

Pilot Speed

"Big Pimpin'"

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(Jay-Z)
Uhh, uh uh uh
It's big pimpin baby..
It's big pimpin, spendin cheese
Feel me.. uh-huh uhh, uh-huh..
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah..

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 lookin' good
But I don't fuckin' feed 'em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin' 'bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe 'em
In the cut where I keep 'em
'Till I need a nut, til I need to beat the guts
Then 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 in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread
So you can be livin it up?
Shit I, parts with 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 yo' ass in
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check 'em out now
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yea
And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check 'em out now
RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yea

Chorus One-Jay-Z

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

Big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin'.. big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B
Yo yo yo.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We doin - big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We doin.. big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

(Bun B)

Nigga it's the big southern rap impresario
Comin straight up out the black barrio
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe
Then sit back and peep my sce-nar-e-oh
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario
No I can't fuck a scary hoe
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go
Hoes start pointin', they say, "There he go"
Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' 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 ill literate son of a bitch and step
up your vocab
Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me
and you see us comin down on yo' slab
Livin ghetto-fabulous, so mad
you just can't take it
But nigga if you hatin'
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break
it
You gotta pay like you weigh wet with 2 pairs of clothes
on
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breakin' these hoes on
Ain't the track that we flow's on
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin' like
o-zone
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
Gettin blowed with the motherfuckin Jigga Man, fool

Chorus Two- Bun B

We be.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We be.. big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We be.. big pimpin' down in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

'Cause we be.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese
And we be.. big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
Cause we be.. big pimpin' in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B.. nigga

[Pimp C]

Uhh.. smokin' out, pourin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we 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 rappin' baby, I would still be ridin' Mercedes
Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, no rest until whitey pay
me
Uhhh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin'
noise

Chorus 2

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