

& Whitney by Pimp C

"Bobby & Whitney"

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(feat. 8 Ball & MJG)

[Pimp C:]

I know you hoes on a mission to steal my dick
But Pimp Chad ain't goin for the Georgia, bitch
(Georgia, bitch!)
It wasn't nuttin when I saw ya bitch (saw ya bitch!)
She knew that I was on some millionaire shit
Everythang I say is the truth (is the truth!)
I need five funky hoes for one prostitute
Just 'cause you sell pussy don't make you certified
You ain't in it to win it, I can see it in yo' eyes
WWW dot, "Wonder why I'm quickly gettin exposed"
Breakin tricks for they money like a female is supposed
(posed!)
I'm not in Neptune, on some Space Age shit
All my diamonds got paper, Emmitt keeping me legit
(git!)
When the welfare was over, I be sellin cocaine ('caine!)
I'm out in Las Vegas, takin over bitches' brains (brains!)
Tony Snow don't sniff no blow (sniff no blow!)
Pimp hard on a cracker but I love me a crow (love me a
crow!)

[Hook x2: Pimp C]

I gotta big truck on some big rims
I get my dick sucked, when I pull out the Bent'
These hoes jockin me, they wanna ride with me
They gotta be down hoe! Like Bobby Brown and
Whitney

[8 Ball:]

Life is a game of inches
You move up little by little to the fame and riches
Life be a game and a broad of visions
Some niggaz is hoes and all women ain't bitches
And your reach? Keep the heat near
Games, I don't play , I'm tryna make it clear
You don't hear me nigga? Open up ya ears
If you movin too fast, slow down and switch gears
P.A. somethin, ya life give ya nothin

The streets ain't pokin, you can get shot bluffin
Cash rule everythang, keep that on ya brain
Get rich quick, let pimpin do the blame
Midnight blue with the peanut butter ducts
Chrome on my feet and bump in the trunk
Ball cap popped up, raised to the back
Kush in my realer, rollin big like Shaq

[Hook x2]

[MJG:]

I'ma pimp, sellin hoes to a chick on the track
Make my money, bend her or over, slap the dick on the
back
They call me Young (Jayyy!!!) G, I'm the man in charge
If you read this application, you'll change ya job
I gotta order motherfuckin rappers, teachers,
preachers, and athletes
All make a personal visit or to the backstreets
I even gotta hoe, play away
With one rule, 'til ya gray, nigga stay away
See I'm the reason why ya letcha girl stay at the house
and beat her up 'cause my name couldn't stay out her
mouth
And I don't need to know if she just wanna join the
team
Get down and kiss all up on my ring
I keep a Cadillac and I select a few in my car
If you don't own one, then you ain't got shit in ya
garage
I go hard, you motherfuckas ain't breakin a hoe
You just flyin bitches in, showcasing a hoe

[Hook x2]

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