

Paradisio

"This Pimp"

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Talking...

[Project Pat]

Hoe I know you got this loot
fuck around make me shoot
up I'm like I'm a rocket
yea I knock it when I hit them boots
make that pussy wetter then
running like a faucet tap
though we get ya stupid then
yo face is gonna get a slap
thorough breds are on the map
pimps are riding checky tramps
prostituting straight up looting table dances in ya lap
keep a cough drop in ya cap
like the way that booty flap
nine hundred every night so you know that pussy snap
take me off the weight of fame
Im'a let you run ya game
but if it don't profit us that'll bring a pimp to shame
swang a fist bout a her eye
kiss my dick never good-bye
fuck around and break ya leg hoe if ya tell a lie
biggest booty in the club-ah
I'm the dad you the mother
out here corning like no other
you's a freaky muthafucka
what they used to say to ya
hooker now they paying ya
me & you done falled off broke yea thats what they
praying for

Chorus (2x):

You don't never wanna try (This Pimp this pimp)
I'll bust ya head you tell a lie (Don't trip don't trip)
Im'a look you in ya eye (And take grip and take grip)
You get wrong you recieve (A fat lip a fat lip)

[Verse 2]

I'm bout to whip on this maggot means nothing bitch

got a cute little face and a tight little switch
getting rich off the chick'ill never happen in a milli-ion
tired just from now cuz she a civilian
not a soldier to this army'ill make ya change
come up shorter and your face Im'a re-arrange
you was looking strange but your pockets looking
stranger
I was bumpin me some ruffin in the changer
swollen eyes busted lips but you know I'm loving you
in the club shakin hips everyday I'm cussing you
bitch I'm never trusting you thats because I'm smart
hoe
other niggas give ya cheese they ain't got no heart
though
hoe I'm gonna start yo ass with empty purse
break you like a cash register then put in hearse
conscience to the grave and I hope that you can see
that I must get paid if you wants to fuck with me

Chorus (2x)

[Verse 3]

Peter pipper beat the bitch
sweaped her in the conflict
through the town spit his game
introduced her to a trick
make-up hoe like a queen
cooking cakes candy rings
feeling up her pussy hole
rub her for the dingalings
but the hoe didn't meet her quarter
so I walked out in an order
break away from getting slapped start running for the
border
known to whip you out your draws
bitch done went & told them laws
got domestic violent charge in the morning out them
bars
duck niggas hate this shit
catch'em going quack quack
try snitching to a bitch trying to hold the mack back
but it ain't gone happen cuz the playas out here
rapping
to these hoes laying down the law while I get the cap'n
head cracking in a brick wall
got me in a midst brawl
showing out infront of folk
that'll make me kill ya'll
muthafuckin ass beat ya down like ya stole something
turn right around hey hoe let me hold something

You don't never wanna try (this pimp this pimp this
pimp)

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