

Jay-Z Feat. UGK "Big Pimpin'"

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Uhh, uh uh uh
It's big pimpin' baby
It's big pimpin', spendin' G's
Feel me, uh-huh uhh, uh-huh
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

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 lookin' good
But I don't fuckin' feed 'em

First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' 'bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe 'em

In the cut where I keep 'em
'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Then 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 in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread
So you can be livin' it up? Shit I

Parts with 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 yo' ass in

And let's ride, check 'em out now
Ride, yeah
And let's ride, check 'em out now
Ride, yeah

We doin' big pimpin', we spendin' G's
Check 'em out now, big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin' big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B U N B

Yo yo yo, big pimpin', spendin' G's
We doin' big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin' big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B U N B

Nigga it's the big Southern rap impresario
Comin' straight up out the black bar-rio
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my sce-nawr-e-oh

Oops, my bad, that's my Scenario
No I can't fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoes start pointin' they say, "There he go"

Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' 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
yo' vocab

Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me
And you see us comin' down on yo' slab
Livin' ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it
But nigga if you hatin' I

Then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just
break it
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of
clothes on
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on

Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breakin' these hoes on
Ain't the track that we flow's on
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin' like
ozone

We keep hoes crunk like trigger man
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
Gettin' blowed with the motherfuckin' Jigga Man, fool

We be big pimpin', spendin' G's
We be big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We be big pimpin' down in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B U N B

'Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' G's
And we be big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
'Cause we be big pimpin' in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B U N B, nigga

Uhh smokin' out, throwin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it
buck
Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck witch'all

If I wasn't rappin' baby, I would still be ridin' Mercedes
Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, no rest until whitey pay
me
Uhh, now what y'all know 'bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin'
noise

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