

# Pimp C "Pourin' Up"

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(feat. Bun B & Mike Jones)

[Pimp C]

Smoke somethin, bitch!

A trademark (trademark), know what I'm talkin 'bout?

Young Pimp.. know what we doin? (Texas!)

[Hook: Pimp C]

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it  
buck

I'm smokin out, pourin up, keepin lean up in my cup

All my cars got leather and wood, in my (uh!) hood we  
call it {\*screwed\*}

[Pimp C]

Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine outta  
candy thang

Jammin Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang, 'cause I'ma

+Hot Boy+, gotta hot flame

And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way  
they can lay me

Niggaz shoot slugs but they ain't graze me, they want

Sweet Jones be pushin daisies

But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me, that's the  
reason I knock ya lady

How you gon' pimp wit'cha dick up in her? I told the  
pimp God that you was a sinner

You takin these square hoes out to dinner, the bitch  
chose me 'cause she want a winner

I mix her whole head up like a blender, hoe need a  
daddy, you'se pretender

I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'ma young girl  
stealer

I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson, nigga say  
my name watch the priest reaction

Sweet Jones or Sweet James? Switched my name and  
finger fucked the game  
The nigga fell off 'cause his raps are shitty, plus a  
nigga need to move up out the city  
The game gritty but the bitch pretty, lemme snatch the  
white girl up off ya titty  
Ya heard me right, I play wit' what I knows  
Wear platinum piece and wit' the Gucci clothes  
Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin  
Blackman tennis shoes  
In the winter time, mink coat to match and they on the  
floor wit' my candy 'Lac

[Hook]

[Mike Jones]

Uh! I'm comin out in that candy thang, 8 carats in my  
pinky rang  
Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see where  
the deserts swang  
Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what  
I'm tippin on

Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on  
I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues  
what I'm tippin on  
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm  
sippin on  
I hog the lane in that candy train, swangin left and right  
then I turn up the bang  
I'ma say it for those who don't know my name, know my  
name  
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age  
the name you can't tell by the wrists?  
I sit on buck in that candy 6, and I keep that thing real  
handy bitch!  
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave  
'em on the run  
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and  
bubble gum!  
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and  
leave 'em on the run  
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and  
bubble gum!  
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and  
leave 'em on the run  
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and  
bubble gum!

[Hook]

[Bun B]

When I pull the slab out and hit the block, wit' them 4's  
and vogues they clankin out  
When they trunks pop, drop the top, don't be surprised  
you can go in shock  
Wit' them neon lights, candy paint, belts and buckles  
across the back  
Don't disrespect or call this a Cadi, maybe this more  
than just a 'Lac  
Some like it white but I'ma go to green, purple dro up in  
the swisha  
Horny ladies sittin on the grill, wood grain to grip it's  
hard to miss us  
We "G" so don't dismiss us, been here before gon' be  
here later  
Down wit' that you understand the G Code and if you  
don't then you're hater  
Insult, I can't roll wit'cha, it ain't how I do it man  
I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man  
{\*screwed\*}  
U.G.K. for life is the family, that's how we get down  
Bring them trill niggaz to ya hood and shut ya shit  
down  
Playa you need to sit down, you outta ya league  
Tryna keep up wit' the trill, you just might die of fatigue  
You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight  
Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it  
straight  
We be...

[Hook]

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