

Cam'Ron ft. Jermaine Dupri, A Pimp's a Pimp

[Chorus] [Jermaine Dupri]

Ayyo a Pimps a Pimp

Flow is flow

Doe is do

ho's a ho

Chic's a chic

Trick's a trick

Bitch a bitch across the world

So, nigga, getcha money and attend to your girl

[Cam'ron]

Now when it comes to these hoes i did'em i got'em

rip'em and rock'em

but if I hit'em I pop'em

but if I lick'em I lock'em

and I ain't famous at all

Let my game tell it all

but they a pain in my balls

got to train'em like dogs

from how they, walk and they talk and when they sit on the couch

to how they, lick in they mouth and never shit in the house

But I make ladies wit babies, let the street drive em crazy

They say "Cam, good you saved me" Now I pimp em and they pay me

They feelin' it like Jay-Z, on Sugar Hill like AZ

Went _Party Time_ like Tray Lee, I'm SoSoDef like J.D.

Oh baby they have you stressed, nigga

Mad depressed

I want they mind...Muthafucka, you could have the rest

'Cause I gas'em up, I tell them I'm more than just the lover

I want to be your friend, father, confidant and brother

See my, nine-inch slugger now she, chose her devotion

With messing with my money, girl you messing with my emotion

[Chorus x1]

Now baby-cakes what's you're name?

(Ain't no need to explain)

Why is that?

('Cause I'm from Down South)

Well I got Down South game

And to mess wit' you this my last attempt

'cause I only like when you're ass is bent

So damn dumb you ain't stash a cent

You ain't know I get cash to pimp

go ask him, my whores are fresh

Hardcore to death, 'xplore the rest

tell you now backdoor's the best

for the stress

we never raw in flesh

Why I'm sores aguess (?)

I get paper, yeah I stack them chips

condoms when i grab them hips

kiss and mix you wrap them lips

and if she act (smack the bitch)

if she wack (smack the bitch)

sad to see the way it had to be

Mack the bitch the bitch don't mack me

Cubic snappy but so are mine, know my rhymes

yo, my rhymes got a concubine

'cause I control they mind

avoid the crew

'void the groove

got more doe, than the fued

got more hoes, than the few

if I die they wouldn't know what to do

whatcha think all they do is cry?

tell you this between you and I

forty slit wrists outta the forty nine suicide

[Chorus x1]

And now I'm drunk of the Henny now, went off the Remi now

Niggaz always envy now cause I'm good and plenty now

and when it come to gettin' head, yo many bow

Girls acting friendly now (Killa cum up in me OWW)

I leave em past leaking

Last weekend, I took Cardan to get his ass eaten

He said you past freakin but I'ma ace so throw your cards up

But if you stink baby, I ain't hard up

Hard luck to wash up, but that's insulting, revolting

But if you clean we ballin, eat you til you catch convulsions

And girls all fiend, for the bodm on my team and my mob

Think we scheme and we rob the way they screamin' for God

And all sluts wit the V's, let em see how it be

They be like "No, you ain't puttin all that meat up in me"

You whylin out, for the styinout

girls say I'm foul and doubt

but baby got to understand

that's what my style's bout

[Chorus x2]

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