

Trill Ass Nigga

UGK

Bone hard nigga, hoes be runnin from the scene
Cause I'm out to demean, count the green
and throw that jim in the in-between
Now Bun B moves slick
Cause I tell all the niggaz to get they gats
and tell the hoes to get this dick
Now punks be lookin at my boys on the block
They scopin the corner, motherfuckers I warn ya
Too many niggaz tried to get these fiends
You brothers better cut some fuckin ? on this scene
Cause cluckers don't go for small dope
You fin' to lose when dopefiends cut ya fuckin throat
You see my shit is legit, so it's on
Cut a fifty cent slab and tell that bitch to get gone
Because my face don't need to be on the street
See I put out my dope, get my cash, then I'm tearin ass
I'm in and out quick as day
Might drop a hundred or two, but I won't miss it anyway
Because as long as the majority of shit gets fat
I'm cool to give myself a little slack
See I've been doin this too damn long
to short my slang, and makin all them pay for dem thangs
I got a thirty-five square block cut
Down to take your money, dope, your hoe and your nut
Big dope big rhymes big dick big attitude
Man I'm down with Big Tyme, and I'm a trill ass nigga!

(Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!)
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You claim you got much dope, and you got much backup
But you ain't got JACK SHIT to make this nigga slack up
So if you wanna buck buck up bitch and let me black that eye
Ho you fin' to kiss them teeth goodbye
Now if you're down act like it bitch
Step in that grass, I'm fin' to put them hands on yo' bitch ass
And buffin ain't a good ass plan
You get smacked the fuck up, now unball them fuckin hands
You see you need to be true to yourself
Cause if you'll front, your ass'll be on my shelf
And trill ass niggaz they love to blast
But if we ain't got the gat, we'll also choke yo' motherfuckin ass
And you ain't never been shit to your hood
Your ass shoulda listened when I told you "Something Good"
But right about now I ain't sayin a damn thang
If you wanna do it then step your ass to the ring
And bring on your boys, I'm takin ALL you hoes one by one
Hands flyin like bullets from a gun
I'm steady whoopin that ass ho
Nigga by nigga out the window, you better watch that glass ho
Stepped to Bun B, and you thought I was a punk
Now you bitch-asses half dead in my trunk
You fronted big man and then went out like a ho
Nigga kiss that motherfuckin flo', cause I'm a trill ass nigga

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I'm just a trill ass nigga walkin down the street
It's Bun B bitch, the nigga you and your girlfriends wanna meet
My nuts hang to the road
So buck up and get fucked up by the Big Tyme motherload
You better watch that ass when you roll
Ease up on U.G.K. you gotta pay the fuckin toll
And we ain't hearin that ying-yang
You keep on runnin that lip and watch yo' ass get slanged
Yeah Bun B'll talk shit
But if you think I can't back it up niggaz, try and make a fuckin hit
Pimp C'll slam you to the peel
You're layin on the ground, aiyyo Burt, kick him and his fuckin reel
The U.G.K. posse they mighty fool coon
And we down to let the gat go boom
So call 9-1-1, and let the law scoop yo' punk ass up
before we make you niggaz shit in your drawers
The life of the trill niggaz ain't no joke
Cause we down to go for motherfuckin broke
So watch out for the niggaz in the khakis
The U.G.K. posse backs me, so don't jack G
Because the dicks hang low, to any two-bit ho
And I'm about to get some shit on my toes
And I'ma keep on doin it Clyde
The cocaine's in the back of the ride of a trill ass nigga

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