

Pimp Or Die

Ice-T

Yo, all these niggaz out here wanna pimp now, man
They done see Bishop Magic Juan
They done watch Pimps Up, Hoes Down
Niggaz wanna ask me, stop me in traffic asking me questions and shit
Man, that's shit!

I pimp a bitch into a brick wall, test my game
You niggaz wanna get gangster, gonna test my aim
If your bitches outta pocket, got yourself to blame
Cause I'm a motherfucking pimp, Iceberg's the name
I mack a bitch into a coma with I roll up on her
Get my brain up in her my brain, make her hook and love the corner
Lot of y'all niggaz claim to kick it, but you're weak to me
So you chillie ass pimps, don't even speak to me
Known to be the coldest nigga, Cadillac track mack
Smack the fucking whore unconscious if my trap ain't fat
Whoring is from the hip, pimping is from the lip
So nigga grab your dick and chop some fucking game of a bitch
And stop stopping me in traffic, asking how I do it
The pimp game is in my blood, nigga, thought you knew it
You ain't cutting like this nigga, let me tell you why!
I asked God to let me pimp or let me die!

Pimp or die

I knocked fifty whores last week, twenty fell off
I pimped hard on the last thirty, twenty went soft
I left ten down the reign, but only one was true
And I still got more bitches than you, Pimp or die!

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This ain't no game for lames nigga
Grab your bitch, take her off and marry her
Kid, this game'll bury ya
Call the bitch, hit the track, some pimp took her
You can't control a girl friend, more less a hooker
Stop reading Pimp books, square up, get a job
Sell dope, steal cars, get a gun, rob
You're just a fan of pimping, and it ain't all good
You're playing a minute you're goffen, I'm.. Tiger woods;
Ain't no fair lane, you want a fair game, play cards baby
Pimping ain't easy, but whoring ain't hard
Dear God I break a trick, quick for those that know
The only bitches that I fuck with, are those that whores

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I got the brand new Ros', then throw you the keys
I ride Satechi-Ro at thirty two degrees

Nigga, you duck and run, faggot, I cock and squeeze
And about the dough I blow, it's like it grow on trees
You're talking lay away, I'm talking Corté
You make a bitch your wife, I charge a bitch the day
And every whore I know, do what the fuck I say
Cause I'm a fucking pimp, nigga, you're fucking play
First of, there ain't no crash course in this game
In case you didn't hear me first time, Berg's the name
Before you start, you gotta have a cold heart and colder dick
All you wanna do is fuck, you was a straight trick
Stand on a bitch, break your hand on a bitch
Grind for your grip, except no shit
Get your gear tight player, learn to act polite
Get in the whore's head, fuck the bitch, you're after the bread
Soothe it out pimp, mack with finesse and shawn
And pretty soon you'll have hookers hanging over your arms
But the game is played in dark streets, gators and concrete
Your tracks lock is amaze, pimps sleeve daze
Whores run away, set you up to die
But you wanted to live the life cause you did it this fly
The pimp game is the moving target and you ain't that steady
Stay the fuck off the track, pussy you ain't ready