

Eminem

"P.I.M.P"

Visit "[P.I.M.P](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[chorus:]

I don't know what you heard about me
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see
That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P
[repeat]

Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause
they wanna
I spit a little G man, and my game got her
A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada
Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about
her
I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out her
She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I
talk
She from the country, think she like me cause I'm from
New York
I ain't that nigga trying to holla cause I want some head
I'm that nigga trying to holla cause I want some bread
I could care less how she perform when she in the bed
Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the
kid
Look baby this is simple, you can't see
You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

[chorus]

I'm bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me
If you fucking with me, I'm a P-I-M-P
Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy
Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P-I-M-P
Come get money with me, if you curious to see
how it feels to be with a P-I-M-P
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV
From the backseat of my V, I'm a P-I-M-P
Girl we could pop some champagne and we could have
a ball

We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all
We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall
If ever you needed someone, I'm the one you should
call
I'll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall
If you got problems, I can

Visit [Eminem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.