

## **A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes, Redman**

### **"Big Pimpin'"**

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[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uh uh uh

It's big pimpin baby..

It's big pimpin, spendin G's

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

til 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, yeah

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check em out now

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah

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 bar-rio  
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe  
Then sit back and peep my sce-nawr-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 illiterate son of a bitch and step up  
yo' 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 I  
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break  
it  
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two 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  
ozone  
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, throwin 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 witch'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 Two

[Jay-Z]

On a canopy my stamina be enough for Pamela  
Anderson Lee  
MTV jam of the week  
Made my money quick then back to the streets but  
Still sittin on blades... sippin that ray...  
Standin on the corner of my block hustlin  
Still gettin that cane  
half what I paid slippin right through customs  
It'll sell by night its extra white...  
I got so many grams if the man find out  
it will land me in jail for life  
But im still big pimpin spendin chesse  
with B.U.N. B, Pimp C, and Timothy  
We got bitches in the back of the truck, laughin it up  
Jigga Man that's what's up

Chorus

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