Something 'Bout Pimpin'

JT Money

That's right, we're Pimpin' On Wax, biatch
Short dog in the house, chillin' with my nigga JT Money
What's up man? What's up dawg
All these hoes know it's goin' on
And recognize, tell 'em what's on your mind, manI got a problem with this punk ass bitch I know
Ol' no good skanlezz switch out ho
An untrustworthy bitch like Delilah
Only thing she good for is puttin' dick inside herMotherfuckin' face, bitch got some good neck
But the little trick need to learn some respect
She made me beat her ass, take a nigga out this game
See I don't beat my hoes 'cause all my hoes is payin'
But this one act like she don't understand
You is the bitch, me, I'm the man
Remember dat shit, then learn to submit
And that's when you stop gettin' your funky ass kickedLittle hard headed trick, see a nigga know about ya
And I know a dollar bill'll bring tha ho outcha
Then you got the nerve to claim you better than the rest of my hoes
When you ain't even in the rankin' of the best of my hoesSomethin' about pimpin'
That makes me love this game
Somethin' about pimpin'
These hoes be off the chainSomethin' about pimpin'
I just don't wanna stop
Somethin' about pimpin'
'Cause this player's gotta keep a fat, knock the show
I'm like JD walker
Pimp hat to tha right smooth talker
Bitches workin' all night like a stalker
Gettin' every last nickel, dime and quarterPimpin' ain't hardly nuthin' new to me
Used to be a little kid watchin' movies
I knew what I wanted in life, about nine or ten hoes
I ain't want no wifeI used to walk real cool like my leg was broke
And I still do, now I get paid from hoes, bitch
If I say so, you better get up, get down and go get my dough'Cuz this east side, nigga don't care
Since I was nine years old, I would've been a player
And now I got a lot 'o women it's never endin'
It's just somethin' 'bout this pimpin'Somethin' about pimpin'
That makes me love this game
Somethin' about pimpin'
These hoes be off the chainSomethin' about pimpin'
I just don't wanna stop

Somethin' about pimpin'
'Cause this player's gotta keep a fat, knock the showNow one time for you H O
You wanna try a real player 'bout his pesos
Hey hoes, I know you in this game tryin' to come up, pick a come up
Got these niggas got they nut up for some cut upsSo wut up? All I wanna do is get this money witcha
I'm dead serious, I ain't tryin' to be funny witcha
I teach tha game but it ain't for free
When I see you with some change you just bring it to meSo we can come up in this game and you can get hurt ho
When you in public just remember who you work for
Because all the tight birds and cats gonna come try to holla
So called ballers, flashin' eight dollarsHatin' J baby, you just play it crazy
Let him spend his loot on them boobs so you can pay me
All I want is the bread, he want the pussy and head
Don't be misled, just remember everything I said, biatchSomethin' about pimpin'
That makes me love this game
Somethin' about pimpin'
These hoes be off the chainSomethin' about pimpin'
I just don't wanna stop
Somethin' about pimpin'
'Cause this player's gotta keep a fat, knock the showSomethin' about pimpin'
That makes me love this game
Somethin' about pimpin'
These hoes be off the chainSomethin' about pimpin'
I just don't wanna stop
Somethin' about pimpin'
'Cause this player's gotta keep a fat, knock the showMotherfuckin' Money dog, gotta work these hoes dawg
Pimpin' On Wax, Pimpin' On Wax, baby
Hoes don't know the game
It's goin' down like that, oh, so don't stop
Oh, yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/