

## Short Texas

UGK

Ay yo, welcome to the world of S-H-O-R-T  
Texas where them trill ass niggas be livin naughty  
Rollin' up ho's like turtles in half a shell  
Open up my trunk and let's see what I have to sell  
I got the dope, if you ho's got the paper  
And if you a faker then you'll meet your fuckin maker  
Cause I ain't takin no shit on my guts  
The UGK posse got the big big nuts  
Yo, so who's a bold bitch?  
Try to make a sale, You betta bail before they find you in a ditch  
This dope ain't yo dope and these cuts and yo cuts  
Yo, but this is my 12 Gauge in your muthafuckin guts  
Don't make me pump this bitch and unload  
Beat your feet muthafucka, hit the muthafuckin road  
And don't even try to come back nigga yo  
Cause me Dre and C got fingers on a fat trigger  
We making too much money moving weight  
And before you hit my cuts, you better get your shit straight  
Cause it ain't safe to just try and show your ass up  
Street sweeper booming cold blow your ass up  
And ain't nobody scared to blast  
We pull them triggers fast  
And then we bailing on your bitch ass  
But if your shit is legit, then you can join my crew  
U.S.T. graduating class of '92 in Short Texas

Niggas on the track dropping shit about T-X  
As long as there's fiends that's them tax free dope checks  
Young muthafuckas at the age of 16  
Cooking up some yayo for the local drug king  
The market's not open so they call it closed circuit  
Short Short Texas watch them hard thugs work it  
5-0's on the scene make the all time drug bust  
Out next week slangin some more white dust  
Real, oh so trill, the life's no glamour  
At the end of my time is spent in the slammer  
Fuckin up shit with the 9 inch chrome  
So all you scary got-it-good young-ass bitches stay home  
And if you get picked up by the laws  
Don't cry cause it's for a lost cause  
Clientele, ounce of yayo, in jail make bail  
From longs to short, it's constant dope sales  
Stupid muthafuckas smoking dummies and noids in jail  
On U.S.T., Crack University  
Home of the Fightin Fiends, the streets reimburse me  
Cops finding my stash, yo what could the worst be  
Through so going undercover then turnin dirty  
Bitch, I'm dead and swole in a ditch  
Just the other day, a fiend in your Lexus  
Calling my name Blue Light, I'm Short Texas

I don't give a fuck who you be!  
You ain't bout to sell no fuckin dope in P.A.T.  
You could be Tony Montana in this bitch  
Have a boat load of dope, but you still ain't selling shit  
Cause we don't know your face so I don't really figure  
We gon let you come up and sell dope in Texas nigga

See you don't understand, it's our muthafuckin cuts  
So step in, like I said before, we'll take them muthafuckin nuts  
Ask the last nigga brought his fuckin ass down  
Trying to sell that fuckin dope he bought in H-Town  
Couldn't sell in Houston, so I guess he figured  
I'mma go to Port Arthur and run them fuckin niggas  
Brought his fuckin gun, guess he should've bust  
So they took his shit and put his dick in the dust  
Stupid ass nigga had the nerve to come back  
Rolling on the cuts in his white Cadillac  
Got to the block and the guns just exploded  
Shot his car up with the 9, and the clip that he unloaded  
Sent the nigga home to his momma like a ho  
They jacked all his money and they stole all his dope  
Can't be trill in the villa of the trillest  
Cause where I'm from nigga house some muthafuckin killers  
So have your shit attached, before you come check us  
Pimp C, bitch, P.A. home, Short Texas