

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]