

Meth Ghost Rae

"Pimpin' Chipp"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah] Yeah, them niggas talking
bout ya'll always want some lyrics, right? Real lyrics,
well here we go, I'mma tell you a little story That's
right, watch this shit, nigga, here we go, ya'll, your ass
Yeah, we write for days, hot shit, uh-huh Dope, drugs,
sex, murder, King James version [Ghostface Killah]
Aiyo, needle was left hanging, in the arm of a pimp He
walk with a limp, had bitches on the payroll He gave the
seeds candy and his family was poor Drove a '68
Caddy with the fur on the door The other macks ain't
have jack on him, not even Goldie Slowly, he would
rise, kept his runners with the police Jim Brown was his
man, his brother was Muslim, they tried to convert him
And turn righteous, but the streets got the good of him
Big hats with gorgeous stones, honey designed the
slacks With two attempts on his bottom bitch, her name
was Precious Silky skin, priceless pussy, she took
karate Her bubble ass got Pretty Chipp rich You can
smell her perfume on every street corner A sexy
muthafucka with the mean face on her Precious,
sported bulletproof dresses, defending caring sex
Thirteen smith, this boo that study her lessons She was
the key to Pretty Chipp riches, bitches is fortune slang
Control the south side, her name rings Lookout for the
black cherry pussy extortion Any other hoes get
pregnant, bet they get an abortion Back at the pub, at
the Alice spot, bumping the sounds of Curtis Playing
Live in the jukebox, this broad named Cookie In the
purse, fifty thou' in cash Passed off to Chipp, told him
count it fast, another 10 in my bloomers Fuck the
rumors, it's lies, baby, you my daddy Bitches never
saw me jumping out of Dirt Dog's cabby I'm a loyal
bitch, and chicks can't stand me, pimps They know I'm
ill, that's why they never put hands on me From
Fillmore Slim to Goldie, Pretty Toney Frank War told
me, C.C. get that money My potentials, credentials, my
mouth stay hot Like Chinese mushrooms, wasabi with
spicy lentils The other day I brought a little gat, where I
keep near my lower back Cause these niggas don't
know how to act At the Apollo, Ray Charles told me
Bitch just get in the car, cuz I want you to swallow I

jumped in, and his bodyguards follow He was quick, I
spit the nut on his '74 wallos He wanted to invite me to
Chicago, I said 'nah, daddy' He pushed me out and lit
up a Marlboro (Nah, papi) Cuz I'm from New York He
taught me the talks, he taught me the walk Cuz I'm
Chipp's bitch, we dine and resort Only nigga ever
taught me, don't put swine on my fork [Outro:
"Cookie"] And that's the truth, rest in peace, papi This
Cookie, I still got another tall Goose for you daddy
I'mma stick in the grave for you, baby Fuck them other
pimps, they ain't got shit on you, daddy

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