

South Park, Meet Your Fate

First Verse (Pimpstress):

Look here Baby Boo, let me give it to you
Let me show you all the things that this girl can do
Your World I wanna rock, wanna love you til' I drop
I'm a thug like Pac, when you touch my soft spot
Straight from the heart, no one break us apart
You been a good man to me, show me love from the start
I know you get mad every now and then
Last week I hit a curb, and messed up your rim
But my Baby don't trip, get the twenty, we dip
Now we're back in the whip, where we sip and flip
Can you take it how I give it? Last more than a minute?
Let's hit my homie's crib, with the elevator in it
Laid up in the bed, or maybe the sauna
In the kitchen, or the den, or the pack of your Impala
Ain't nothin' new, we still doin' our thang
Candlelight dinners while I'm sippin' champagne

Chorus (Sevan): repeat 2X

Let me.....be your thug
'cause every 24-7
I'm the one you're thinkin' of

Second Verse (Pimpstress):

See I'm out on my grind, with my bourgeois mind
Flippin' candy toys while my steering wheel shine
Matchin' twenty inches, gold pump on my switches
Leather all my couches, Tommy Hil on my stitches
Lemme show you my World, lemme be your thug girl
We can do things with whipped cream and strawberry swirl
I be your only referral, laid it down with no curls
Don't worry about them other fellas all on my pearl

They just close to me, tryin' to get in my P-con
My feelings are for you and that ain't nothin' to sleep on
Jump out of limosunes that got, five screens
On D's, with two margerita machines
Picked up by five oh
Cruise the blue while I flow
If you ever go broke, we can live off my flow
These pigeons wanna block, wanna take what I got?
But they just can't stop, 'cause I'm solid as a rock

Chorus

Bridge (Sevan): repeat 2X

You want me to be your thug
And I really want to show you love

Third Verse (Pimpstress):

Behind a good woman, a real man stands
Takin' trips to Cancun, tans to white sands
Pitbulls on leashes, with platinum pieces
My only ??? ??? ??? with tight creases
Tattoo on his chest, gold T I caress
I be the only Pimpstress, never settle for less
Brickettes and byzantine, it was all a dream
As you unbutton my jeans, to see, my G-string

I know your homeboys get jealous and hate
'cause they ain't had a date since 1988
Ridin' off in the sunset, doin' things we ain't done yet
While jammin' your Keith Sweat, and sippin' on Moet

Chorus

Bridge