we couldn't give a fuck (give a fuck)
I got them bitches on the corner selling cock (selling
cock)
And the game that we go don't stop (don't stop)
I got them thug ass niggaz with the syrup (with the
syrup)
And you know that we always blowing herb (blowing
herb)

And in the club man you know we stay strapped (stay strapped)
And bitch you know that it ain't about this rap (ain't about this rap)

[Bun B]

To many niggaz out here buying hoes a meal
Nigga that ain't the way a bitch supposed to feel
I close the deal from the front door
Fuck me right and suck me tight
And you just might hit the blunt hoe
I don't stunt and blow smoke up your ass baby
But don't be acting all saditty with class baby
You with a nigga such as my self it'll cost you
So pay before a nigga fuck around and be the tosser

[Pimp C]

Sweet Jones, gripping grain
With all that shit you talk ain't got no bezatine chain
And most of y'all niggaz ain't nothing but tricks
But we sipping lean and breaking bricks
Popping pills, work the wood wheel
Fuck where you're from and fuck how you feel
If you want to go to war I'll take you to war
I got an AK-47 and a tek in the car

[Chorus #2: Pimp C]

I got them bitches popping pussy getting buck (getting buck)
And you know that we couldn't give a fuck (give a fuck)
I got them bitches on the corner selling cock (selling cock)
And the game that I got don't stop (don't stop)
I got them thug ass niggaz with the syrup (with the syrup)
And you know that we always blowing herb (blowing herb)
And in the club man you know we stay strapped (stay strapped)
And bitch you know that it ain't about this rap (ain't about this rap)
Bitch niggaz getting hit in the front (in the front)
I give a fuck bitch you can hit the blunt (hit the blunt)
And everyday young boys that's paid (that's paid)
Lay it down when we chopping on the blades (chopping on the blades)

[Juicy J]

I'm always trying to put in work
Niggaz wanna do my dirt
Ballin' down on Beale Street

Sipping on a pint of syrup
Chopping up the chronic weed
Picking all the fucking seeds
Trying to slow my roll
In my trunk I got them fucking keys
Always riding Chevy things
Shining on them twanky things
Kids I'm a role model
Police I'm a dope man
Can't forget to check my traps
Got me cheese a player slap
People say that pimping dead
Never has it left my mouth
Optimos a fifth of crown
Red eyes with a frown
Niggaz with them gold teeth
Fast talking on the town
Some of us are under cover
Make your baby mama love us
Knot in my right pocket
Left pocket got them rubbers
Right hand Rolex watch
Stuffed shirt plastic glock
Back pocket Chevy keys
Ready for the brain wash
I'mma go pimp a bitch
I'mma like wicked witch
Always got to watch your friends
Backstabbers cause a snitch

[DJ Paul]

Now see let me blow your mind the real business in the
wind
The main thing fucking up these hoes is their fucking
friends
You remember back in day it was niggaz pimping hoes
Take a look around now it be hoes pimping hoes
What the business what the deal man these hoes got
me fucked
Make me walk up in the strip and kind of get like buck
Oh you fucking with my cheese oh you fucking with my
paper
Bitch you got to pay the piper even if you straight rape
her
I ain't mad about my girl licking pussy with a girl
Cause she got to get it done but that thing ain't my
world
Bitch I'll tell you what your job and your job nonstop
I need the spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch
I need the coke keys, door keys, low keys, rover keys
On knees and Bentley's, mozzarella cheese

Now nigga now you talking hoes get to walking
And I ain't trying to hear that bullshit bitch walk (Bitch!)

[Chorus #2]

[Pimp C]
Hold up, hold up

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