

Pimps in the House

8Ball & MJG

1 to the muthafuckin 2 to the muthafuckin 3
The sound of the boom is sweatin ya hard like a mystery
Could It be
The pimps could rule the nation in '93'
And MJG is gonna start a new race
Replace the weak tapes we got in the first place
And chase that live on cops quick, out the hood
And beat that ass like a cop would real good
And keep that bud goin on like the Flinstones
And shake them bones when you feel the comin on
So open the Crown, down a hit and lean back
Look at ya self and see what I'm sayin is real fat
Society lives off what the media tells us
And niggas be joinin up wit the shit that they mail us
See pimpin ain't dead yet, see pimpin can pay the rent
And pimpin is demonstrated by those in the government
The money they send you ain't shit but nickels and dimes
And you been stuck in the ghetto since 1979
But it's time to switch it up, unhook it and fix it up
Change it and rearrange it, complete and pick it
It's a book with hard covers that's packed with ideas
We rule the future years
Erase the black fears
And change the system, step up and dismiss them
Tricks from the White House
Move in and they move out
Now I'm runnin thangs, my workers walk wit a limp
My whole staff is bitches and all the judges is pimps
If ya weak in the game, thangs are bound to show
Cuz a pimp got a stroke, and a wimp can't flow
And I ain't no muthafuckin fall guy, but I'mma try hard
To let you know this pimpin ain't gone never die
M.J.G pimp tight
Young black nigga, no wife
No children, just hoes
Supplying the muthafuckin nation wit a dose
Of what, has been injected and now it's on
The muthafuckin pimp is in the house