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Pimp C "The Honey"

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Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen You are now tuned in to the best This here Jazze Fizzle, produc shizzle Pimp C, Jody Breeze

If y'all niggaz want the honey, yeah But I just want the money, young chump change Just fifties and them hundreds, girl, I know you want me I'ma

Scoop ya in my Impala, new Gucci and that Prada Gotcha koochie by the collar

Well, I'ma strip off ya clothes and lay ya down on the

He fucked the shit out that bitch, I fucked the fear out that hoe

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Yeah, hey, uh oh there he go, look who slid through the

It's ya dog Jody Breeze, I'm the shit on the low Y'all niggaz make me sick, spendin' chips on a hoe On the grind, tryna get it, I shit on a hoe

Off top, let 'em know, I'ma mack, I'ma pro Matter fact, lemme hit it from the back later on Baby, gon' bend it over, tune it up let me see I ain't from Houston hoe, but I'm still a pimp, see?

All I drink is Hennessey, all I smoke is stickery Hoes wanna get with me, but they ain't get shit for free I'ma playa, you can tell, ATL where I live I ain't with the kissin', hoes, Jazze Fizzle let 'em know

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Y'all niggaz wanna lay, I wanna play in a bitch mind If she playin' her Daddy, I will knock out her spine I'm out here on the grind, 24/7 I'm gettin' it I'ma let them tricks eat it up, I ain't trippin' bitch

Bitch, bend over, let 'em see it girl Hoes in the club, like '96 showin' niggaz love I used to be off in the Chi-C in Atlanta Young girls poppin' cock out in Alabama

I seen it all from the pimps and the tricks
The real live boys opening the pussy stores
I got respect for the flat backers
Black, yellow or crackers, keep ya Daddy ridin'
'Cause I'ma Cadillacer

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Oh, he Tela in the change, I put the 'G' in the game Put the 'P' in the pimp, brought back the blue to the flame

Break a bitch like a trig, write out some magical shit And while I feel more slim, that ain't my starter bitch

Drop the top on the Rolls and roll under the sun Throw my finger in the air like, kid', hoe I'm the one Got my gators and suits, multiple colors like fruit Pimp aroma on my breath, Tropicana and goose

To the roots of pianos, see my moves she can't handle H.B.O., nigga hoe break up overtime Soprano Diamonds up against panels of wood, it's all good Lean back, candy 'llac gettin' head on my hood

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Ladies and gentlemen, Fizzle, oh, yeah You have now been entertained And you are now a part of the Pimpalation You undersmell? Uh There's a whole lot of devices that make this thing roll

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Yeah, Jazze Fizzle, Sho' Nuff Records
Pimp C, U.G.K. Records, Wood Wheel Records
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout!?

Rap-A-Lot mafia's behind this one, yeah Wassup J? Large mackin' and sasquatch pimpin' Y'all know what it is Wassup Bun B? Wassup International Red? Oh boy

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