

What Up

Pimp C

High rollers what's up
Drink Houston what's up
Onyx what's up
You does it baby you does it baby
Harlem nights what's up
Treasures what's up
Legends what's up
Just love me baby just love me baby
Yeaaaaah
To all my Houston Texas country muffins
Baby let me hit that liquor and that blunt you puffin
And after that I'm a throw that fucking young money up
And we can both watch and fall like it's bungee jumping
Man I'm so high, next time we won't smoke all of that ounce you buy
Oooh, I almost forgot to blow them candles out
Cause I don't really want to fall asleep and light this house on fire
Goodnight, I'm still up, I told my girl to lay down
I see the bottle is full, I'm bout to drink it way down
What up Bun my nigga
Man you know we stay down
And I'm an honoray resident in UGK town
I'm on my way
Yeah I'm on my way
I never give a fuck about what any nigga say
The music all slow and the bitches all pretty
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city in this thing
What up, what up
H Town in this bitch
What up, what up
Me and Pimp about to do it for the city
What up, what up
What up, what up Money by the Ton
Bricks from Crumbs
Millionnaire from nothing
Mind on hustlin
Pussy's a commodity but dick sell better
Em dickies and high shoes to a cashmere sweater
Paint that got wetter than it was in 94
The drink that got thicker and the dirt weed rolled
96 Impala with the stick on the floor
Now it's Bentely Four Doors with Patron on the Doors
Light wood nigga Polo fuck Hilfiger

Jammin Slim Thug, Belly fully of drugs
Young hard nigga, underdog nigga
Yellow Lights on the Masa (maserati)
Yellow diamonds on my finger
Playing in the car
My dick wanna fuck but my pockets say stop
I need some more dough I'm a PIMP for sure
Well it's the Trill OG
I got the neighbourhood soul
Kush is dead I'm getting blowed
Riding bangin getting throwed in the candy painted low
Chrome grill in front of it
Belts on the back of it, my homie shoes running it
And shorty on the side of me is straight up off the king cover
Don't care what anybody say long as the King love her
Wish I could tell her that I don't but it would kill her
I just keep on gripping grains dripping stains
Being trilla ain't another brother realer
Blowing thousand dollar killer
With the Filipino flow that I just got it from Manila
Bout to snow up in my city
So let me put on my chincilla
In the 'rari doing donuts like my name was J Dilla
All about the skrilla so just point me to the dealer
Keep the work up in the attic and the money in the cellar
Your girl up in the second automatics for the fella's
You see us in the back than all you gotta do is tell us
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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