

# UGK

## "Fuck My Car"

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Check it out, 1996, bitches still suckin on dicks  
Hoes just trippin' mayne  
Choosin, they men by what kinda cars they drive  
What kinda keys you holdin

Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the  
bar  
They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car  
But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far  
They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car

Look a nigga up and down like he a superstar  
But they ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car  
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Ay C keep yo' eyes open for the boppers, car hoppers  
Daisy Dukes out on the block, showin cock, traffic  
stoppers  
Lookin good spendin some nigga G's  
Nails by Vietnamese, [unverified], lookin' like they  
worth G's

Dress above they knees, jellies and G-strings up the  
ass  
Man I never let 'em pass  
So, tell me where can I find 'em  
With they nigga or in that candy Cadillac right behind  
him

Bitches tellin' me see yo' dick grand  
All she wanna do is ride Su-bur-ban  
Put her ass on the leather and rub the wood  
See we got boppers in Texas oh, man that pussy look  
good

So, I let them hoes ride and I show them a grip  
But she blinded by the candy she can't see I'm a pimp  
When she told me I looked good I didn't feel no pride  
All the bitch wanted to do is just fuck my ride

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Oh yeah, these hoes think they cute in skin-tight  
catsuits  
Assumin' that they body's too boomin to dispute  
But pussy is the root of all drama  
An attribute put up in they head by they momma

Oh yeah, I'ma tell it like it is, I sees how it goes down  
Niggaz talkin' 'bout, how they passin' these hoes  
'round  
But y'all trickin', them hoes told me  
Fools y'all ain't Goldy, ridin' in a goodie but an oldie

Fifty dollars there, a hundred dollars here  
You brought the bitch a drink and all her homegirls a  
beer  
Your homeboys lookin for ya, but yo' ass gone  
You left your niggaz at the club and took all them hoes  
home

And didn't even fuck, man what the fuck  
If you didn't want to fuck then get the fuck up out the  
truck  
You know what I mean? I ain't showin out Vogues  
Just so these hoes can be seen, c'mon you wanna fuck  
or cut?

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When you look at my chrome and you lick your lips  
It's just like I'm rubbin' my dick between your hips  
And when you smile and shake your ass, my grill smile  
right back  
Bitch I'm the real, that's why I ride Cadillac

And I'ma fuck you and fuck all yo' friends  
Soon as Pimp C come through in that 600 Benz  
With burgundy paint, butter and LG rims

Color TV, VCR playin X-rated films

Of myself, runnin up in beauty queens  
But let me tell y'all niggaz the difference between y'all  
and me  
You see, man I can tell all that bitch wanted to do  
Is just ride for free and smoke for free

But bitch not me, you better ask them hoes if my name  
Pimp C  
Unless your pussy makin ten thousand dollars a week  
The only way I see you sittin in my passenger seat, you  
bitch!

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