Ludacris, Real Pimp

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]
I'm a real P-I-M-P
And I love the way the ladies shake that thang
From a real G-A-N-G
And the haters know this Dogg Pound Gangsta gang
Nigga you can't fuck with me
From the jump I told you I cannot be faded
Never been no mystery
Never took no shit and always got my thang

[Nate Dogg]
Let me teach you the game man, homie wit' this
When he rockin' ya brain man, gimme a visit
Let me show you the ropes loc, would she be missin'
Goin' to smoke you some endo, we keep it pimpin'
Niggaz playin' that hate game, we keep it pimpin'
Niggaz movin' that weight man, we keep it pimpin'
Bitches shakin' that thang man, we keep it pimpin'
Got one comin' wit' me man, I got love
I got love for my niggaz who be watchin' my back
No I ain't got love for hoes who play them games
You can check my gangsta files
I been putting in work since 1985
Got an angel by my side
All my demons always beggin' me to ride

[Ludacris]
Uh, now ever since ruffles had ridges, Luda's had bitches
Pimp, get more gums then baby pictures
Menages wit sistas, veins poppin' out like shimp, lobster
A-Town mobster, garage full of 6's, what can I say?
If something don't smell right, what can I spray?
Tec-9 incense, say for instance
See you in the distance, hit 'em in an instant
We so crummy, countin' mo' money
But stay strapped up like crash test dummies
Put 3 to ya tummy, 2 to ya throat
And bulletproof cars, we ride like the pope
Just in case, you don't make it home
You better super glue grip the chrome
'Cause you was talkin' that yap and got put in the bed
Now it's a frog in ya throat like Ms. Piggy givin' head

[Chorus]