

Jt Money

"SOMETHING ABOUT PIMPING"

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Jt money:

I got a problem with this punk ass bitch i know
Ol' no good skanlezz switch out ho
An untrustworthy bitch like delilah
Only thing she good for is puttin' dick inside her,
mother fuckin' face
Bitch got some good neck
But the little trick need to learn some respect
She made me beat her ass.
Take a nigga out this game.
See i don't beat my hoes cause all my hoes is payin'
But this one act like she don't understand
You is the bitch, me, i'm the man
Remember dat shit, then learn to submit
And that when you stop gettin' your funky ass kicked
little hard headed
Trick
See a nigga know about ya
And i know a dollar bill 'll bring tha ho outcha
Then you got the nerve to claim you better than the rest
of my hoes
When you ain't even in the rankin' of the best of my
hoes

Chorus: somethin' about pimpin'
That makes me love this game
Somethin' about pimpin'
The hoes be off the chain
Somethin' about pimpin'
I just don't wanna stop
Somethin' about pimpin'
Cause this players gotta keep a fat knock

Too short:

I'm like jd walker
Pimp hat to tha right smooth talker
Bitches workin' all night like a stalker
Gettin' every last nickel dime and quarter
Pimpin' ain't hardly nuthin' new to me

Used to be a little kid watchin' movies
I knew what i wanted in life, about nine or ten hoes
I ain't want no wife
I used to walk real cool like my leg was broke
And i still do, now i get paid from hoes, beeitch
Cuz this east side nigga don't care
Since i was nine years old i been a player
And now i got a lot 'o women
It's never endin'
It's just somethin' 'bout this pimpin'
Chorus

Jt money:

Now, one time for you h-os
You wanna try a real player bout his pesos
Hey hoes, i know you in this game tryin' to come up,
pick a come up
Got these niggas got they nut up for some cut ups
So wut up all i wanna do is get this money witcha
I'm dead serious, i ain't tryin' to be funny witcha
I teach tha game but it ain't for free
When i see you with some change you just bring it to
me
See you can come up in this game
And you can get hurt ho
When you in public just remember who you work for
Cause all them tight ? cats gonna come try to holla
So called ballers, flashin' they dollars
Hatin' j baby, you just play it crazy
Let him spend his loot on them boobs
So you can pay
All i want is the bread
He want the pussy and head
Don't be misled just remember everything i said
Beotch

Chorus until end

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