

Pimp
50 Cent

{Chorus}

Dm

I don t know what you heard about me

A

But a bitch can t get a dollar out of me

No Cadillac, no perms, you can t see

Dm

That I m a motherfucking P-I-M-P

Dm

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That I m a motherfucking P-I-M-P

{Verse 1}

Dm

Now shorty, she in the club, she dancing for dollars
She got a thing for that Gucci, that Fendi, that Prada

A

That BCBG, Burberry, Dolce and Gabana
She feed them foolish fantasies, they pay her cause they wanna

Dm

I spit a little **G** man, and my game got her
A hour later, have that ass up in the Ramada

A

Them trick niggas in her ear saying they think about her
I got the bitch by the bar trying to get a drink up out her

Dm

She like my style, she like my smile, she like the way I talk
She from the country, think she like me cause I m from New York

A

I ain t that nigga trying to holla cause I want some head
I m that nigga trying to holla cause I want some bread

Dm

I could care less how she perform when she in the bed
Bitch hit that track, catch a date, and come and pay the kid

A

Look baby this is simple, you can t see
You fucking with me, you fucking with a P-I-M-P

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Verse 2: **Dm** - **A** (im Wechsel)

I m bout my money you see, girl you can holla at me

If you fucking with me, I m a P-I-M-P

Not what you see on TV, no Cadillac, no greasy

Head full of hair, bitch I m a P-I-M-P

Come get money with me, if you curious to see

how it feels to be with a P-I-M-P

Roll in the Benz with me, you could watch TV

From the backseat of my V, I m a P-I-M-P

Girl we could pop some champagne and we could have a ball

We could toast to the good life, girl we could have it all

We could really splurge girl, and tear up the mall

If ever you needed someone, I m the one you should call

I ll be there to pick you up, if ever you should fall

If you got problems, I can solve em, they big or they small

That other nigga you be with ain t bout shit

I m your friend, your father, and confidant, BITCH

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Verse 3: **Dm - A** (im Wechsel)

I told you fools before, I stay with the tools
I keep a Benz, some rims, and some jewels
I holla at a hoe til I got a bitch confused
She got on Payless, me I got on gator shoes
I m shopping for chinchillas, in the summer they cheaper
Man this hoe you can have her, when I m done I ain t gon keep her
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin know
You saying it s secret, but you ain t gotta keep it on the low
Bitch choose with me, I ll have you stripping in the street
Put my other hoes down, you get your ass beat
Now Nik my bottom bitch, she always come up with my bread
The last nigga she was with put stitches in her head
Get your hoe out of pocket, I ll put a charge on a bitch
Cause I need 4 TVs and AMGs for the six
Hoe make a pimp rich, I ain t paying bitch
Catch a date, suck a dick, shiiit, TRICK

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Dm

Yeah, in Hollywood they say there s no b ness like show b ness

A

In the hood they say, there s no b ness like hoe b ness ya know

They say I talk a lil fast, but if you listen a lil faster

Dm

I ain t got to slow down for you to catch up, BITCH

fade

F **G** **C** **Bm**
But please, please resent me always