

# Nelly "Pimp C"

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(feat. Ron Isley)

[Nelly] Let's go {This is too, too, pimpish} c'mon

[Ron Isley]

Hooooooooooh yea

Ooooooh yeah yeah, ooh!

She wants you for your Pimp Juice

I can't take it, cause she's gon' break me for my Pimp Juice

I think I better cut her loose

She wants me for my Pimp Juice

Think I better CUT HER LOOSE!

Ooooooooooh

[Nelly] + (Ron Isley)

I'm still in that, seventy-four, the Coupe in DeVille

Still got the seats, the leather, wood on the wheel  
(won'tcha)

One touch on my sunroof – but mama leave it alone  
now

Can't you see it? It's goin back on it's own now

(Ooooooooooh-oooh!) That's how we do it baby

(Ahh yeah.) Seven dayy-ayyys

. We hustle three-sixty-five

I tell ya - winter spring and fall, in the summer we ride

(Oooh) Still actin like you never seen it before - before

Like them country boys ain't got no dough

(Chick please) Get in.

(Dust your shoes off) befo' you touch that flo'

Cause you wanna put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)

I say you look to put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)

You're in a hurry (SLOW DOWN, ohh yeah)

You ain't from Russia, uh-uh. OOH!

[Chorus: Ron Isley] + (Nelly)

Pimp Juice (uh-uhh uh. uh-uhh uh)

I think I need to let her loose (uh-uhh uh)

(I tell ya) This old lady (oh man) she's so shady

(Oooooh, uh-uhh uh.) Yeah (uh-uhh uh. uh-uhh uh)

(I tell ya) I can't take it (no no)

Cause she's gon' break me (yeah)

[Nelly] + (Ron Isley)

I'm still - clean as a whistle, sharp as a razor (uh-huh)  
In anythang from Vokal to the Gators (now listen)  
Still play the haters (OWW!) like they should be played  
And I'm quick to lay a lady (OWW!) if she want no  
delays  
Still got the fade, still thinkin 'bout braids ('bout braids)  
See cats with braids steady switchin to fades (oh-oh-  
oh)  
That's just the Pimp Juice jackin - jackin  
If we were hoopin, I'd be yellin "They hackin - they  
hackin"  
And I see you momma, in your Dolce Gabbana (woo!)  
Gucci and Prada boo you look even hotter  
The lucciana ain't no problem for poppa  
Shoppin sprees, got the keys, if you want it I gotta  
So you look to put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)  
I say you wanna put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)  
You're in a hurry (SLOW DOWN, ohh yeah)  
I send you Green Bay Packin about my.

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Nelly] + (Ron Isley)

See now your Pimp Juice is anything, attract the  
opposite sex  
I'm talkin 'bout money, fame, or straight intellect  
It don't matter, see women got the Pimp Juice too  
Come to think about it - dirty, they got mo' than we do  
They got mo' (juice in they walk) they got mo' (juice in  
they talk)  
And if you look they got (juice in they pants) you be  
like, damn!  
I tell you man it's a cryin shame, cryin shame.  
. how women out herre use, they use the juice in vein -  
you hear me mayne  
Pimp Juice is color blind, color blind – color blind  
You find it work on all color creeds and kinds (whoah-  
ohhh)  
From ages 50 right down to 9 – down to 9  
Yo it's the Mayor, Mr. Biggs, uh-uh – yo they won't  
resign (watch me recline)  
Cause you wanna put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)  
I say you go to put your feet on my rug (don'tcha?)  
You're in a hurry (SLOW DOWN, ohh yeah)  
Stand on my left boo. C'MON!

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

{\*Ron Isley harmonizes until fade\*}

[Ron Isley] She wants you for your Pimp Juice.

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