

Big Pimpin' - UGK and Jay-Z Lyrics

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"Big Pimpin'"

Uh, uh uh uh

It's big pimping baby (That's right)

It's big pimping, spending Gs

Feel me uh-huh uh, uh-huh

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

You know I thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em

'Cause I don't fucking need 'em

Take 'em out the hood, keep 'em looking good

But I don't fucking feed 'em

First time they fuss I'm breezing

Talking about, "What's the reasons?"

I'm a pimp in every sense of the word

Bitch, better trust and believe 'em

In the cut where I keep 'em

'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts

Then it's "beep beep" and I'm picking them up

Let 'em play with the dick in the truck

Many chicks wanna put Jigga's fists in cuffs

Divorce him and split his bucks

Just because you got good head

I'ma break bread, so you can be living it up?

Shit, I part with nothing, y'all be fronting

Me give my heart to a woman?

Not for nothing, never happen; I'll be forever macking

Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion

I got no patience and I hate waiting

Ho, get your ass in and let's ride!

Check em out now, ride!

Ride!

Check em out now, ride!

We doing big pimping, we spending cheese

Check 'em out now, big pimping on B-L-A-Ds

We doing big pimping up in NYC

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

We doing big pimping, we spending cheese

Check 'em out now, big pimping on B-L-A-Ds

We doing big pimping up in NYC

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

Nigga, it's the big Southern rap impresario

Coming straight up out the black barrio

Makes a mill' up off a sorry ho

Then sit back and peep my scenario

Oops, my bad, that's "my scenario"

No, I can't fuck a scary ho

Now every time, every place, everywhere we go

Hoes start pointing, they say: "There he go!"

Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo'

Heat than a little bit

We don't pull it out over little shit

And if you catch a lick when I spit

Then it won't be a little hit

Go read a book, you illiterate son of a bitch!

And step up your vocab!

Don't be surprised if your ho stab out with me

And you see us coming down on your SLAB

Living ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it

But nigga if you hating I

Then you wait while I get your bitch butt-naked

Just break it; you gotta pay like you weigh

Wet with two pairs of clothes on
Now get your ass to the back as I'm flying to the track
Timbaland, let me spit my prose on
Pump it up in the pro-zone
That's the track that we breaking these hoes on
Ain't the track that we flows on
But when shit get hot then the Glock start popping like ozone
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man
For real, it don't get no bigger, man
Don't trip, let's flip, getting throwed on the flip
Getting blowed with the motherfucking Jigga Man, fool!

We be big pimping, spending cheese
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds
We be big pimping down in P.A.T
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B
We be big pimping, spending cheese
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds
We be big pimping in P.A.T
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

Smoking out, pouring up
Keeping lean up in my cup

All my car got leather and wood

In my hood we call it "buck"

Everybody wanna ball

Holler at broads at the mall

If he up, watch him fall

Nigga, I can't fuck with y'all

If I wasn't rapping, baby

I would still be riding Mercedes

Coming down and sipping daily

No record 'til whitey pay me

Uh, now what y'all know about them Texas boys?

Coming down in candied toys

Smoking weed and talking noise

We be big pimping, spending cheese

We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds

We be big pimping down in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

We be big pimping, spending cheese

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We be big pimping in P.A.T
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

On the canopy, my stamina be
Enough for Pamela Anderson Lee
MTV jam of the week
Made my money quick, then back to the streets
But still sitting on blades, sipping that Ray
Standing on the corner of my block, hustling
Still getting that 'caine
Half what I paid slipping right through customs
It'll sell by night, it's egg-shell white
I got so many grams, if the man find out
It will land me in jail for life
But I'm still big pimping, spending cheese
With Bun B, Pimp C, and Timothy
We got bitches in the back of the truck
Laughing it up, Jigga Man: that's what's up!

We be big pimping, spending cheese
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds
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