

# Solomon Childs, Pimp Talk

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Cheeba-cheeba y'all, yeah  
I'll show ya pimp something, man  
Pimp ya girl, show ya how to pimp  
Out with the old, in with the new

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

Bow-wow-wow, yippee-yo, yippee-yay  
New York City in the motherfuckin' house  
Bow-wow-wow, yippee-yo, yippee-yay  
The Dirty South in the motherfuckin' house  
I said, bow-wow-wow, yippee-yo, yippee-yay  
The West Coast in the motherfuckin' house  
If you a pimp, then you gon' pimp for life  
Kick ya gators off, you in the motherfuckin' hell

(Solomon Childs)

Winter skate greens, to them orange Pataki's  
The gators and khaki's, the paranoia keep you running from the reefer  
A pimp that's bitch as big as Queen Latifah  
O.G. style, rolling on the boulevard with gold chrome  
Ya rolling on foot with nickel plated grown  
Pimp, master your jigalo limp, listen  
Just cuz Stevie Wonder blind, that don't mean he ain't a pimp  
Just cuz Richard Pryor slow down, after his bitch ass got burnt  
That don't mean he ain't a pimp  
Just cuz Muhammad Ali, shake a little  
That don't mean he ain't a pimp  
Just cuz Christopher Reeves can't walk, in the Superman suit no more  
Shit, that don't mean he ain't a pimp  
Solomon, player...

(Hook: sample)

It's your thing... do what you wanna do  
I can't tell ya, whose side to choose  
It's you thing... yeah, do what you wanna do  
I can't tell ya, whose side to choose  
Yeah...

(Solomon Childs)

Classy, see how I treat them hoes  
That's why them hoes keep it classic  
And truthfully speaking, I'm a pimp player  
So you can never pass me player  
Confident with mine and myself  
I jump back and kiss myself  
You see a pimp, kick your feet up  
Trick on what, drink on who  
Got the ladies screaming, S. Childs  
Give me one more chance  
A rapper's groove so smooth, P. Diddy'll dance  
Whoo, child, pimp life kid daddy  
G-Mack 'em daddy, I sell water to whales  
And sell poppy uptown cocaine scales  
I sell a carpet to nails  
Done pimp the wardens in most jails  
Electrifying, pimp talk  
Hotter than the third rail  
Straight to the stomach like Valentine ale  
Smooth, and about my chips  
But alert a motherfucker if shit fails  
Come on

(Chorus)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

For sure, the Theodore

And don't be getting all upset

When your girl at the club and she dancing

And throwing it up with the gangstas

It's a new time, a new place

Staten Island, we now own the City

Bloomberg, come up off the keys, you bitch ass nigga