

Chamillionaire "Parking Lot Pimpin'"

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Chamillionaire, look
Check..

[Chamillionaire]
Ladies and Gents, in the prince of all parking lot pimps
Yes I'm the Grinch and I ride twenty inch, like it's a
synch
Might convince your woman, to let me leave my paw
prints
On her ass, take a pinch while you watch like a wimp
Look it don't make sense, rims bigger than Shawn
Kemp
I maneuver the big body, like I'm parking a blimp
I'm the thoedest speaker, to ever speak through a
speaker
Talk down on Chamillion, I'll fix your face with my
sneakers
I get more green, than a whole forest full of reefer
You just mad, cause you can't afford a smart beep-
beeper
I'm the crooked chrome creeper, from the gutter young
thugger
Chrome rims looking bigger, than your seventh grade
brother
Not a lover, she just trying to put me in a lip-lock
I can't stay with you girl, I can only make a pit stop
Big rocks what I rock, and I sip plenty of Henny
While you losing your fame and game, like Penny and
Lil' Penny
Even Arsenio Hall, the Chamillion ball

All them girls down South, is trying to give him the
draws
Just look at me dog, if she ain't wanna date me she
would hate me
If she ain't wanna rape me, she'd try to choke my neck
and shake me
Dumb nerd, scratch everything you already done heard
I could go platinum if my album, was in mo' than one
word
And I'm throwed with no drank, is that dank nigga no
thanks

Don't think your girl see me on the streets, if she won't
faint
Look I never take her, to the mall and shop
Some niggaz ain't tripping, but Chamillion ain't tricking
Pulling something foreign, off the lot
I'ma watch your lip hang, when I pull up on thangs
If you gon get with me, you got to have
Your own money, for a Prada bag
Me and Pic, is hopping out a Jag
Gripping wood grain, stacking our change

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