

Pimp C, Pourin' Up

(feat. Mike Jones & Bun B)

[Intro: Pimp C talking]

Smoke somethin' bi***
Trademark, trademark
Know what I'm talkin about
Young pimp

[Chorus: Pimp C]

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin d*** up in yo s***
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
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All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
Smokin out, pourin up, puttin d*** up in yo s***
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
I'm smokin out, pourin up, keep it lean up in my cup
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck

[Verse 1: Pimp C]

Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine not a candy thang
Jammin Lil Wayne, got a trunk of bang, cause I'm a hot boy like a hot flame
And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way they can lay me
Niggas shoot slugs but they ain't grave me, they want Sweet Jones be pushin [?]
But you pushin slowin [?], and you can't fade me, that's the reason I knock yo lady
How yo gon' pimp with yo d*** up in her? I told the pimp god that you's a sinner
Yo takin these square hoes out to dinner, yo bi*** chose me cause she want a winner
I mix her whole head up like a blender, ho need a daddy you's a pretender
I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'm a young girl stealer
I hit the streets like Steve Jackson, niggas say my name watch the priest reaction
Sweet Jones or Sweet James, switch my name, I finger f***ed the game
That nigga fell off cause his rap was sh**ty, plus the nigga need to move up out the city
The game gritty but the bi*** pretty, let me snatch the white girl up off yo titty
You heard me right [???)
I wear a platinum piece and with the Gucci clothes
Pay my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes
In the wintertime, and mink coats to match and they on the flo with my Candy 'Lac

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Mike Jones]

Uh!
I'm comin out that candy thang, 8 carats in my panky rang
Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see [???)
Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on
I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm sippin on
I hog the lane in that candy train, swang a left, a right then I turn up the bang
I'ma say it for those who don't know my name, know my name
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age the name you can't tell by the wrists?
I sit on buck in that candy 6 and that keep that thing real handy bi***
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and leave em on the run
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard d*** and bubble gum
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and leave em on the run
Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard d*** and bubble gum
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun do hoes bad and leave em on the run

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[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: Bun B]

When I pull the slab out and hit the block on them 4's and vogues...

[Chorus]

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