

# Michał Milowicz, P.I.M.P (jako 50 Cent - Twoja Tw

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 motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
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 motherfuckin' P.I.M.P (now shorty)  
Now, shorty, she in the club, she dancin' for dollars  
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada  
That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabbana  
She feed them foolish fantasies  
They pay her, 'cause they want her  
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 sayin' they think about her  
I got the bitch by the bar tryin' 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 tryna holla 'cause I want some head  
I'm that nigga tryna 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 fuckin' with me, you fuckin' with a P.I.M.P  
I don't know what you heard about me (woo!)  
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me  
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see  
That I'm a motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
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 motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
I'm 'bout my money, you see, girl, you can holla at me  
If you fuckin' 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  
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  
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No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see  
That I'm a motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
I told you fools before, I stay with the tools  
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels  
I holla at a ho 'til I got a bitch confused  
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes  
I'm shoppin' for chinchillas in the summer, they cheaper  
Man, this ho, you can have her  
When I'm done I ain't gon' keep her

Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin' know  
This ain't a secret, you ain't gotta keep it on the low  
Bitch, choose on me, I'll have you strippin' in the street  
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat  
Now Niki my bottom bitch  
She always come up with my bread  
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head  
Get your ho out of pocket, I'll put a charge on a bitch  
'Cause I need four TV's and AMG's for the six  
Ho make a pimp rich, I ain't payin', bitch  
Catch a date, suck a dick, shit, trick  
I don't know what you heard about me (yeah)  
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me (woo!)  
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see (uh-huh)  
That I'm a motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
I don't know what you heard about me (uh-huh)  
But a bitch can't get a dollar out of me (yeah)  
No Cadillac, no perms, you can't see  
That I'm a motherfuckin' P.I.M.P  
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, you know?  
They say I talk a lil' fast, but if you listen a lil' faster  
I ain't gotta slow down for you to catch up, bitch!  
Hahaha, yeah