

UGK

"Pimpin' Ain't No Illusion - Kool Ace"

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One time for yo' muthafuckin'
Back, bitch, Kool Ace, UGK

Pimpin' ain't no illusion and pimpin' ain't never died
Mo' pimps was on that heroin and yo' pimp tripped out
on that fry
The dikes done came through and straight threw off all
the game
Got all these hoes thinkin' they could manage they own
change

But it ain't no illusion, I know you all have witnessed
He rollin' in my Caady mo' wit' fly bitches
Makin' ole deals, now, ho, ain't Bob Barker
But I'm caught up in this game, mo' like Peter Parker

P-I-M-P, take the P's that I am
I want you payin' hoes in my army
Like, Uncle Sam and we gon' jam
I'm talkin' 'bout the world greatest show

I know my shit is extreme
But I'm all about them does
(Pimpin' ain't no illusion)
When I'm steppin' on the scene
Be there four deep, hella clan

My reality is your favorite dream, stop that shit, daddy
Best believe Kool Ace gon' keep it real
Pimp C and Bun B to testify for the ear
Excuse me, y'all but this about Southern shit

Now, tell me can you, feel this, bitch?
We givin' 'em brain contusions
Pimp C, what's the conclusion?
Pimpin' ain't no illusion

And pimpin' ain't no illusion and pimpin' ain't never
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Pimpin' ain't dead, nigga, it just began
How the fuck you know Sweet Jones?
My hoes still out there sellin' ass
Yo' bitch is out of pocket

'Cause yo' pimpin' was scary
Real hoes gon' front on a simp
But she gon' do it for daddy
Fuck niggas, watch them mack and pimp on my floozie

But boy, my bitches know the difference
Between real pimpin' and movies
It's the difference between real leather
And that shit at yo' house

I don't know what y'all doin' up there
But we really pimpin' in the South
Every since I was 17, I been stackin' my green
Went for servin' rocks to fiends and rockin' club full a
teens

Went from bumpin' Screw in Houston, sippin'
promythazine
To ridin' in a 8 600 with sheath to smokin' on sticky
green
I'm still Pimp C, bitch, I'm claimin' P.A., they hate us
But me and Kool Ace rollin' a Lexus, sittin' on all gold
Daytons

Bitch, take a look around
These hoes steady choosin'
This is the conclusion
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(Pimpin' ain't no illusion)

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If you got any love fo' that broad you wit
Nigga, move her 'fore you lose her
'Cause a beggar ain't a muthafuckin' chooser
Third leg is a bitch abuser, infamous

In cities where big pimpin' is my hoes clean
No AIDS, herpies, cyphillis, come catch a wif a this
Damn, can't you taste it? Now yo' money's up in smoke
Like you freebased it, now bitch replaced it
Wit' a sexual favor but don't get mad at real pimpin',
nigga

Check yo' behavior and savor, the aroma from
Promona to Tacoma
Got my pimpin' diploma for bein' a Cadillac chromer
Fuck a Sonoma, I'm on a mission for Benzes
Knowin' 'xactly where my ends is, ballin' relentless

And then my friends is slappin' niggas with glass chins
It's funny sendin' tricks home, broke and defenseless
And, ever since this, boy been pimpin' the pen
I promise never to ever leave home without my pimpin'
again, that's why

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You know, I got to tell you players what I'm thinkin'
about
My bitch got bold opened a bank account
When I found the bitch checkbook, I didn't get mad
'Cause there was no doubt that I be gettin' the cash

I broke it down to her, she gave me the dough
Do you remember what you was before I made you a
ho?
You was a broke bitch, you couldn't even smoke shit
Couldn't stay focused and don't forget it, bitch

Yo' whole life changed the day you met me
Now you think you need a bank account
Baby, I can't see, you managin' this money, it's too
much
All you do is look good and then you fuck

Git my money, git yo' money, it's all the same
The shit ain't even funny when you talk about this game
They call me Too \$hort, baby, I'm still in it
Ain't no camouflage, nothin' but this real pimpin',
beeyatch

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