

Pimp C

"Gitcha Mind Right"

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Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
(Tony Snow, know what I'm talkin' about? Tony Snow,
bitch)
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
(Young Pimp, Young Pimp, Sweet Jones, yes, it is, it's
goin' down)

Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
(Dedicated to Fat Pat, Lil' Daddy, know what I'm talkin'
about?)
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
(Big Dog and Biz, Baby Looney)

I'm so throwed in the game
Gettin' my paper, takin' over they brains
The drank over the ice is so cold
Pulled up to the light and light my diner, strike the pose

These niggaz in this game they wanna stop the Pimp
Don't wanna see me comin' up and flyin' like a blimp
I think they feel like I'ma threat
But I'ma old school motherfuckin' vet

So getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp

Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
And I'ma red hot undercover pimp
Now, getcha mind right, baby, you a simp
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Uh, Pimp C, Sir James
Y'all can't fade this country thang
Nigga in 'The Source' tried to hate on me
But bitch, I got the whole South ridin' wit' me

Ask this nigga Jeezy, bitch, I'm the truth
Me and Short Dog go and smoke in the coupe
I'm talkin? 'bout Too \$hort not that fake nigga
The rap game, full of all you fake niggaz

Nigga in ya booty gettin? raped nigga
If you ever take a trip upstate nigga
I don't wanna see them niggaz in the city
His gal head was good but her pussy was shitty

That's right nigga, I flipped ya bitch
She a three-way freak, every hoe take a dick
Sent her on a mission, go hit that lick
Ya dick is so weak and my game is so slick

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Yeah, uh, getcha mind right nigga, act like y'know
Cory Mo pimpin? that pen with Tony Snow
Once again in the lab with a pen and a pad
I'm been payin? my dues since early '94

Me and Mike Moe both got a wall full of plaques
Ten car garage and it's all full of 'Llacs
Front to the back, Seville to the fleet
Can't miss me bitch, keep a ear to the street

Gotta trunk full of beef for you, hoe ass niggaz
I'm eleven steps ahead of you, slow ass niggaz
Gotcha gal on my team and she kiss my pinky ring
Every time I tell her to, "Nigga, who the hell is you?"

I'ma underground king with a hell of a slang
Pimpin? and pampering women with a hell of a game
I'm tellin? ya man, I'm making some incredible change
So getcha mind right hoe, stay the hell outta my lane
hoe

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Now, getcha mind

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