

## Used to Be

UGK

I used to be the smallest nigga, now I'm the big ballin nigga  
Comin down grippin wood, keepin these motherfuckin bitches callin nigga

I used to be the small nigga, now I'm candy crawlin nigga  
Bag ain't right catch you on the next pack nigga  
Yo' shit ain't locked when ya hit it with the soda  
Everybody else with the same stamp got A-1 yola  
Bitch, who taught you how to cook food?  
The next time we both gon' drop seven in a pot fool  
I bet I come back with 29  
Bitch Snow blow up - make the dope fiends flow up

It's all about the ducks mayne, the stash spot tucked mayne  
A hundred packs stacked inside my Cadillac truck mayne  
It came from cross the border, I bring 'em cross the state line  
And if they catch me wit 'em I ain't fin' to do no state time  
But see I'm trill, if they get me I'ma take mine  
And you ain't fin' to hear about me talkin through the grapevine  
Fifty-fo' and shit poppin didn't go P.C.  
It's (UGK 4 Life) bitch, that's on G.P.

Oooh; reppin and retrievin, hustlin, dollar danglin  
Pockets used to be leakin, but now my pockets hangin  
I came in the game with a prayer and a wish and a hope and a dream tryin to  
do my thing  
with a digital beam and a mayonnaise jar and a razor blade and an ounce of cream  
Posted on magazine when I'm in 14, servin them fiends in the middle of the night  
Tryin to get my money right, gettin my dick sucked in the broad daylight  
Clockwork, work around the clock, by myself when I go clock  
Roosters, chickens, geeses, hawks, on the block goin block for block

I used to be the smallest of ballers but now I'm taller  
It's a shame what that 'caine and that soda did with that water  
Ask your mother or your father, your sister or either daughter  
or them ballin ass pimpin ass niggaz from Port Arthur  
I'm a starter, I go harder, mix the soft in the pot  
Hit the hood, up to no good with jugs and whatnot  
All gas, no brakes, no shake, just rocks  
Been gettin gooder with a gang of chocks, it don't stop

Ghetto superstar, with candy on my car  
Apple cranberry juice mixed with the bar  
28 inches in the air we are  
Two pimp niggaz in the area  
With them P.A. niggaz, Rap-A-Lot mob  
Salute to the president and I don't mean Barack  
Fire up the sticky, let the champagne pop  
And the big thick yellows to they knees best drop

Yeah I used to be the smallest, now I'm tallest on the yard  
I'm straight up hard, I'm smilin like Bob  
I'm pimp tight! MJ, act like you done heard of  
Mister mind my own business, I'm the lesbian converter  
It's brains at the top, at the bottom assholes  
I done grew into a whale, from a fuckin tadpole

I ain't playin, I can look, y'all mean straight face  
I'm back like Kobe Bryant after rape case; boy!

You lookin at a nigga that went from puppy to dog  
From tadpole to frog, from pig to a motherfuckin hog  
I be smokin on a swisha, that's bigger than a log  
And makin up a batch that's as creamy as eggnog  
The Feds log every move that I make  
So I keep on switchin clothes, switchin cars, switchin plates  
They ride behind me undercover in the Rover  
I cross over four lanes of traffic to fuck them hoes over - hol' up

Most drug dealers doin life in the pen  
Or spend they last 90,000 on a droptop Benz  
Uhh, and I'm a Trill representer  
I pray every night that I still (Ride Dirty), I'm a sinner  
If he try me I'll leave his shit on his lunch kit  
Sometimes I wonder how I got off in this fuck shit  
Then I look around at the cars and the clothes and the jewels and hoes  
Ain't no secret, it's all exposed

[Chorus]