

Baby Bash f/ Kat Williams , Suga Free "That's What The Pimpin's There For"

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[Kat Williams]

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your friendly
Pimp representative, Kat Williams, A.K.A. Money
Motherfuckin' Mike
Please do not get the game crossed up
In order for you not to get tossed up
Whether or not you are flossed up
It is necessary in every pimp's life
To get bossed

[Suga Free]

(Verse 1)

Hey, Suga Free
Why Roxy jockin'
Probably cause she don't want you to know she got
Caught watching a parrot fuck a carrot off some of that
oxy
She said one time at band camp, she was a rat
And go girl scout cookies lined flat on her back
One day, I was in the middle of some suck-n-duckin'
Got tired of throwin' my head up at this trick
Bossed up like it was nothin'
I met her off the Blue Sky, I truly never knew why
But yet, the pimpin' in that whore, she loves it, cause
I'm too fly

Chorus: Suga Free & Kat Williams

Cause I'm the only kind of man that she'll ever
understood
Because that's what the pimpin's there for
She swore a deal with a mack that keep her flat on
her back
Because it's that's what the pimpin's there for

(Verse 2)

Can you believe this?
First thing, flat on her mouth, talkin' about
I would've told, "Bitch, you wouldn't told a nigga shit!"
You know you love her up
Actin' like it's hard G-14 classified
Man, all that bullshit should cover up

Holy Nickelodeon...

You wouldn't believe that this bitch used to be a fuckin'
historian...

But that's what they get for love and shit

Sincerely yours, Suga Free

And thank you for nothin'

Repeat Chorus Twice

Pre-Verse: Baby Bash

Sippin' on that good bombay

Rating these rat chicken traps all day

Spittin' real butter, stay away from parkay

Ask me what I do, man, I pimp and parle

[Baby Bash]

(Verse 3)

What's really, though

I wouldn't care if she smoke dope, shot rope

Or chased a billy goat (Billy goat?)

But you don't hear me, though

Pain and rent, you need to pray and repent

She might be ya girlfriend, yeah, but she my tramp

And I ain't payin' respect, I'm just takin' a checks

And beat the shit, out of buff niggas, fakin' a flex

We keep it A.O.B.

All on, baby

Y'all pay for puss, mayne, y'all so crazy

You trick harder than the NBA

And got mad when your weeds got send my way

Cause you in love with yourself, and she in love with
your wealth

And wonderin', why she still fuckin' everyone else

Cause she ain't got no manners, or self esteem

If I wish the right records, I could sell her a dream

And y'all still poppin' collars, I'm a dust my kicks

Why y'all still go to clubs and handcuff your chicks

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Suga Free] I better boss up

[Chingo Bling] Vieja

Go bring me some Church N' Chickens

Jalepeno on the side

[Suga Free] I better boss up

[Chingo Bling] You look

You don't know me

Until you blow me

Suck it!

[Suga Free] I better boss up

[Chingo Bling] Don't be a guy that puts crema and

cacahuates in his bolas
For his dog to lick
[Suga Free] I better boss up
[Chingo Bling] Hey, Bash
Call Fred Wreck
Tell 'em 'bout the time he put that chick in the scissors,
wey

(Verse 4)

I once put a chick in a guillotine choke
Made her steal some new shoes and get me some
dough
And this ain't no studio shit
How you think them ugly cats get a beautiful bitch
And I just call 'em how I see 'em
From A.M. to the P.M.
It's Young Baby Bash from a hustle Mus-I-i-m
I spit caps
I spit caps
And send a hoe, to the track, in Iraq

Repeat Chorus Four Times

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