

## South Park "Meet Your Fate"

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First Verse (Pimpstress):

Look here Baby Boo, let me give it to you  
Let me show you all the things that this girl can do  
Your World I wanna rock, wanna love you til' I drop  
I'm a thug like Pac, when you touch my soft spot  
Straight from the heart, no one break us apart  
You been a good man to me, show me love from the  
start  
I know you get mad every now and then  
Last week I hit a curb, and messed up your rim  
But my Baby don't trip, get the twenty, we dip  
Now we're back in the whip, where we sip and flip  
Can you take it how I give it? Last more than a minute?  
Let's hit my homie's crib, with the elevator in it  
Laid up in the bed, or maybe the sauna  
In the kitchen, or the den, or the pack of your Impala  
Ain't nothin' new, we still doin' our thang  
Candlelight dinners while I'm sippin' champagne

Chorus (Sevan): repeat 2X

Let me.....be your thug  
'cause every 24-7  
I'm the one you're thinkin' of

Second Verse (Pimpstress):

See I'm out on my grind, with my bourgeois mind  
Flippin' candy toys while my steering wheel shine  
Matchin' twenty inches, gold pump on my switches  
Leather all my couches, Tommy Hil on my stitches  
Lemme show you my World, lemme be your thug girl  
We can do things with whipped cream and strawberry  
swirl  
I be your only referral, laid it down with no curls  
Don't worry about them other fellas all on my pearl  
They just close to me, tryin' to get in my P-con  
My feelings are for you and that ain't nothin' to sleep  
on  
Jump out of limosuines that got, five screens  
On D's, with two margerita machines

Picked up by five oh  
Cruise the blue while I flow  
If you ever go broke, we can live off my flow  
These pigeons wanna block, wanna take what I got?  
But they just can't stop, 'cause I'm solid as a rock

Chorus

Bridge (Sevan): repeat 2X

You want me to be your thug  
And I really want to show you love

Third Verse (Pimpstress):

Behind a good woman, a real man stands  
Takin' trips to Cancun, tans to white sands  
Pitbulls on leashes, with platinum pieces  
My only ??? ??? ??? with tight creases  
Tattoo on his chest, gold T I caress  
I be the only Pimpstress, never settle for less  
Brickettes and byzantine, it was all a dream  
As you unbutton my jeans, to see, my G-string  
I know your homeboys get jealous and hate  
'cause they ain't had a date since 1988  
Ridin' off in the sunset, doin' things we ain't done yet  
While jammin' your Keith Sweat, and sippin' on Moet

Chorus

Bridge

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