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Hi-C f/ DJ Quik "Ph Ph"

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[Chorus]

Players, hustlers, pimps and hoes
Skip your body across the floor
Move your head, shoulders, knees and toes
Throw your hands up if you're makin' doe
I said players, hustlers, pimps and hoes
Skip your body across the floor
Move your head, shoulders, knees and toes
Hit 'em with the heat to make the people say ho!

[Hi-C]

I'll hit these niggaz in the face like a box of rocks Or push it in your mouth, pull it out your socks I keep hoes high as a glass of Scotch And break a bitch out like the chicken pox When I pull up to the club nigga I don't stop Be three or four times I done hit the block I jump up out my ride peepin' nothin' but cock And some jealous ass niggaz starin' at my watch Hmm, you could have it if you think you can get it If a rag on your head, you think I won't hit it? But I didn't come to trip, I came to sip Pump some ass, and grip some hips Man it's hot than a bitch, where the fuck is Quik? Bout to buy out the bar, homie hand me some chips My nigga start to laugh but he kicked in half He had everything from Hennessy to Genuine Draft And I'm knockin' down all ass in my path But money is the one thing you cannot have She asked me can she get it so I started to laugh I ain't never-ever-ever payed for no ass

[Chorus]

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[D] Quik]

Hoe, what ya doin' if ya got no game?

Oh me, my name is pimpin 'cause I got no name
Yeah money buys money, and money sells money
And pussy on a brokedown broad, it smells funny
So peep me in a Jag' playin' keep-away tag
Cause I never met a bitch who done took it and didn't
gag

We party in the five-star hotels or the yacht We party in the back of the limousine hittin' twat We party independent, so pimpin' don't get offended If you don't see us, don't worry about nothin', we doin' splendid

Keepin' drama low (low), keepin' paper high (high) Keepin' hoes wet and my Moet dry While I'm puffin' on the finest from the good green earth

And I'm fuckin' on the finest bitches I seen first And I'm spendin' on the flyest, trick gets money in for us

So if you fit the criteria, nigga come aboard Where the players at?

[Chorus]

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[Hi-C]

Ooh ahh, I wanna see some thigh The thigh lookin' sweet, she wanna see some meat Or jump in the SUV on chrome feet And head to the hot spot down the street We parked the ride, and walked inside Mmm mmm, damn what a surprise Some more thick bitches with ass and thighs Tryin' to get rich, tellin' niggaz lies Baby looked at me and she rolled her eyes Whispered in my ear that she like the size Grabbed a handful and I started to rise By that time I was hot as McDonald's french fries Ahh, damn baby wait your turn It's enough to go around girl, you'll get turned Hi-C and Quik fresh out the Himalayas Make bitches obey us, if ya don't blow your fuckin'

whistle

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