

Pimpin

Vado

You know I
Thug 'em
Fuck 'em
Love 'em
Leave 'em
Cause I don't fuckin' need 'em

Bug 'em, cuff 'em,
Never need 'em
Whatever, you can keep 'em
That be him, and I beat him
Why you not be him?
Man, you can't see him!
I'ma pimp in every sense of the word
Bitch, come and get your girl, bitch
All food cough, come up in the world sick
Go for a door, end up in the closet
And my missletoe man sporting the portee,
2.50 on the wash, make them nervous
As I trip along, I'm tripping on ens the better
Like the Coupe or the Benz, the better
If she cute, I tends to get her
Small bu, high heel in the boot and the finty sweater
Sick fly!

I'ma pimp in every sense of the word
Bitch, come and get your girl, bitch

Part with nothing
Short, we stuntin
Take G-4 flights to London
Parties happening
Bottles cracking
Then we wait back in Manhattan
Every week I'm fashion
Got that Kanye passion
On that Kanye mad shit
Two hundred on the dash in
Slaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
All niggas being like that
Stop fronting, lil' nigga,
You ain't like that
Pull out the tool, that's cool
I be right back
I should make a call to a dude
To get your wife back
Leave every witness
You see us all at the eaters,
Heavy business
When I see you in the streets
You never did this
If I mention do it, like a week
Merry Christmas!

You know I bag 'em
Wrap 'em
Strap 'em

Take 'en
Bring it back
Do it all in the table
Women, appetite wrong?
What I gave you?
Starver have label
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I made my image scable art basel
Rubber bands, no more chance to go angels
Might need a home and range across gable
Yeah, now, fucker, staying NY
You can live both places, cause you been fly
I walk out hostels to the N5
Tryna get a flick from a pimp with a sick eye
Can't get enough though
What you hustlers gettin' ain't enough dough
You see this hustler spending? I give a fuck flow
Ain't gotta show how I'm living
You know I'm up for it