Monzy, The Pimping Lemma

I glanced up from my terminal and saw Suzanne;
She looked hotter than a GPU without a cooling fan,
'Cause when a girl walks in the lab with an itty bitty waist,
And she pulls an Inspiron out her laptop case,
And she opens vi and she starts to code,
I wanna work her like some ciphertext in CFB mode.

I said "honey, have you got dynamic loading support?
'Cause I think I have a package for you to import."
She's like, "Mmm yeah, but is your package extensible?"
In the face of my charisma she's completely indefensible;
So I jot down her digits and her email addresses,
And that night she'll be responding to my intimate caresses.

When it comes to females, there's no end to my thirst,
I'll pull off their panties and search 'em depth first,
But I have one rule, and at times it's a dilemma,
It's a policy I like to call my "Pimping Lemma":
I like hoes of all colors, shapes sizes and religions,
But I only fill my harem with computer science pigeons.

When I'm rolling up a blunt or I'm unrolling a loop,
Rolling back a transaction, or rolling round in my coupe,
When I'm poppin' the Cris or just drinking some forties
I can't get enough of them computer science shorties.

I saw Brenda in the club and she gave me a wink;
She looked hotter than a dual core without a heatsink.
I said "Get krunk girl, come on and twurk it,
Move that ass until it makes a Hamiltonian Circuit."
And she could twist her body into sixty sexy positions,
But she couldn't debug those tricky race conditions.

Between the sheets I must admit that she was quite a freak,
But every time she used the heap she would create a memory leak.
She had dumps like a truck but she was dumber than a brick;
The smartest thing that ever came out of her mouth was my dick.
So I applied the Pimping Lemma and I ditched that bitch quick,
'Cause you know I'll only creep with a computer science chick.

When I'm tokin' on a spliff or tokenizing a string,
These hos keep coming to me faster than a millisecond ping.
But you can keep your movie stars and your playboy bunnies,
'Cause you know I only roll with hot computer science honeys.

I'm accumulating cuties from across the nation,
Pull 'em in like neighbors in a Delaunay triangulation,
I got hoes from different area codes and IP ranges,
Swap 'em round like VMMs making page exchanges,
Yeah I round 'em up like ceil() and I add 'em to my stable
And I offer them a spliff from off my hash table.

I pick up women wearin' Gucci, Prada, and Fendi an'
When they see my MSB they're like "damn, you're Big Endian!"
They wanna hit that high bit and eat my meat like carnivores,
Going down like I was calling P and they was semaphores,
I push all the right keys like ampersands and underscores,
And soon another freaky CS ho is down on all fours.

I gotta flush the TLB when I make context switches;
Gotta brush off the ladies if they ain't CS bitches;
Gotta check the error number case my system call fails,
And I gotta roll exclusively with CS females.

Mya's love is like WO, but I'm sorry, I won't,
Toya wonders if "I Do" but she can't code so "I Don't,"
Beyonce's crazy in love, but I just ain't enticed,
J-Lo's love don't cost a thing but that shit's still overpriced.
Milian can dip it low but she can't flip those DIP switches,
And that's why I only mack on fly computer science bitches.

I got a pimped out PC and a pimped out ride,
And if you pass the CS quals I might let you inside.
But if not you'll get a 403: ACCESS DENIED,
'Cause there's a Pimping Lemma by which I must abide.

I can't help it when I see a fine computer science ho,
my whole heart expands faster than a Google IPO.
I got such mad game that there ain't no defiance,
And I'm scoring for Stanford like Bonds for the Giants.
Yo, I spread around my seed like swarms of Bittorrent clients,
But I only mack on honeys who are in computer science.

So you can shake it like a Polaroid or like a salt shaker,
You can shake that Laffy Taffy or shake your money maker,
You can show off your milkshake or shake Ya Tailfeather,
But as long as you a CS girl, let's shake it together.