

## **Kingz Underground**

### **"Fuck My Car"**

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Check it out, 1996, bitches still suckin on dicks

Hoes just trippin' mayne

Choosin, they men by what kinda cars they drive

What kinda keys you holdin

Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar

They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car

But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far

They ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car

Look a nigga up and down like he a superstar

But they ain't trippin, on me, they wanna fuck my car

But bitch who the fuck you think you are by far

They ain't trippin on me, they wanna fuck my car

Ay C keep yo' eyes open for the boppers, car hoppers

Daisy Dukes out on the block, showin cock, traffic stoppers

Lookin good spendin some nigga G's

Nails by Vietnamese, [unverified], lookin' like they worth G's

Dress above they knees, jellies and G-strings up the ass

Man I never let 'em pass

So, tell me where can I find 'em

With they nigga or in that candy Cadillac right behind  
him

Bitches tellin' me see yo' dick grand

All she wanna do is ride Su-bur-ban

Put her ass on the leather and rub the wood

See we got boppers in Texas oh, man that pussy look  
good

So, I let them hoes ride and I show them a grip

But she blinded by the candy she can't see I'm a pimp

When she told me I looked good I didn't feel no pride

All the bitch wanted to do is just fuck my ride

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Oh yeah, these hoes think they cute in skin-tight  
catsuits

Assumin' that they body's too boomin to dispute

But pussy is the root of all drama

An attribute put up in they head by they momma

Oh yeah, I'ma tell it like it is, I sees how it goes down

Niggaz talkin' 'bout, how they passin' these hoes  
'round

But y'all trickin', them hoes told me

Fools y'all ain't Goldy, ridin' in a goodie but an oldie

Fifty dollars there, a hundred dollars here

You brought the bitch a drink and all her homegirls a beer

Your homeboys lookin for ya, but yo' ass gone

You left your niggaz at the club and took all them hoes home

And didn't even fuck, man what the fuck

If you didn't want to fuck then get the fuck up out the truck

You know what I mean? I ain't showin out Vogues

Just so these hoes can be seen, c'mon you wanna fuck or cut?

Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar

They ain't trippin' on me, they wanna fuck my car

But bitch who the fuck you think you are, by far

They ain't trippin' on me, they wanna fuck my car

When you look at my chrome and you lick your lips

It's just like I'm rubbin' my dick between your hips

And when you smile and shake your ass, my grill smile right back

Bitch I'm the real, that's why I ride Cadillac

And I'ma fuck you and fuck all yo' friends

Soon as Pimp C come through in that 600 Benz

With burgundy paint, butter and LG rims

Color TV, VCR playin X-rated films

Of myself, runnin up in beauty queens

But let me tell y'all niggaz the difference between y'all  
and me

You see, man I can tell all that bitch wanted to do

Is just ride for free and smoke for free

But bitch not me, you better ask them hoes if my name  
Pimp C

Unless your pussy makin ten thousand dollars a week

The only way I see you sittin in my passenger seat, you  
bitch!

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