

# 50 Cent, P.I.M.P.

[Chorus]

I don't know what you heard about me  
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me  
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see  
That I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P

[Repeat]

[Verse 1]

Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars  
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada  
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana  
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause they wanna  
I spit a little G man, and my game got her  
A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada  
Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about her  
I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out her  
She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk  
She from the country, think she like me cause I'm from New York  
I ain't that nigga trying to holla cause I want some head  
I'm that nigga trying to holla cause I want some bread  
I could care less how she perform when she in the bed  
Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid  
Look baby this is simple, you can't see  
You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'm bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me  
If you fucking with me, I'm a P-I-M-P  
Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy  
Head full of hair, bitch I'm a P-I-M-P  
Come get money with me, if you curious to see  
how it feels to be with a P-I-M-P  
Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV  
From the backseat of my V, I'm a P-I-M-P  
Girl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball  
We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all  
We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall  
If ever you needed someone, I'm the one you should call  
I'll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall  
If you got problems, I can solve'em, they big or they small  
That other nigga you be with ain't bout shit  
I'm your friend, your father, and confidant, BITCH

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I told you fools before, I stay with the tools  
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels  
I holla at a hoe til I got a bitch confused  
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes  
I'm shopping for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper  
Man this hoe you can have her, when I'm done I ain't gon keep her  
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin know  
You saying it's secret, but you ain't gotta keep it on the low  
Bitch choose with me, I'll have you stripping in the street  
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat  
Now Nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread  
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head  
Get your hoe out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch  
Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six  
Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain't paying bitch  
Catch a date, suck a dick, shiiit, TRICK

[Chorus]

Yeah, in Hollywood they say there's no b'ness like show b'ness  
In the hood they say, there's no b'ness like hoe b'ness ya know  
They say I talk a lil fast, but if you listen a lil faster  
I ain't got to slow down for you to catch up, BITCH