

Unknown

"Big Pimpin"

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[Jay-Z]

You know I thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em

Cause I don't fuckin' need 'em

Take 'em out the hood

Keep 'em looking good

But I don't fuckin' feed em

First time they fuss I'm breezin'

Talking 'bout what's the reasons

I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch

Better trust and believe 'em

In a cut where I keep 'em

'Til I need a nut

'Til I need to be (in) the guts

The it's beep-beep and I'm pickin' 'em up

Let 'em play with the dick in the truck

Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist incuffs

Divorce him and split his bucks

Just because you got good head

I'mma break bread

So you can be livin' it up

Shit I part's wit nothin

Y'all be frontin'

Me give my heart to a woman

Not for nothin' never happen'

I'll be forever mackin'

Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion

I got no patience and I hate waitin'

Hoe get your ass in

Chorus 1

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE

Check 'em out now

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE

Yeah

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE

Check em out now

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE

Yeah

Chorus 2

We doin' big pimpin, we spendin' cheese (Check 'em out now)

Big pimpin'

On B.L.A.P.'s

We doin' big pimpin' up in NYC

It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Check em out now

(Repeat)

Hook 1

Nigga it's the big southern rappin pimp Presario
Coming straight up out the black bar-io (bar-rio)
Makes a Mil up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my scenario
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
No I can't fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoe's start pointing and say "There he go!"
Now these muthafuckas know we carry more heat than
a little bit
We don't pull it out over little shit
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a
little hit
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up
your vocab
Don't be surprised if your hoe steps out wit' me
And you see us coming downon yo' slab
Livin' ghetto fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it
But nigga if you hate now, then you wait while
I get your bitch butt naked
Just break it
You gotta play like you ain't wet with two pairs of
clothes on
Now get your ass to the back
As I fly to the track Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breaking these hoes on

Hate the track that we flow's on

But when the shit get's hot, then the glock start poppin'
like ozone

We keep hoes crunk like Trigga-man

Who really don't get no bigger man

Don't trip, let's flip, then throw it on the flip

Then blow with the muthafuckin' Jigga-man

Fool

Chorus 2

We be big pimpin', spendin' cheese

We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s

We be big pimpin' down in PAT

It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese

We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s

We be big pimpin' down in PAT

It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Nigga

Hook 2

Uh, smoky-eyed, torn up, keepin' it lit up in my cup

All my cars got leather and wood

In my hood, they call it buck

Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall

If he up, watch him fall

Nigga I can't fuck with y'all

If I wasn't rapping baby I would still be ridin' Mercedes

Chromin', shinin', sippin' daily

No rest until whitey pays me

Uh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys

Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin'
noise

Chorus 2

We be big pimpin', spendin' cheese

We be big pimpin' on B.L.A.P.'s

We be big pimpin' down in PAT

It's just that Jigga-man, Pimp-C and B.U.N.B.

Cause we be big pimpin', spendin' cheese

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Nigga

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