

## Nickel Creek

### "Pimpin' Ain't No Illusion"

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Pimp C:

(Uh, Uh) One time for yo' muthafuckin'...(whuut)  
Back, bitch (uh)...Kool Ace (whuut), UGK...(huh)

Chorus (Pimp C):

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.

Kool Ace:

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 (huh, huh)  
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...uh...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.  
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 & Bun B to testify for the ear  
Excuse me, y'all, but this about Southern shit.  
Now, tell me can you...uh...feel this, bitch?  
We givin' 'em brain contusions...  
Pimp C, what's the conclusion?

Pimp C:  
Pimpin' ain't no illusion...

Chorus: (x2)

Pimp C:  
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  
Those hoes steady choosin'.  
This is the conclusion: pimpin' ain't no illusion.

Chorus: (x2)

Bun B:  
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...

Chorus: (x2)

Too \$hort:  
You know, I got to tell you players what I'm talkin'  
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 fo-cused,  
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, nuttin' but this real  
pimpin'...beeyatch.

Chorus: (x3)

...pimpin' ain't no illusion

