

Pimp C, Big Pimpin'

(Jay-Z)

Uhh, uh uh uh

It's big pimpin' baby..

It's big pimpin', spendin' cheese

Feel me.. uh-huh uhh, uh-huh..

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah..

You know I thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em

'Cause I don't fuckin' need em

Take em out the hood, keep em lookin' good

But I don't fuckin' feed 'em

First time they fuss I'm breezin'

Talkin' 'bout, "What's the reasons?"

I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch

Better trust than believe 'em

In the cut where I keep 'em

'Till I need a nut, til I need to beat the guts

Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin' 'em up

Let 'em play with the dick in the truck

Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist in cuffs

Divorce him and split his bucks

Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread

So you can be livin' it up?

Shit I, parts with nothin', y'all be frontin'

Me give my heart to a woman?

Not for nothin', never happen

I'll be forever mackin'

Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion

I got no patience

And I hate waitin'..

Hoe get yo' ass in

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check 'em out now

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yea

And let's RI-I-I-I-I-IDE.. check 'em out now

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yea

Chorus One-Jay-Z

We doin'.. big pimpin', we spendin' cheese

Check 'em out now

Big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s

We doin'.. big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

Yo yo yo.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese

We doin' - big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s

We doin'.. big pimpin' up in N.Y.C.

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

(Bun B)

Nigga it's the big southern rap impresario

Comin' straight up out the black barrio

Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe

Then sit back and peep my sce-nar-e-oh

Oops, my bad, that's my scenario

No I can't fuck a scary hoe

Now every time, every place, everywhere we go

Hoes start pointin', they say, "There he go"

Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit

We don't pull it out over little shit

And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit

Go read a book you ill literate son of a bitch and step up your vocab

Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me

and you see us comin' down on yo' slab

Livin ghetto-fabulous, so mad
you just can't take it
But nigga if you hatin'
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it
You gotta pay like you weigh wet with 2 pairs of clothes on
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin' to the track
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breakin' these hoes on
Ain't the track that we flow's on
But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin' like o-zone
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin' throwed on the flip
Gettin blowned with the motherfuckin Jigga Man, fool

Chorus Two- Bun B

We be.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese
We be.. big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
We be.. big pimpin' down in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B
'Cause we be.. big pimpin', spendin' cheese
And we be.. big pimpin', on B.L.A.D.'s
Cause we be.. big pimpin' in P.A.T.
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B.. nigga

(Pimp C)

Uhh.. smokin' out, pourin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck with y'all
If I wasn't rappin' baby, I would still be ridin' Mercedes
Chromin' shinin' sippin' daily, no rest until whitey pay me
Uhhh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys
Comin' down in candied toys, smokin' weed and talkin' noise

Chorus 2