

## **Pimp C** **"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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