

## II Trill

Bun B

[J. Prince]

awww yeah..what's up pimp I feel ya prescence right now  
yo bun. you know many are called but few are chosen  
you the chosen one my nigga the future president congratulations  
by the way I need you to send a trill message to some  
and a subliminal message to others about this throwin' rocks and  
then hidin' ya hand bitch. please let em know we gon give them what  
they ask for

[Bun B]

mayne I'm too hard for all you soft niggas  
too real for most of you lames  
too raw to be in this rap shit and the streets is the same  
too throwed off in this game too true to my hood  
I'm too down to get down so lets get it understood  
too bad to be good too golden not glisten  
too focused for fuck boys to fuck off my mission  
too smart not to listen when g's pull my coat  
bout them white folks that's listenin and watchin' my boat  
that's real shit you can quote I'm too gangsta too street  
so don't run up too fast cuz I'm too strapped with that heat  
I'm too dirty to be me too gorilla to be monkey  
too fly to stay grounded too fresh to be funky  
too many licks for junkies, too much work for flippers  
too much dro for smokers, too much amp for dippers  
no need for you to trip cuz we bring to much drama  
got too many killas put that on my mamma  
I'm too trill

[Z-Ro - Hook]

IiiiiI'm too trill, too, too too real  
all about my dolla bills and even if I tried  
I could never fall off too much money on my mind  
IiiiiI'm too trill too, too, too, real  
hard as penitentiary steel it's simple and plain  
If I retired you young'uns wouldn't know what to do with the game

[Bun B]

and I'm too serious for this play playin' it's too much bread to make  
for me too fuck of my time with these cats that's too fake  
I done seen too many wakes, sent too many to them  
yo homeboy can get it I'm to ready to do him  
too many guns I can pull, too many slugs I can bust  
leave yo brain matter, bone fragments, and dick up in the dust  
too many niggas I done crushed to let yo bitch ass come try me  
that smart game got gun play youll be screamin' why me  
too close don't get by me, you too prone to tell  
bout these bodies we catchin', this dope that we sell  
you too weak ,mayne too frail, too light up in yo britches  
you too much dick ridin' manye you worse than these bitches  
too many snitches that you breakin' bread wit  
you too close to police ,boy you on some fed shit  
so you can go head with that sale, we wont' buy  
I'm too smart for all that dumb shit you know but boys try

[Hook]

[Bun B]

and I'm too sick of all this sweet shit cuz I'm seein' too much smilin'  
too much punk ass posin' too much punk ass profilin'  
too many niggas be frontin' like they got the town on lock  
with too much money in the bank and too many hoes is on they jock  
but you smoke too many of them rocks that you claimin' you done sold  
I done been out on them blocks and you ain't got too much control  
man you workers ain't that cold, they some hoes more or lesser  
and they too ready to fold cuz they can't take too much pressure  
do we mash on them? yes sir they in violation go get em  
It won't be too long befo we mop up the flo with em  
It's rap-a-lot for life we done been here too long  
to let these hata's bring us down we too right they too wrong  
I'm too black and too strong to go out like a punk  
too ready for the ruckus too close too my trunk  
we can pop or we can jump we can blast or we can go  
from the shoulders bitch I tried to told you but if you ain't kno  
I'm II Trill