

Jay-Z, Big Pimpin' (Extended Version)

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uh uh uh

It's big pimpin baby..

It's big pimpin, spendin G's

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

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah..

You know I - thug em, f**k em, love em, leave em

Cause I don't f**kin need em

Take em out the hood, keep em lookin good

But I don't f**kin 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

til 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, yeah

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

RI-I-I-I-I-IDE, yeah

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 bar-rio

Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe

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

Oops, my bad, that's my scenario

No I can't f**k a scary hoe

Now every time, every place, everywhere we go

Hoes start pointin - they say, "There he go!"

Now these motherf**kers 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 illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' 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 I
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two 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 ozone
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 blowed with the motherf**kin 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, throwin 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 f**k witch'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 Two

[Jay-Z]

On a canopy my stamina be enough for Pamela Anderson Lee
MTV jam of the week
Made my money quick then back to the streets but
Still sittin on blades... sippin that ray...
Standin on the corner of my block hustlin
Still gettin that cane
half what I paid slippin right through customs
It'll sell by night its extra white...
I got so many grams if the man find out
it will land me in jail for life
But im still big pimpin spendin chesse
with B.U.N. B, Pimp C, and Timothy
We got bitches in the back of the truck, laughin it up
Jigga Man that's what's up

Chorus