

Cam'ron, A Pimp's A Pimp

(feat. Jermaine Dupri)

[Chorus] [Jermaine Dupri]

Ayyo a Pimps a Pimp
Flow is flow
Doe is do
ho's a ho
Chic's a chic
Trick's a trick
Bitch a bitch across the world
So, nigga, getcha money and attend to your girl

[Cam'ron]

Now when it comes to these hoes i did'em i got'em
rip'em and rock'em
but if I hit'em I pop'em
but if I lick'em I lock'em
and I ain't famous at all
Let my game tell it all
but they a pain in my balls
got to train'em like dogs
from how they, walk and they talk and when they sit on the couch
to how they, lick in they mouth and never shit in the house
But I make ladies wit babies, let the street drive em crazy
They say "Cam, good you saved me" Now I pimp em and they pay me
They feelin' it like Jay-Z, on Sugar Hill like AZ
Went _ Party Time _ like Tray Lee, I'm SoSoDef like J.D.
Oh baby they have you stressed, nigga
Mad depressed
I want they mind...Muthafucka, you could have the rest
'Cause I gas'em up, I tell them I'm more than just the lover
I want to be your friend, father, confidant and brother
See my, nine-inch slugger now she, chose her devotion
With messing with my money, girl you messing with my emotion

[Chorus x1]

Now baby-cakes what's you're name?
(Ain't no need to explain)
Why is that?
('Cause I'm from Down South)
Well I got Down South game
And to mess wit' you this my last attempt
'cause I only like when you're ass is bent
So damn dumb you ain't stash a cent
You ain't know I get cash to pimp
go ask him, my whores are fresh
Hardcore to death, 'xplore the rest
tell you now backdoor's the best
for the stress
we never raw in flesh
Why I'm sores aguess (?)
I get paper, yeah I stack them chips
condoms when i grab them hips
kiss and mix you wrap them lips
and if she act (smack the bitch)
if she wack (smack the bitch)
sad to see the way it had to be
Mack the bitch the bitch don't mack me
Cubic snappy but so are mine, know my rhymes
yo, my rhymes got a concubine
'cause I control they mind
avoid the crew
'void the groove

got more doe, than the fued
got more hoes, than the few
if I die they wouldn't know what to do
whatcha think all they do is cry?
tell you this between you and I
forty slit wrists outta the forty nine suicide

[Chorus x1]

And now I'm drunk of the Henny now, went off the Remi now
Niggaz always envy now cause I'm good and plenty now
and when it come to gettin' head, yo many bow
Girls acting friendly now (Killa cum up in me OWW)
I leave em past leaking
Last weekend, I took Cardan to get his ass eaten
He said you past freakin but I'ma ace so throw your cards up
But if you stink baby, I ain't hard up
Hard luck to wash up, but that's insulting, revolting
But if you clean we ballin, eat you til you catch convulsions
And girls all fiend, for the bodm on my team and my mob
Think we scheme and we rob the way they screamin' for God
And all sluts wit the V's, let em see how it be
They be like "No, you ain't puttin all that meat up in me"
You whylin out, for the styinout
girls say I'm foul and doubt
but baby got to understand
that's what my style's bout

[Chorus x2]

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