

**Jeff Loomis****"Contract Feat Trillville, Jazze Pha & Pimpin Ken"**

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Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, like I said this is your boy Pimpin'  
Ken dot net  
Sell the bitch pussy till it's drip drop wet  
You know what I'm saying, the vet, not the pet  
Dig this here man  
Like my nigga Cashball, you know what I'm saying, me  
and DeAnte say  
Man, it's "stacks, tracks and contracts," you know what  
I'm taking about  
Only time a bitch get off is when a bitch run off, you  
know what I'm talking about  
Hey man, you understand me  
Master constitution for the prostitution  
And let prostitution be the only solution  
Please believe it, you understand it, bitch, you know my  
choosing fee bitch  
It's a lifetime, bitch of ho crime, believe that ho you  
know what I'm talking about  
Yeah, bitch you know what I'm talking about  
Don coochie hole bitch, better known as pimp coochie  
hole  
Pimpin' Ken the Don in this shit ho  
You know what I'm talking about, yeah  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin you funky ass bitch

As I pull up to the club  
Jumping out of the Jag  
24's still spinning with a dealership tag  
Brand New  
Bright leather guts and pearl blue  
These hoes they choosing like a lucky horseshoe  
But that's alright cause I don't pay these hoes no mind  
As I stroll to the front of the VIP line  
Straight in I go, headed straight to the bar  
I got a superstar status,  
So I guess I'm a star  
Haters checking me out  
Now tell me what's that about?  
I'ma chill to the point haters checking me out  
Sipping on the Crystal  
Bitches wanna get wild

Popping X and smoking dro' on the verge of my style  
These bitches calling, asking where the after party  
The Embassy Suites downtown, room 112, my darlin  
Bring your friends so we can let this party begin  
And bring a box of Magnum rubbers so we can fuck till  
the end

Hey bitch, sign your name on the dotted line  
Cause you belong to me  
You belong to me, yeah  
Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line  
Cause now you're mine

Just pulled up at the club  
I'm fly than a muthafucka  
Damn, why they staring ho, shit I'm the muthafucka  
Not the front door  
We better go through the back  
See, that was back then, now look where we at  
Straight to VIP, my niggaz, man we deep  
You gonna go by 2 or 3  
Before you get to me  
The bitch, and she a G and said "what's up for later?"  
I said "I'm 20 East, I'm headed to Decatur"  
And muthafuck the hater  
It's about this making paper  
And while she choosing hard, guaranteed I'ma take her  
So shake the saltshaker, the dro' is the vapor  
I ain't got love for niggaz if all they try to do is cake her  
I ain't sippin on no chaser, that's what we tell the waiter  
You goddamn right, I'm a muthafuckin player  
So tell me how you want it  
You riding? Get up on it  
I ain't fucking with the ho if she don't know how to  
donut, for real

Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line  
Cause you belong to me  
Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line  
Cause now you're mine

Hey, hey bitch  
Hey bitch get up it's time to go to work  
Time to go to work bitch, it's your boy Lil Jon  
Never will I love a bitch  
Why would I trust a bitch?  
Always gonna dog a bitch  
They only good for sucking dick  
Or riding on a nigga cock  
Trying to get a nigga stock  
I'm never gonna break bread

Not even for a little head  
I'm a player, not a cake-a-ho  
Always gotta break a ho, down to the fucking floor  
You step up, I'll let you know  
It's MOB, BME  
P to the I to the M P  
No, I'm Southside  
Sorry, bitch, you better pay me

Old school white Lac pimpin like Don Juan  
When I pull up on the track, I toot-a-loo my horn  
Make these hoes come running like mice for traps  
Ain't got my money ho, you bound to get slap  
Cause I don't love a bitch and won't save a bitch  
If it ain't about money, then it don't make sense  
I'll mack a bitch and I'll pimp a bitch  
As long as she making me filthy rich

Took a bunch of pills, drinking on my beers  
Sitting on a mill, but I'm pimpin still  
Riding round the track, like Goldie in the Mack  
Still I'm Don Coreleone pimping hoes from my realm  
Mesmerized by the words that's coming out my mouth  
So I'm flushing money quickly out these bitches' bank  
accounts  
After that I bounce  
To another ho, in a totally different city  
For a whole other show  
They say, "why you don't call?" I say, "bitch, where my  
dividends?"  
"You always out of town" I say, "bitch, where my  
dividends?"  
"You probably in the club" I say, "bitch, where my  
dividends?"  
You bout to make me break your neck, I have to ask  
your ass again  
I'm Don a.k.a "stay pimpin hard"  
That mean hoes gonna march winter, summer, spring  
and fall  
Cause I have to ball, there's no other way  
Even if the bitch pregnant, there's no Happy Mother's  
Day

Hey bitch sign your name on the dotted line (sign right  
here)  
Cause you belong to me (you my bitch now)  
Hey bitch (hey bitch) sign your name on the dotted line  
(right here)  
Cause now you're mine (you mine, ho)

Get your ass up

If you get out line, I'm a slap your eye  
I'm a slap your eye  
I'm a slap your eye  
Better have my money y  
Ou better have my money, bitch)  
Cause you signed your name on the dotted line  
So get off your ass and get on the grind  
Get up, get out there and make my motherfucking  
money, right now  
Forgot what I am, bitch? What am I?  
I'm a pimp in every inch of the word  
Inch of the verb  
Every inch of the curb  
I'm a hit, like the lottery baby  
Better believe it  
Please believe it  
Hey, yeah  
If it's pimping you wanting, pimping you needing  
Everyday from me  
From a real motherfucking pimp  
But bitch that's all I can see  
Any day of the week, when you fucking with me

If you fucking with me, you better get your ass out  
there  
And make that muthafuckin money  
Rain, sleet or snow  
Rob, steal and kill for a muthafuckapimp like me, ho

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