

Tity Boi

"Pimps"

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[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]

Wake up in the morning, roll a blunt and then I count
bank
Pull out the garage, hit a button then the top faint
You ain't from the "A", all you really did was migrate
Asking me if I'm great, yeah bitch I'm great
Swerving down Peachtree, yeah bitch I'm straight
Every day my birthday, yeah bitch I get cake
You better get dough, ho you know I taught you better
Take all his cash, grab on his ass, write that trick a love
letter
Came up off Ball and G, grewed up off Bun and C
Got me a Chevy swapped feet twice the same week
Shawty say she want me, shawty know I run things
We used to wear the mask like Friday the 1-3
Then I found out I had that pimp in my bloodstream
Got me one ho and then I got me a whole team
Had a starting five with a bench on the side
So for every bitch I got, she got a bitch on the side

[Hook x2: 2 Chainz]

Pimp all day I even pimp in my sleep
When I wake up I smoke a blunt before I eat
Ho don't violate, bitch you know I taught you better
Take all his cash, grab on his ass, write that trick a little
letter

[Verse 2: Bun B]

I got money on my mind, I got cash up on my brain
I got green up in my eyes and I ain't finna pass it mane
Never let a penny pass, never let a dollar disappear
And if you don't understand me bitch I'll make it crystal
clear
Coming down the Gulfway, passing by the Scale Co
Candy on the car, nigga pop my trunk they have no
Choice but to watch the neon lights with my name lit
Pimp a ho, stack the dough, yeah I'm on that same shit
Lames sit your ass up in the stands and eat a hot dog
This is for the big bosses boy and you are not hog
Never been a eagle man, I never seen you soar
Through the sky, looking super fly cause you paid off a

whore
You're not a pimp, put that on Pimp, you a fraud
Buying pussy on the side instead of tryna break the
broad
We don't do that over here, matter fact we never did
So keep your distance from the circle, we ain't with that
tricking shit
Bitch

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Big KRIT]

Your eyes wide open, scopin', ropin' hold that
thoroughbred
Pussy wet like April shower, twerking power, thorough
head
Get deep in the mind of a pro, take her where she
never been but where she wanna go
Unless she in the comfort of a monster with a
mouthpiece, then I reach her on stroll
Pimp shit get rich and quick, tell a bad bitch how I feel
Never laid back, gotta make a quota, if it ain't a high
roller keep that pussy sealed
So motherfucker can you buy that? At the rhythm of a
bass drum
Hit the club buy the bar like a star take that other nigga
bitch like dare that nigga say something
I seen pimps and you ain't one, you're not close to me
I'm everything a real nigga supposed to be
You act like you did everything you could, but she was
supposed to leave
At her neck like rosaries if she ain't where she
supposed to be, I put her on game
She devoted to the notion of roller coasters, and that
won't change
With my trunk on bang, sun on shine, break a bitch
down like a Garcia y Vega
Fill her up with the gumption to hit the ground running,
and go and get me some gators
Yeah suits with the tailor, that fit the frame of a nigga
all about his paper
Forever pimping, never slipping, forever recruiting
these top notch hoes in the majors

[Hook]

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