

Canibus F/ Pras, Product, Wyclef

"Pimp On"

Visit "[Pimp On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Bishop Don Magic Juan]

Yeah.. no introduction is really needed

But it's, the Bishop Don Magic Juan

Chairman of the Board, of famous playas everywhere!

PLAYAS, PLAYAS, PLAYAS!

Representin, green is for the money

Gold is for the honey, ain't it man?

[Interlude]

Pimp pimp onnnn, pimp-pimp onnnn

Pimp onnnn, pimp pimp on!

Then get your pimp on

[Verse One: Twista]

Peep how the Twist' puttin down the luchie while smokin
a lot of dro

Whatchu know 'bout checkin yo' paper for a down-ass
bottom hoe

Or snatchin yo' new fur model mink with the hood off
the hanger

24-karat rings standin a half a foot off the finger
Custom seats are amazin tellin nobody could touch that
bitch

Shoes my Maurie, piss by the month, he cut shock shit
Anything from my hoes when I ask, I get it

In the Cadillac I kick it, since y'all I wanted to be like
macks and Bishop

Type wanna get up in the club, drinkin Cris'sy from a
gold cup

Flossin my club, peepin persons yellin out "Chuuuch!"

Finna attract to trick politicians I'ma maintain pimpin

You can't change pimpin, from the Stone Age to the
"Space Age" pimpin

From Southern mackin in Memphis to the playa mo'
when you shoot to Chi

In the black diamond with fuchsia dye pullin out hoes
like Supafly

All I gotta do is spit fo' lines

Now she got me chameleon gators with colors that flip
fo' times

Now get yo'.

[Chorus]

Pimp pimp onnnn (pimp on)
Pimp-pimp onnnn (pimp on)
Pimp onnnn (pimp on) pimp pimp on!
Then get your pimp on
Pimp pimp onnnn (and if you want it the 'Llac with three
hoes in the back)
Pimp-pimp onnnn (feelin like a mack while you checkin
yo' scratch)
Pimp onnnn (then you gettin yo' pimp on) pimp pimp
on!
Then get your pimp on

[Verse Two: 8 Ball]

Uhh.. yeah.. yeah, yeah
It's the fat, mack - EightBall to most of y'all
You a hoe need a pimp, I'm the one you supposed to
call
Shit talker, somebody's daughter she my street walker
She call me daddy, she a hoe so that's what I call her
Or big toed, hard-head ass hoe
The rougher I treat her she love a nigga even mo'
Brush my hair, manicure and do my toes
Knock bitches from them niggaz who act like hoes
I'm mink draggin out my 2-2 Paddywagon
Sittin on 2-3's, diamonds on 24 karats
Ball not a bitch ass, and I don't make deals
Peel a meal from a pussy, know how that feels?
High heels and furs, Lexus his and hers
Hypnotic, ex' and sex mixed with the words
Pull up, and let the window down, here she come
the American way, I was taught how to.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Too \$hort]

Playa getcha pimpin on
Gotta getcha game together man, all your women
gone
To start all over, ain't nothin to a mack
Just put 'em to work, and watch yo' money stack
That's fo'sho' doe, everyday a G a mo'
Asked your little sister, "Girl, why you wanna be a
hoe?"
She got turned out, like Red Riding Hood
goin to Grandma's house, now she lookin real good
while the Big Bad Wolf tryna eat her out
Pay up, the cash is what we be about
Squares, we don't care if you don't understand

Players break out the game power, you don't wanna go
there
Say it in your prayers you wanna be like me
You down on your knees but it's not likely
to ever happen, so I just keep rappin
This real mackin, this ain't actin

[Chorus]

[Outro: Bishop Don Magic Juan]
Yeah, Bishop Don Magic Juan
Ain't no shame, in my game
Good game, is happenin everywhere
{*Interlude plays in background*}
Playas in Los Angeles, Detroit, Miami
New York, Chi-Town, WORLD-WIDE!
CHUUUCH IS HERE!

Visit [Canibus F/ Pras, Product, Wyclef](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.