

# UGK, Fuck My Car

Check it out, 1996  
Bitches still suckin on dicks  
Hoes just... trippin mayne  
Choosin they men by what kinda cars they drive  
What kinda keys you holdin

Now bitches stare a nigga down when he step to the bar  
They ain't trippin on me, they wanna f\*\*k my car  
But bitch who the f\*\*k you think you are, by far  
They ain't trippin on me, they wanna f\*\*k my car  
Look a nigga up and down like he a superstar  
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Ay C keep yo' eyes open for the boppers, car hoppers  
Daisy Dukes out on the block, showin cock, traffic stoppers  
Lookin good spendin some nigga G's  
Nails by Vietnamese, lookin like they worth G's  
Dress above they knees, jellies and G-strings up the ass  
Man I never let 'em pass  
So tell me where can I find 'em  
With they nigga or in that candy Cadillac right behind him

Bitches tellin me see yo' dick grand  
All she wanna do is ride Su-bur-ban  
Put her ass on the leather, and rub the wood  
See we got boppers in Texas oh man that pussy look good  
So I let them hoes ride and I show them a grip  
But she blinded by the candy she can't see I'm a pimp  
When she told me I looked good I didn't feel no pride  
All the bitch wanted to do is just f\*\*k my ride

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Oh yeah these hoes think they cute in skin-tight catsuits  
Assumin that they body's too boomin to dispute  
But pussy is the root of all drama  
An attribute put up in they head by they momma  
Oh yeah I'ma tell it like it is, I sees how it goes down  
Niggaz talkin 'bout, how they passin these hoes 'round

But y'all trickin, them hoes told me  
Fools y'all ain't Goldy, ridin in a goodie but an oldie  
Fifty dollars there, a hundred dollars here  
You brought the bitch a drink and all her homegirls a beer  
Your homeboys lookin for ya, but yo' ass gone  
You left your niggaz at the club and took ALL them hoes home  
And didn't even f\*\*k, MAN WHAT THE F\*\*K?!  
If you didn't want to f\*\*k then get the f\*\*k up out the truck!  
You know what I mean? I ain't showin out Vogues  
Just so these hoes can be seen, c'mon you wanna f\*\*k or cut?

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When you look at my chrome and you lick your lips  
It's just like I'm rubbin my dick between your hips  
And when you smile and shake your ass, my grill smile right back  
Bitch I'm the real, that's why I ride Cadillac  
And I'ma f\*\*k you and f\*\*k ALL yo' friends  
Soon as Pimp C come through in that 600 Benz  
With burgundy paint, butter and LG rims  
Color TV, VCR playin X-rated films  
of myself, runnin up in beauty queens  
But let me tell y'all niggaz the difference between y'all and me  
You see, man I can tell all that bitch wanted to do  
is just ride for free and smoke for free  
But bitch not me, you better ask them hoes if my name Pimp C  
Unless your pussy makin ten thousand dollars a week  
The only way I see you sittin in my passenger seat, you bitch!

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