

Chingy

"Jackpot The Pimp Pt. 2"

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Hey, what's goin' on y'all?
Its your main man, Jackpot The Pimp once again.
Did you miss me? Hope not.
I've just been pan-handling makin' these hoes walk
backwards to the track to get my stacks or get
smacked and my pimpin',
HELL YEAH, 24/7, 3 hundred 65 days outta a yurr, I am,
Baby.
But check this out, I talk to my main man, Snoop Dogg,
the other day.
He told me to make a bitch pay like she weigh.
Hoe, you made the bench you gotta line in.
Matter of a fact, Bitch, dine-in.
You see you all this gator skin on me, hoe.
Fur on my rolls royce, flow.
Take ya shoes off before you get in hurr, bitch.
Say what? Pimp, I got the juice.
And the flock of hoes im bout to let it loose on your
strip.
Wurrs my cash, Trick?
Get My Grib.
Nigga, quit watchin' Superfly so much
And quit copyin the mat.
I really do gotta Cadillac with a wheel
On the back that say "Hoe Slayer".
Hang up your game coat, nigga, and bow down to a
REAL Playa.

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