

Pourin Up

Pimp C

Smoke somethin' bitch
A trademark, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Young Pimp, know what we doin'?
Texas
Smokin' out, pourin' up, puttin' dick up in yo' slut
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
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Smokin' out, pourin' up, puttin' dick up in yo' slut
All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck
I'm smokin' out, pourin' up, keepin' lean up in my cup
All my cars got leather and wood, in my, uh, hood we call it
Grippin' grain, switchin' lanes
Sellin' cocaine outta candy thang
Jammin Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang
'Cause I'ma 'Hot Boy', gotta hot flame
And my hoes pay me, just like Baby
That's the only way they can lay me
Niggaz shoot slugs but they ain't graze me
They want Sweet Jones be pushin' daisies
But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me
That's the reason I knock ya lady
How you gon' pimp wit'cha dick up in her?
I told the pimp God that you was a sinner
You takin' these square hoes out to dinner
The bitch chose me 'cause she want a winner
I mix her whole head up like a blender
Hoe need a daddy, you'se pretender
I used to be a young drug dealer
Now, I'ma young girl stealer
I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson
Nigga, say my name, watch the priest reaction
Sweet Jones or Sweet James?
Switched my name and finger fucked the game
The nigga fell off 'cause his raps are shitty
Plus a nigga need to move up out the city
The game gritty but the bitch pretty
Lemme snatch the white girl up off ya titty
Ya heard me right, I play wit' what I knows
Wear platinum piece and wit' the Gucci clothes
Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose
I wear Marvin Blackman tennis shoes

In the winter time, mink coat to match
And they on the floor wit' my candy 'Lac
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Uh, I'm comin' out in that candy thang
8 carats in my pinky rang
Drop the top in the parking lot
So y'all can see where the deserts swang
Candy paint what I'm flippin' on
84's and vogues what I'm tippin' on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin' on
Grippin' on
I said, candy paint what I'm flippin' on
84's and vogues what I'm tippin' on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin' on
Codeine in cup I'm sippin' on
I hog the lane in that candy train
Swingin' left and right then I turn up the bang
I'ma say it for those
Who don't know my name, know my name
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick
Ice Age the name, you can't tell by the wrists?
I sit on buck in that candy 6
And I keep that thing real handy bitch
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun
Do hoes bad and leave 'em on the run
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em
But hard dick and bubble gum
I said, I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun
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When I pull the slab out and hit the block
Wit' them 4's and vogues they clankin' out
When they trunks pop, drop the top
Don't be surprised you can go in shock
Wit' them neon lights, candy paint
Belts and buckles across the back
Don't disrespect or call this a Caddy
Maybe this more than just a 'Lac
Some like it white but I'ma go to green
Purple, dro up in the swisha
Horny ladies sittin' on the grill
Wood grain to grip it's hard to miss us
We G, so don't dismiss us
Been here before, gon' be here later
Down wit' that, you understand the G Code
And if you don't then you'se hater
Insult, I can't roll wit'cha, it ain't how I do it mayne
I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man
UGK for life is the family, that's how we get down
Bring them trill niggaz to ya hood and shut ya shit down
Playa, you need to sit down, you outta ya league
Tryna keep up wit' the trill, you just might die of fatigue
You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight
Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it straight
We be
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