

Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim

"Pimp the Ho"

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Pimp the ho

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It's like Too \$hort raps been around a while
I rocked to the beat and got my own style
I'm from the O city, and I said it before
I was born to mack, call me Playboy \$hort
You wanna get freaky? Look at the time
We could do the nasty, but it's almost nine
My show starts at ten, I gotta go
Like the mack said, homie, pimp the ho
Check it out everybody, if you got two ears
Turn your radio up, Short Gog is here
If the bass ain't kickin, pick up the phone
Dial 911, tell em: turn it on
Bumped a cute young tender in a tight red dress
She had a soft booty, and a real big chest
She said, "I love you", said it again
At the motel freaked her and her friends
Like a Too \$hort rap, and everybody knows
Like the Mack said, homie, pimp the hoes
Ain't no need in playin games, none at all
Fakin like a giant when you're just too small
No need to rush, take your time
To adjust to the changes in my rhyme
To you rappers - tonight's your night
You all jump straight up on your mic
Screamin "I'm the best", but let me see
I make a lotta money, could that be me?
He said, "Hell no, I'm the king of the rap"
Looked me in my eyes, said, "Deal with that"
I said, "Hold on, buddy, don't talk that junk
You drank two 40s, now you must be drunk"
He said, "Let's battle", I said "Go"
Like the Mack said, homie, I pimped the ho
All hail the king, go straight to hell
If your girlfriend's freakin on a freaky tale
Better play your rap and take mine off
Before the bitch gets wet and you're still soft
No need to rush, take your time

To adjust to the changes in my rhyme
I was on the turf, cold chillin out
When a sucker MC got hit in the mouth
Tryin to find out if he can hang with me
The boy got hooked on the Dope Fiend Beat
I said, "Bitch, what are you smokin?"
It ain't funny, cool, I ain't jokin
You never shoulda said I was fakin the place
You wouldn'ta got socked straight in your face
I'm the coldest MC on a microphone
Now the sucker MC's just leave me alone
They might suck on yours, but they can't get mine
Like the Mack said, homie, pimp all the time
I'm not talkin bout hookers in mini-skirts
When you pimp like me, put your mind to work
It's like 24 hoes, better known as tracks
When I grab that mic I spit these raps
I start workin the hoes, and it just don't stop
It's goin on till the panties drop
I'm Sir Too \$hort, like I said
Bitch can't lick, don't give me head
Had a fresh young tender, won't say her name
It's the same old story, ran the same old game
She can blow more head than a well blows water
The girl won't stop when she get started
Like the freak you married, I had to get with her
Ain't no doubt, Short Dog would get her
I'm a cold player, I can't lie
They call me Playboy \$hort, and I told you why
I'm a mack, so get back
I put my tape in the deck in my Cadillac
And as my ride goes on definitely
I speak each word loud as can be
I'm the T-double o, and like I said
If your girlfriend's freakin, I accept all head
Scream out the combination, and I open the lock
Plug in the mic jack, and then rock that cock
Back to back like the Oakland Raiders
In and out like your crossfaders
Makin people dance all over the floor
Lovin that rapper named Sir Too \$hort
You got my bank, little girl, no time to act silly
I'm dynamite, baby, and my name ain't Willy
Cold as hell, hard to stop
I spit these raps and rock yo block
Hit the city talkin bout, it's goin on
And the next thing you know, the whole nation's gone
It's Too \$hort on the mic
And I'm spittin mo' raps than any rapper you like
So all you suckers-worth rappers, you hate my beat
All I gotta say is, don't fuck with me

My game is tight, my bank is made
You can hate big \$hort, but I still get paid
You say, "I can't", I say you can
Show respect, little boy, when you deal with a man
I saw you laughin when you came in the place
Punk, I start laughin when I spit in your face
See I know how I feel, I should be shut at dawn
But I'm a true MC, I keep rockin on
I won't say I'm best, won't declare I'm bad
I'm just a rappin muthafucka with a hard-ass rap
Too \$hort cold comin up
Say a rap, homeoby, get the mic out your butt
Be a man if you can, cause it might get worse
You be walkin round town with a wig and a purse
No tellin what's next, I don't know
Like the Mack said, homie, pimp the ho

(I'll be good to you
You'll be good to me
Anything you want
Or anything you need
I got my eye on you
And I'm into you
I'll give you all my dough
You just pimp that ho)

I'm never draggin when I'm rhymin, cause I make a
lotta money
I jump in my car, drop it if it's sunny
Doggin the freaks, and all that shit
Long haired hoes with real big tits
I'm a eastside player oh yes, I am
Grab the microphone and start makin grands
I take a freak to her room, not a hotel trick
I cold chill out at the Motel Six
I'm ridin in the car, and I can't be found
I'm the hardest muthafucka rappin from this town
My name is Sir Too \$hort, and if you say 'so what?'
I look you in your eye, and wouldn't give a fuck
I live a California lifestyle, ain't no trip
8 years on the mike, and ain't faked it yet
So when you see me on stage, I won't blow you a kiss
I put my finger in the air and tell you just like this
Say bitch

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