

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