

# Triller

Bun B

Triller  
Say ain't nobody triller  
I'm a motherfuckin killer  
Say ain't nobody triller  
And you know it's for real

Wake up in the morning, give thanks to the Lord  
For giving me another day so I can go hard  
Never been fraud, always kept it true  
Get dressed, hit the street try ta' see what it do  
Cut a few corners, [?] a few dubs  
Get 'em, jump back, trill niggas show love  
Some try to hate, I don't pay it no mind  
Either get with me or get like me - that's on the grind  
Candy paint shine as I flip through the city  
Ridin' 84s, and them hoes look pretty  
Had dirty money way before P Diddy  
I'm just tryna squeeze a little more milk up out the titty  
Is ya with me?

I'mma put it down my nigga  
Gotta do what I do for the town my nigga  
Boys talking down on a nigga  
But since day one I've been a killer  
Mayne and ain't nobody triller  
Say ain't nobody triller  
I'm a motherfucking killer  
H-Town in this bitch  
And you know it's for real

Riding drop top in the Fleetwood Lac  
The sun is shining down on my astro [?]  
I'm all about the cheese but I never been a wreck  
Gotta keep it to yo self, what part of the game is that?  
You see me rollin 4's on them foes, just flipping  
Leaning on the leather through the Southside dipping  
You know I got the gat up on my lap with the clip in  
Cock back ready but these boys ain't tripping  
Who run this bitch? Don't even bother  
My granddaddy did, he passed it to my father  
My father did his thing like a G  
He passed it down to me  
Now the neighborhood belong to Bun B, OG

I'mma put it down my nigga  
Gotta do what I do for the town my nigga  
Boys talking down on a nigga  
But since day one I've been a killer  
Mane and ain't nobody triller  
Say ain't nobody triller  
I'm a motherfucking killer  
[?] in this bitch  
And you know it's for real

Pussy niggas need to stay off in they lane  
Sitting sidelines, want to quarterback the game  
Back seat drivers get to talking too much

But not when I'm around, cause they know they get touched  
It's the city called Clutch, and that's how we come through  
Fake niggas runnin up? What the fuck they gon' do?  
A trill nigga, no Hilfiger  
Put it on yo ass, before when we still wheel nigga  
New niggas in the game, get your share  
Long as you ain't touching mine, bitch I really don't care  
[?] in the air, twist yo fingers til it break  
Trill recognize trill, we never roll fake  
For the game