

G-Unit

"P. I. M. P"

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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
And I'm a motherfucking P.I.M.P

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Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada
That B C B G, Barberry, Dolce and Gabbana
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 the P.I.M.P

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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 solve 'em, they big or they
small
That other nigga you be with ain't 'bout shit
I'm your friend, your father and confidant, bitch

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I told you fools before I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims and some jewels
I holla at a hoe 'til I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes

I'm shopping for chinchillas in the summer they
cheaper
Man this hoe you can have her when I'm done I ain't
gon' keep her
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimping know
You saying it's secret but you ain't gotta keep it on the
low

Bitch choose with me, I'll have you stripping in the

street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now Nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my
bread
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head

Get your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch
'Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't paying bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick, trick

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Yeah, in Hollywood they say there's no business like
show business
In the hood they say, there's no business like hoe
business, you know
They say I talk a lil' fast but if you listen a lil' faster
I ain't got to slow down for you to catch up, bitch

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