

Ice-T "Pimp Anthem"

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'96, ah shit, Ice-T, back representin', nigga, once again
That real shit, nigga
I thought you knew, bitch
Better recognize

Players, check your grip before you get popped
Bitches, get my money before you get dropped
Gotcha, buggin' off the words I say
Because this type of pimpin' happens every day

Niggas wanna know my steelo
Bitches wanna get with the baddest
Hustlin' apparatus
It's the L.A. cash flow, master-roller

No one gets colder, I used to flip boulders
Of caine on my brain, it's outta control, crime plot
A dead-ass cop and muthafuckas get got
In the game it ain't safe for the weak or the timid

Known to break a bitch but barely rarely slide up in it
So you see me in a club, grab your woman like you
wanna
Blink your eyes and the freak is out there freezin' on
the corner
She got caught by the curls and the jewels
Lookin' for a nigga that is quick to pull tools

Now she's breakin' herself, makin' herself
Respect my technique of pimpin', minus all simpin'
Check it bitches, it ain't nothin' nice
You're gonna seal or sell pussy if you roll with the Ice

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Oh, my God, the nigga rolls hard
Every player mentions me
The hustler of the century
(Ice, that nigga ain't nothin' nice)

I got more freaks than Heff', my bankroll's off vice
Commandin' straight pimp tactics
None of y'all can match this
Meet a freak in a week, her workplace a mattress

Really though, recognize the pimp type flow
I don't smoke endo, I count cash on my patio
So much love on the streets, don't need no bodyguard
Big up to my homies with the pimp type nod

I'm off the hook, checkin' traps in Vegas
Full link mink with the matchin' borsalino
I change cars like you change drawers, bitch
I got a stable full of thoroughbreds that make me rich
Niggas hate me, 'cause they can't control they roll
They see that fat old ass and start givin' me cash

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My mind's blown off fine champagne
So bent on currency, got green in my vein
So damn smooth that every woman wanna touch me
So much sexuality that nuns wanna fuck me

I kick back with my pimpin' ballin' brothers
Stand over the bed, dump the cash on the covers
The game's got me, I'm a slave to the roll
Hoes belong on the track and I belong in gold

Silk and satin, I deserve a pimpin' pattin'
Been in the life so long cause I stomp bitches who start
rattin'
Mostly friendly, but do got that gorilla in me
Save it for the player hater, niggas with the envy

Lot of niggas talk it, but they can't hold a hooker
Ice took her, she was too long a looker
It's strictly straight lace hustlin' on mine
I been pimpin' all my life and I don't mind dyin'

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