

Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Contract Feat Trillville, Jazze Pha & Pimpin Ken"

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Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, like I said this is your boy Pimpin'
Ken dot net
Sell the bitch pussy till it's drip drop wet
You know what I'm saying, the vet, not the pet
Dig this here man
Like my nigga Cashball, you know what I'm saying, me
and DeAnte say
Man, it's "stacks, tracks and contracts," you know what
I'm taking about
Only time a bitch get off is when a bitch run off, you
know what I'm talking about
Hey man, you understand me
Master constitution for the prostitution
And let prostitution be the only solution
Please believe it, you understand it, bitch, you know my
choosing fee bitch
It's a lifetime, bitch of ho crime, believe that ho you
know what I'm talking about
Yeah, bitch you know what I'm talking about
Don coochie hole bitch, better known as pimp coochie
hole
Pimpin' Ken the Don in this shit ho
You know what I'm talking about, yeah
Milwaukee, Wisconsin you funky ass bitch

As I pull up to the club
Jumping out of the Jag
24's still spinning with a dealership tag
Brand New
Bright leather guts and pearl blue
These hoes they choosing like a lucky horseshoe
But that's alright cause I don't pay these hoes no mind
As I stroll to the front of the VIP line
Straight in I go, headed straight to the bar
I got a superstar status,
So I guess I'm a star
Haters checking me out
Now tell me what's that about?
I'ma chill to the point haters checking me out
Sipping on the Crystal
Bitches wanna get wild
Popping X and smoking dro' on the verge of my style

These bitches calling, asking where the after party
The Embassy Suites downtown, room 112, my darlin
Bring your friends so we can let this party begin
And bring a box of Magnum rubbers so we can fuck till
the end

Hey bitch, sign your name on the dotted line
Cause you belong to me
You belong to me, yeah
Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line
Cause now you're mine

Just pulled up at the club
I'm fly than a muthafucka
Damn, why they staring ho, shit I'm the muthafucka
Not the front door
We better go through the back
See, that was back then, now look where we at
Straight to VIP, my niggaz, man we deep
You gonna go by 2 or 3
Before you get to me
The bitch, and she a G and said "what's up for later?"
I said "I'm 20 East, I'm headed to Decatur"
And muthafuck the hater
It's about this making paper
And while she choosing hard, guaranteed I'ma take her
So shake the saltshaker, the dro' is the vapor
I ain't got love for niggaz if all they try to do is cake her
I ain't sippin on no chaser, that's what we tell the waiter
You goddamn right, I'm a muthafuckin player
So tell me how you want it
You riding? Get up on it
I ain't fucking with the ho if she don't know how to
donut, for real

Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line
Cause you belong to me
Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line
Cause now you're mine

Hey, hey bitch
Hey bitch get up it's time to go to work
Time to go to work bitch, it's your boy Lil Jon
Never will I love a bitch
Why would I trust a bitch?
Always gonna dog a bitch
They only good for sucking dick
Or riding on a nigga cock
Trying to get a nigga stock
I'm never gonna break bread
Not even for a little head

I'm a player, not a cake-a-ho
Always gotta break a ho, down to the fucking floor
You step up, I'll let you know
It's MOB, BME
P to the I to the M P
No, I'm Southside
Sorry, bitch, you better pay me

Old school white Lac pimpin like Don Juan
When I pull up on the track, I toot-a-loo my horn
Make these hoes come running like mice for traps
Ain't got my money ho, you bound to get slap
Cause I don't love a bitch and won't save a bitch
If it ain't about money, then it don't make sense
I'll mack a bitch and I'll pimp a bitch
As long as she making me filthy rich

Took a bunch of pills, drinking on my beers
Sitting on a mill, but I'm pimpin still
Riding round the track, like Goldie in the Mack
Still I'm Don Coreleone pimping hoes from my realm
Mesmerized by the words that's coming out my mouth
So I'm flushing money quickly out these bitches' bank
accounts
After that I bounce
To another ho, in a totally different city
For a whole other show
They say, "why you don't call?" I say, "bitch, where my
dividends?"
"You always out of town" I say, "bitch, where my
dividends?"
"You probably in the club" I say, "bitch, where my
dividends?"
You bout to make me break your neck, I have to ask
your ass again
I'm Don a.k.a "stay pimpin hard"
That mean hoes gonna march winter, summer, spring
and fall
Cause I have to ball, there's no other way
Even if the bitch pregnant, there's no Happy Mother's
Day

Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line (sign right
here)
Cause you belong to me (you my bitch now)
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line
(right here)
Cause now you're mine (you mine, ho)

Get your ass up

If you get out line, I'm a slap your eye
I'm a slap your eye
I'm a slap your eye
Better have my money y
Ou better have my money, bitch)
Cause you signed your name on the dotted line
So get off your ass and get on the grind
Get up, get out there and make my motherfucking
money, right now
Forgot what I am, bitch? What am I?
I'm a pimp in every inch of the word
Inch of the verb
Every inch of the curb
I'm a hit, like the lottery baby
Better believe it
Please believe it
Hey, yeah
If it's pimping you wanting, pimping you needing
Everyday from me
From a real motherfucking pimp
But bitch that's all I can see
Any day of the week, when you fucking with me

If you fucking with me, you better get your ass out
there
And make that muthafuckin money
Rain, sleet or snow
Rob, steal and kill for a muthafuckapimp like me, ho

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