

Ice T, Pimp Anthem

'96

Ah shit

Ice-T back

Representin, nigga, once again

That real shit, nigga

I thought you knew, bitch

Better recognize

[CHORUS]

Players, check your grip before you get popped

Bitches, get my money before you get dropped

Gotcha - buggin off the words I say

Because this type of pimpin happens every day

[VERSE 1]

Niggas wanna know my steelo

Bitches wanna get with the baddest

Hustlin apparatus

It's the LA cash flow master-roller

No one gets colder, I used to flip boulders

Of caine, on my brain, it's outta control, crime plot

A dead-ass cop and muthafuckas get got

In the game it ain't safe for the weak or the timid

Known to break a bitch but barely rarely slide up in it

So you see me in a club, grab your woman like you wanna

Blink your eyes and the freak is out there freezin on the corner

She got caught by the curls and the jewels

Lookin for a nigga that is quick to pull tools

Now she's breakin herself, makin herself

Respect my technique of pimpin, minus all simpin

Check it bitches, it ain't nothin nice

You're gonna seal or sell pussy if you roll with the Ice

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Oh my God, the nigga rolls hard..

Every player mentions me

The hustler of the century

(Ice, that nigga ain't nothin nice!)

I got more freaks than Heff', my bankroll's off vice

Commandin straight pimp tactics

None of y'all can match this

Meet a freak in a week, her workplace a mattress

Really though, recognize the pimp type flow

I don't smoke endo, I count cash on my patio

So much love on the streets, don't need no bodyguard

Big up to my homies with the pimp type nod

I'm off the hook, checkin traps in Vegas [Name]

Full link mink with the matchin borsalino

I change cars like you change drawers, bitch

I got a stable full of thoroughbreds that make me rich

Niggas hate me, cause they can't control they roll

They see that fat old ass and start givin me cash

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]