

# Mathematics f/ Almighty Infinite, Boy Big, Buddah Bless, Eyes Low

## "Pimp Party"

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[Intro: Almighty Infinite (Boy Big)]

I remember when he was a young boy, I knew his  
mama for years

Now he wanna be, wanna be a player, I remember him  
Had a snotty nose, couldn't know how to tie his shoe  
Now he wanna be, a drug dealer, so called pimp  
And his macking game, ain't all that

I knew his father... father wasn't all that

(Pimp party) pimps (pimp party) hoes

(Pimp-party, pimp-party, pimp-party, pimp-party)

Oh shit, yo, it's a pimp convention going on in New York  
City, boy

Yo, you best to get down, we over here in New York City  
With the baddest, the finest, finest broads out here in  
New York City

I tell you boy, we got ass shaking, we got titties shaking  
All here, my brother, we gotta come on down, to the  
pimp convention

[Chorus 4X: Boy Big]

Pimp party, chillin' at a pimp party (oh oh oh)

[Eyes Low]

Come and ride with me, where the pimps hang  
Big chains, wrapped around necks, specs, under slick  
rings

Burri' bird los', tan timbs, throwbacks

Heavy cognac, stains on cherry fur coats

Most chicks drink, almost every bird choke

But the party over, when that dessy bird smoke

You already hold folks, it's a don affair

Find a freak with blondish hair, and palm aware

Got my ex-cons in here, with arms to bare

I'm the next, starved for beer, the bomb this year

Yeah, dough we get, that 'dro, we click, that after

Shows, we rip, them hoes, get pimped in fashion

Mo' get sipped, and clothes get stripped, we smashin'

Our boa constrict', deflictin' big compactions

We ain't leavin' til we rip every last dime

Pimp never had blind, bitch better have mine, have  
mine

[Chorus 4X]

[Interlude: Almighty Infinite]

Oh shit, yo, the fucking Bishop Don Juan  
White Mo, Jody, muthafuckin' Ribbon Shift  
What up my nigga, yo, it's a pimp party  
Up in this bitch, boy... we got the pimps to the left  
And all, youknowwhatimsayin, we got the hoes to the  
right  
And shit, we got pimps in front of me, I got pimps in  
back of me  
Yo, it's gotta be a muthafuckin' pimp party, man  
Yo, why the fuck your jewels shining like that, man  
Gold ass creak, bigger than hell, man  
Yo, that fur coat you got on my brother, yo, word is  
bond  
The illest, man

[Chorus 4X]

[Buddah Bless]

Yo, I leave the lab, ghetto fab, from toe to head  
Chillin' in some of the codest red  
You know I leave the soldier's bread  
You know I cock back the hammer, muthafucka, better  
hold ya head  
Now it's gator and ostrich convention  
And I got the mack of the year, spot milked  
In this tear drop silk, it's pimpin'  
Got the beaver skin limped in  
Respect robe with the best hoes in pink mink  
Sweatin' my ever wish, like I Dream of Jeannie  
So they all walk around in g-string bikini  
A g' thing, believe me, not everyone's able  
I'm gettin' bread off the book, under the table  
I'm gettin' head off the hook, under the table  
Pour my bottle, bitch, sippin' on a bottle of Crys'  
High rollers in this joint, that's been pimpin'  
Since pimpin', been pimpin', been pimpin'  
Hollywood to Detroit

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Almighty Infinite]

Yo that's your Pink Cadillac parked out front  
Yo, whose Rolls Royce is that  
Yo, hold up, who just pulled up in that Bentley, hard,  
right there?  
Oh shit, these pimps done went crazy  
They done tripped over New York City

We gonna have a new pimp convention in New York  
City, today  
What's going down, out here, yo where Foxy Brown,  
where Pam Grier?  
Yo, somebody tell me something, I'm bout to lose my  
mind  
We got all this good shit out here, the flyest women  
The baddest players, players among players  
Players don't even know they players yet  
The whole nine yards...

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