

# UGK

## "Pinky Ring"

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(Feat. Chad Butler, Kristi Floyd)

[Intro:]

You ain't never seen, how a pimp be oh so clean  
Fly women and fancy thangs, fly bitches and pinky  
rangs

[Chorus:]

You ain't never seen, how a pimp be oh so clean  
Fly women and fancy thangs, fly bitches and pinky  
rangs  
You ain't never seeeeeeeeeeeen  
A pimp that's rollin this clean, oh yeahhhhh

[Pimp C:]

You ain't never met a nigga like Pimp C hoe  
'Fore you come into my room take off your shit at the  
do'  
If you comin to my hotel then you came to fuck  
And if you fuckin with a Pimp then bitch your game is  
up  
If your bitch get mad when you play this talk  
Put her ass out on the highway, make that bitch walk  
I ain't make this shit, fuck this shit old  
You need to stop treatin these bitches like ladies  
And these nice ladies like hoes  
Standin on the front row, man this hoe a trip  
She done opened up her legs and let me scope the  
pussy lips  
Later on tonight, I'ma get behind her  
I hope this bitch don't act like Pimp C care for no vagina

[Chorus]

[Bun B:]

Well you can catch me shoppin, checkin out the hoes  
boppin  
Choppin up game to keep 'em lap hoppin  
Pop in to the [?] show-stoppin  
Proppin up a wheel and maybe ass droppin  
Breakin haters off can't be mistaken for fakin  
Fools are the ones left shakin, flakin

Marijuana deals with Jamaicans  
Bakin up the powder to a fat cake an'  
Mashin from the scene almost crashin, flashin  
Cop lights keep a player dashin  
Cash-in, on the crack course, paper stashin  
With a passion for high-priced fashion  
My dang clothes and my eighty-fo's clanky  
God thank ye, motherfuckers actin cranky  
Stanky, attitudes be janky  
I think he, gon' hafta feel the sting from the rang on my  
panky

[Intro + Chorus]

[Bun B:]

Think I ain't heavy strokin, you must be jokin  
Token, on some shit I don't even be smokin  
That coke and, marijuana got yo' ass loc'n  
Croakin, sleepin motherfuckers 'til they woken  
I'm still crunk at five in the mornin'  
Why yo' ass yawnin? I'm flowin 'til the crack of dawn an'  
Laughin as ya pawn ya possessions  
Yes it's been worldwide tested  
Showin off my diamond investments

[Pimp C:]

A bitch, ain't shit to a pimp  
A twenty ounce steak and some fried side of shrimp  
A 600 S's, now the 6 drop  
Everything I ride original no kits on them chops  
18 inch Lorenzos, Yokohama tires  
When I ride by all them bitches get they pussy all on  
fire  
Bitches say I highside, hoe it ain't no thang  
Y'all just blinded by the diamonds the Pimp the pinky  
rang

[Intro + Chorus: x2 with ad lib talking over]

[Outro: UGK]

Whassup Rick, yeah, hold up hold up  
What's up Greek, whassup  
Goodie Mob, Organized Noise, Geto Boys  
knahtalkinbout  
OutKast, you know Atlanta in the house  
Jackson in the house and Memphis in the house  
New Orleans in the house, hold up  
Man I'm comin down like that, comin down like that  
Comin down like this, I'm comin down like this  
Comin down like that, comin down like that, hold up,  
hold up

Huh, hollerin at the Boys off Botany (the Boys off  
Botany)  
Dem boys off Scott, dem boys on the Scott  
Hollerin at the boys, hold up man, hold up  
Talkin 'bout the South, talkin 'bout Screw  
Talkin 'bout the North, I'm talkin 'bout the North  
Talkin 'bout the East, I'm talkin 'bout the West  
Talkin 'bout the West...  
[Fades Out]

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