

# Pimp C - Yella Beezy Feat. EST Gee lyrics

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## “Pimp C”

[Intro: Yella Beezy]

Swear to God, all I be talkin' 'bout a fact, nigga  
All facts, nigga, swear to God  
I ain't lyin' neither

On my mama, every time I talk (Yeah), nigga, just listen up, you know?

[Verse 1: Yella Beezy]

Ayy, that lil' ho messy, you can't tell her nothin', on God, she gon' spread  
the word

Hey, lot of grammies like I'm tryna win awards, waitin' on the first and  
third

Got a lot of 'bows and I ain't talkin' 'bout clothes, but he tryna get a shirt  
Ayy, young nigga bustin' pack after pack, I'm tryna get a 'vert  
Hey, heard them niggas say they still tryna get me, well, I'm tryna get 'em  
murked

Hey, I don't take shit lightly when they talkin' 'cause I'm 'bout get 'em  
first

Bitch say her nigga gon' rob me when he see me, you 'bout to get him  
hurt

Hey, make me clap my hands, chopper make him dance, stomp, you  
'bout to get him kirked

Ayy, tell your homegirl leave me out her mouth, all in my dick business  
I swear to God, you ain't gotta say my name to get in that bitch panties  
If she wanna fuck, she gon' let you fuck without sayin' my name, pimpin'  
Chuckin' salt, tryna throw me under the bus, nigga, that ain't pimpin'  
I swear, it's enough money for everybody, nigga, you know I ain't trippin'

I ain't ever worried 'bout who a nigga fuckin' or what he ain't spendin'  
The fuck I'm frowned up 'cause another nigga hustlin'? This ain't no  
hatin' business

I swear to God, I'm one heartless motherfucker, nigga, I don't like  
feelings

Affiliated with the KKK 'cause I do not like niggas  
Before you play with Yella, say, you better reconsider, go play with your  
wife, nigga

This 40 Glock here a stud, I stay with a strap just like a dyke, nigga  
Hey, fuck that lil' bitch from the back, she jumped in my lap 'cause she  
scared of heights, nigga

Ayy, all my young thugs some gunners, look like I'ma ski, all of this ice,  
nigga

I'm fuckin' on his baby mama, she said I got meat for a lil' bright nigga  
If I want the nigga head, on God, he dead, don't play with your life, nigga

Not givin' a fuck about hype, nigga

You be beatin' up bitches, an Ike nigga

I be beatin' up niggas, I fight niggas, huh, bitch, act like you know  
When you said it, you knew it was gon' start a lot of shit, why you act  
like you slow?

Ayy, I know a lot of niggas still make a living off that pot on that stove  
Six, four figures at the age of four  
I shot my uncle, TEC-9 in the floor

[Chorus: Yella Beezy]

Pimp C, real girls, get down on the floor

Baby, grind on the floor

Shootin' dice, nigga just won a dime on the floor

All money, nigga, never mind on a ho

Real player nigga, never mindin' a ho

You give money to a bitch, I give mine to the store

Money over bitches, give mine to bros

Swear to God, I'm never mindin' you hoes

Pimp C, real girls, get down on the floor

Baby, grind on the floor

Shootin' dice, nigga just won a dime on the floor  
All money, nigga, never mind on a ho  
Real player nigga, never mindin' a ho  
You give money to a bitch, I give mine to the store  
Money over bitches, give mine to bros  
Swear to God, I'm never mindin' you hoes

[Verse 2: EST Gee]

Nigga act like he won't, I'ma make him  
I been runnin' out of patience  
Times two watch cost a Mercedes  
What was he thinking, I wasn't gon' spank him?  
Niggas be playing crazy when they know that it's dangerous  
Wood hot on the Drakey  
Dumpin' on him on the daily  
None of 'em thumpers on safety  
Pin a nigga to the pavement  
Kept it real with the fakest  
He was knowin' I'ma snake him  
Lot of bodies, cost a bracelet  
Lot of thoughts I be thinking  
X hittin', heart racing  
Get close enough to taste it  
If you see me, I'ma bang it  
I'ma shoot, fuck thinking  
Servin' court, back to arraignments  
Red zone, rich gangsters  
Meth-slingin' gunslinger  
[Chorus: Yella Beezy]  
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