

UGK, Pimpin' Ain't No Illusion - Kool Ace

Pimp C:

(Uh, Uh) One time for yo' muthaf**kin'...(whuut)
Back, bitch (uh)...Kool Ace (whuut), UGK...(huh)

Chorus (Pimp C):

Pimpin' ain't no illusion,
And pimpin' ain't never died.
Mo' pimps was on that heroin
And yo' pimp tripped out on that fry.
The dikes done came through
And straight threw off all the game;
Got all these hoes thinkin'
They could manage they own change.

Kool Ace:

But it ain't no illusion,
I know...you all have witnessed
He rollin' in my Caady mo'
Wit' fly bitches,
Makin' ole deals: Now, ho (huh, huh)
Ain't Bob Barker
But I'm caught up in this game
Mo' like...Peter Parker.
P-I-M-P, take the P's that I am.
I want you payin' hoes in my army
Like...uh...Uncle Sam,
And we gon' jam...
I'm talkin' 'bout the world greatest show
I know my shit is extreme
But I'm all about them does.
When I'm steppin' on the scene
Be there four deep...hella clan
My reality is your favorite dream
(Stop that shit, daddy...)
Best believe Kool Ace gon' keep it real.
Pimp C & Bun B to testify for the ear
Excuse me, y'all, but this about Southern shit.
Now, tell me can you...uh...feel this, bitch?
We givin' 'em brain contusions...
Pimp C, what's the conclusion?

Pimp C:

Pimpin' ain't no illusion...

Chorus: (x2)

Pimp C:

Pimpin' ain't dead...nigga, it just began
(How the f**k you know Sweet Jones?)
My hoes still out there sellin' ass.
Yo' bitch is out of pocket,
'Cause yo' pimpin' was scary;
Real hoes gon' front on a simp
But she gon' do it for daddy.
F**k niggas watch them mack and pimp on my floozie;
But, boy, my bitches know the difference
Between real pimpin' and movies
It's the difference between real leather
And that shit at yo' house.
I don't know what y'all doin' up there,
But we really pimpin' in the South.
Every since I was 17,
I been stackin' my green:
Went for servin' rocks to fiends,

And rockin' club full a teens.
Went from bumpin' Screw in Houston,
Sippin' promythazine,
To ridin' in a 8 600 with sheath,
To smokin' on sticky green.

I'm still Pimp C, bitch
I'm claimin' P.A., they hate us;
But, me and Kool Ace rollin' a Lexus
Sittin' on all gold Daytons.
Bitch, take a look around
Those hoes steady choosin'.
This is the conclusion: pimpin' ain't no illusion.

Chorus: (x2)

Bun B:
If you got any love fo' that broad you wit'
Nigga, move her 'fore you lose her,
'Cause a beggar ain't a muthaf**kin' chooser.
Third leg is a bitch abuser, infamous
In cities where big pimpin' is my hoes clean.
No AIDS, herpies, cyphillis
Come catch a wif a this...
Damn, can't you taste it?
Now yo' money's up in smoke
Like you freebased it.
Now bitch replaced it
Wit' a sexual favor
But don't get mad at real pimpin', nigga
Check yo' behavior...and savor
The aroma from Promona to Tacoma;
Got my pimpin' diploma for bein' a Cadillac chromer.
F**k a Sonoma...
I'm on a mission for Benzes
Knowin' 'xactly where my ends is, ballin' relentless.
And then my friends is
Slappin' niggas with glass chins
It's funny...sendin' tricks home
Broke and defenseless; and, ever since this
Boy been pimpin' the pen,
I promise never to ever leave home
Without my pimpin' again...that's why...

Chorus: (x2)

Too \$hort:
You know, I got to tell you players what I'm talkin' about:
My bitch got bold opened a bank account.
When I found the bitch checkbook,
I didn't get mad
'Cause there was no doubt that I be gettin' the cash.
I broke it down to her,
She gave me the dough;
Do you remember what you was
Before I made you a ho?
You was a broke bitch,
You couldn't even smoke shit,
Couldn't stay fo-cused,
And, don't forget it, bitch...
Yo' whole life changed the day you met me.
Now you think you need a bank account,
Baby, I can't see
You managin' this money...it's too much.

All you do is look good...
And then you f**k.
Git my money, git yo' money
It's all the same.
The shit ain't even funny when you talk about this game.
They call me Too \$hort, baby
I'm still in it.
Ain't no camouflaje, nuttin' but this real pimpin'...beeyatch.

Chorus: (x3)
...pimpin' ain't no illusion