

Cake (feat. Big K.R.I.T., Pimp C & Lil Boosie)

Bun B

Hold up
Smoke something, bitch
With Tray Martin, know what I'm talkin bout?
Yea, know what I'm talkin bout?
I'm joy, we talkin bout hey man
Do thighs come with that shake?
Do green guys come with them thighs
Shit! pimpin, Tommy loose, OCBoss get cash money, smoke them vapors
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper
Them thighs come with that shake
Bitch in yo mind, hoe I got cake
()
Well Peter Piper, Pete Keppers, they run right round
You know that C Pimp close and Bun not done
I be at it and on it
Don't start no fetic, I want it
When I want it I get it
So get to hoppin up on it
Ain't no stopping, no frontin
This certified and official
When I see you lickin yo lips you wanna blow on my whistle
But I got that harmonica, you can play it like Stevie
They say that pimpin ain't easy
Man it is if you be me
I see a new one every day
And they think because they jazzy and they carefree they gon talk me out my pay
Get your paper, see my game is just a little bit tighter
Pay for pussy, that's alright
I grab the smoke so pass the lighter
Boss get cash money, smoke them vapors
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper
Them thighs come with that shake
Bitch in yo mind, hoe I got cake()
Mane you know I get the first night, get em like the first date
But I got a question for you
Them thighs come with that shake?
You want papato sea food
Well you gon have to eat boo
Only in my front car you gon be a porn star
I know what's going through your head
If I get em like ahead
I might get a slice of bread for just a minute

I get cash in duffle bags, 'cause I don't see the cake
Let em ride, get em high as I pay for cake
Drop it then I gotta go
Like Pimp I'm on that purple flow
Mid-west, 30 a show, yea I hustle and flow
Round town, a bad chick, she's tryna track me down
Zoom zoom, see ya later, I gotta get the bakeBoss get cash money, smoke them vapors
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper
Them thighs come with that shake
Bitch in yo mind, hoe I got cake()
Shit, now all the trickin you should stop it
Money been the topic
While she digging in yo pockets I be pluggin on her socket
All off in yo crib, feet up on yo shit
Instead of breakin off a hoe you out here lovin a bitch
When I give this pimpin bitch steel toe
Bring yo hoe
The type of dick that run a chick some shit that she could be for
Live for, all off in yo big fold to make her heavy
She shake you off, I break it off cuz you bring it back to daddy
Don't be mad at me
Cuz yo hoe done chose
I was out here on the stroll
She got down like she's supposed
I put on some clothes
As a baby's on her mama
'Cus thighs come with that shake and green on the sideBoss get cash money, smoke them vapors
Don't chase the cake, chase the paper
Them thighs come with that shake
Bitch in yo mind, hoe I got cake

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>