

1995

Propain

Yeah
Forever Trill
This where we bop, my nigga
This where we come from
Yeah

These cars represent just where we from
These scars tell a story what we done
These diamonds show they ass how far we made it
Tattoos and t-shirts for all my niggas under pavement
'Round these parts it ain't the safest (Nah), so watch where you roam, nigga
Wrong street, wrong time, might just meet the wrong nigga
Young boys quick to off your ass to get on, nigga
UGK, here today, tomorrow could be gone, nigga
'Round the clock, up and down the block, that's the paper chase
My partner served his granny, say he rather him than from a snake
Them sirens flash, ain't no question asked, we hoppin' over gates
Where I'm from, you born guilty, you black then that's a fuckin' case
Pipe in my uncle face, mama double shifted
Daddy must be no magician, fuck nigga been missin'
Pray for better days (Yeah), just play the cards we was dealt
Until then, we hustle hard for the wealth, homie

Homie, we changin' lanes (Uh), candy paint so wet
Comin' down and we lookin' so good, homie, we changin' lanes (Uh)
I might be in my foreign in the 'burbs or the muh'fuckin' hood, homie, we ch
angin' lanes (Uh)
We swangin' and bangin' like E.S.G. (That's right)
Not on TV either, homie, we really be in these streets, changin' lanes (That
's right, uh)
If you're goin' down 'round here (Ayy)
Look at all this money that be rollin' 'round 'round here (Ayy, ayy, ayy, wo
o, uh)

Fresh paint drippin' off the frame, nigga
Forty pointers like LeBron James in it
Yeah, these ho gon' choose the we who name bigger
We lane switchin', trunk bangin' like a gang member
Juug game tough, these streets is dirty as a grave digger
Scammers got them cards now like motherfuck a bank, nigga
They don't need the loan (Nah), the Actavis gone
But the red here, the green here like God blessin', all is drank sippers
Raised by the hood, our minds'll never be the same, nigga
Just lost another partner, jackers popped him like a painkiller
That money wasn't corrupted had these youngin' goin' insane, nigga
Whippin' up the yolo though, shake the dice and throw 'em hoes
Them niggas schemin', windows down and they rollin' slow
Hangin' out like uncle told, layin' down, you know the code
Pill poppin' overdose, codeine and the soda cold
Bottom of the totem pole, but wildin's out here fuckin' though, Pro'

Homie, we changin' lanes (Uh), candy paint so wet
Comin' down and we lookin' so good, homie, we changin' lanes (Uh)
I might be in my foreign in the 'burbs or the muh'fuckin' hood, homie, we ch
angin' lanes (Uh)
We swangin' and bangin' like E.S.G. (That's right)
Not on TV either, homie, we really be in these streets, changin' lanes (That

's right, uh)
If you're goin' down 'round here (Ayy)
Look at all this money that be rollin' 'round 'round here (Ayy, ayy, ayy, wo
o)

Yeah, classic shit
G&B, Donnie Houston
Forever Trill, D
How we gon' keep doin' this shit, my nigga?
Why you ain't never stop this Third Co' shit, my nigga?
Yeah
We just havin' fun, man, we-we makin' history
We makin' history as far as what we doin' for our city