

Jay

"Big Pimpin'"

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Jay-Z]

You know I thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em
Cause I don't fuckin' need 'em
Take 'em out the hood
Keep 'em looking good
But I don't fuckin' feed em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talking 'bout what's the reasons
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust and believe 'em
In a cut where I keep 'em
'Til I need a nut
'Til I need to be (in) the guts
The it's beep-beep and I'm pickin' 'em up
Let 'em play with the dick in the truck
Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist incuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head
I'mma break bread
So you can be livin' it up
Shit I part's wit nothin'
Y'all be frontin'
Me give my heart to a woman
Not for nothin' never happen'
I'll be forever mackin'
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion
I got no patience and I hate waitin'
Hoe get your ass in

Chorus 1

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE
Check 'em out now
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE
Yeah
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE
Check em out now
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE
Yeah

Chorus 2

We doin' big pimpin', we spendin' cheese (Check 'em out now)
Big pimpin'
On B.L.A.D.'s
We doin' big pimpin' up in NYC
It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.
Check em out now
(Repeat)

Hook 1

Nigga it's the big southern rappin pimp Presario
Coming straight up out the black bar-io (bar-rio)
Makes a Mil up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my scenario
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
No I can't fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoe's start pointing and say "There he go!"
Now these muthafuckas know we carry more heat than a little bit
We don't pull it out over little shit
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up your vocab
Don't be surprised if your hoe steps out wit' me
And you see us coming down on yo' slab
Livin' ghetto fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it
But nigga if you hate now, then you wait while
I get your bitch butt naked
Just break it
You gotta play like you ain't wet with two pairs of clothes on
Now get your ass to the back
As I fly to the track Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breaking these hoes on
Hate the track that we flow's on
But when the shit get's hot, then the glock start poppin' like ozone
We keep hoes crunk like Trigga-man
Who really don't get no bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, then throw it on the flip
Then blow with the muthafuckin' Jigga-man
Fool

Chorus 2

We be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s
We be big pimpin' down in PAT
It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s
We be big pimpin' down in PAT
It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.
Nigga

Hook 2

Uh, smoky-eyed, torn up, keepin' it lit up in my cup
All my cars got leather and wood
In my hood, they call it buck
Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall
If he up, watch him fall
Nigga I can't fuck with y'all
If I wasn't rapping baby I would still be ridin' Mercedes
Chromin', shinin', sippin' daily
No rest until whitey pays me
Uh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin'
noise

Chorus 2

We be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s
We be big pimpin' down in PAT
It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese
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Nigga

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