

Pimp C "What Up"

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[Verse 1 - Drake]

High rollers, what's up?
Drinks Houston, what's up?
Onyx, what's up?
You does it baby you does it baby
Harlem nights, what's up?
Treasures, what's up?
Legends, what's up?
Just love me baby just love me baby
Yeeeeeah
To all my Houston Texas country muffins
Baby let me hit that liquor and that blunt you puffin'
And after that I'ma throw that fuckin' "young money"
up
And we can both watch it fall like it's bungee jumpin'
Man I'm so high, next time we won't smoke all of that
ounce you buy
Oooh, I almost forgot to blow the candles out
'Cause I don't really want to fall asleep and light this
house on fire
Goodnight, I'm still up, I told my girl to lay down
I see the bottle is full, I'm 'bout to drink it way down
What up Bun my nigga?
Man you know we stay down
And I'm an honoray resident in UGK town
I'm on my way
Yeah I'm on my way
I never give a fuck about what any nigga say
The music all slow and the bitches all pretty
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city in this thing

[Chorus - Drake]

What up? What up?
H-Town in this bitch
What up? What up?
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city
What up? What up?
What up? What up?

[Verse 2 - Pimp C]

Money by the ton
Bricks from crumbs

Millionnaire from nothin'
Mind on hustlin'
Pussy a commodity but a dick sell better
Went from Dickies and high shoes to a cashmere
sweater
Paint that got wetter than it was in '94
The drink that got thicker and the dirt weed rolled
'96 Impala with the stick on the floor
Now its Bentely four do's with Patron on the low
Light wood nigga, Polo fuck Hilfiger
Jammin' Slim Thug, belly fulla of drugs
Young hard nigga, underdog nigga
Yellow lights on the Masa' do the fall pussy nigga
Yellow diamonds on my finger
Playin' in the car
My dick wanna fuck but my pockets say stop
Not 'cause they empty I'm just greedy for somemo'
I need some mo' dough I'm a P.I.M.P. fo' sho'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bun B]

Well its the trill O.G.
I got the neighbourhood soul
Kush is dead I'm gettin' blowed
Ridin', bangin', gettin' throwed in the candy painted low
Chrome grill in front of it
Belts on the back of it, my homie shoes runnin' shit
And shorty on the side of me is straight up off the King
cover
Don't care what anybody say long as the king love her
Wish I could tell her that I don't but it would kill her
I just keep on grippin' grains, drippin' stains
Bein' trilla, ain't another brotha realer
Blowin' thousand dollar killa
With that Filipino flow that I just got it from Manila
'Bout to snow up in my city
So let me put on my chincilla
In the 'Rari doin' donuts like my name was J. Dilla
All about the skrilla so just point me to the dealer
Keep the work up in the attic and the money in the cella
Your girl up in the second automatics for the fella's
You see us in the back than all you gotta do is tell us

[Chorus]

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