

## **Pimp C Feat. Mike Jones & Bun B "Pourin' Up"**

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Smoke somethin' bitch  
A trademark, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Young Pimp, know what we doin' ?  
Texas

Smokin' out, pourin' up, puttin' dick up in yo' slut  
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck  
Smokin' out, pourin' up, puttin' dick up in yo' slut  
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
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Smokin' out, pourin' up, puttin' dick up in yo' slut  
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck  
I'm smokin' out, pourin' up,  
keepin' lean up in my cup  
All my cars got leather and wood, in my, uh, hood we  
call it

Grippin' grain, switchin' lanes  
Sellin' cocaine outta candy thang  
Jammin' Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang  
'Cause I'ma ~Hot Boy~, gotta hot flame

And my hoes pay me, just like Baby  
That's the only way they can lay me  
Niggaz shoot slugs but they ain't graze me  
They want Sweet Jones be pushin' daisies

But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me  
That's the reason I knock ya lady  
How you gon' pimp wit'cha dick up in her?  
I told the pimp God that you was a sinner

You takin' these square hoes out to dinner  
The bitch chose me 'cause she want a winner  
I mix her whole head up like a blender  
Hoe need a daddy, you're pretender

I used to be a young drug dealer  
Now, I'm a young girl stealer  
I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson  
Nigga, say my name, watch the priest reaction

Sweet Jones or Sweet James?  
Switched my name and finger fucked the game  
The nigga fell off 'cause his raps are shitty  
Plus a nigga need to move up out the city

The game gritty but the bitch pretty  
Lemme snatch the white girl up off ya titty  
Ya heard me right, I play wit' what I knows  
Wear platinum piece and wit' the Gucci clothes

Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose  
I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes  
In the winter time, mink coat to match  
And they on the floor wit' my candy 'Lac

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Uh, I'm comin' out in that candy thang  
8 carats in my pinky rang  
Drop the top in the parking lot  
So y'all can see where the deserts swang

Candy paint what I'm flippin' on  
84's and vogues what I'm tippin' on  
Momo wood grain I'm grippin' on  
Grippin' on

I said, candy paint what I'm flippin' on  
84's and vogues what I'm tippin' on

Momo wood grain I'm grippin' on  
Codeine in cup I'm sippin' on

I hog the lane in that candy train  
Swingin' left and right then I turn up the bang  
I'ma say it for those  
Who don't know my name, know my name

They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick  
Ice Age the name, you can't tell by the wrists?  
I sit on buck in that candy 6  
And I keep that thing real handy bitch

I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun  
Do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run  
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em  
But hard dick and bubble gum

I said, I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun  
Do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run  
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When I pull the slab out and hit the block  
Wit' them 4's and vogues they clankin' out  
When they trunks pop, drop the top  
Don't be surprised you can go in shock

Wit' them neon lights, candy paint  
Belts and buckles across the back  
Don't disrespect or call this a Caddy  
Maybe this more than just a 'Lac

Some like it white but I'ma go to green  
Purple, dro up in the swisha  
Horny ladies sittin' on the grill  
Wood grain to grip it's hard to miss us

We G, so don't dismiss us  
Been here before, gon' be here later  
Down wit' that, you understand the G Code  
And if you don't then you're hater

Insult, I can't roll wit'cha, it ain't how I do it mayne  
I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man  
UGK for life is the family, that's how we get down  
Bring them trill niggaz to ya hood and shut ya shit  
down

Playa, you need to sit down, you outta ya league  
Tryna keep up wit' the trill, you just might die of fatigue  
You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight  
Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it  
straight  
We be

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