

Trilla Than A Bitch

Webbie

[Verse 1: Webbie]

Pants low, afro, no shirt, blowing purple, not a star just a regular old hood nigga
VIP full of hoes, full of rolls, we got guns in this motherfucker now, bitch
that's how we coming
A half a diesel, pack of cools, whole pound of kush presidential shit now that's what we call blowing money
Murder weapons: .357s, Glock 9s, I ain't lying bitch that chopper hold a whole motherfucking hundred
Think before you move cause you don't wanna move wrong
Send your hit man, nigga go put that tool on em (BOP, BOP, BOP)
Knock all his shoes off
I'm the Savage, wassam, come on tell me who want it
Cause we can crank it up
Cause I don't give a fuck
Where your people at? You better bring all of them dick in the booty ass, coochi ass, fake ass ballers
You ain't never popped nothin', stop stunting bitch
Nigga you ain't seen nothin', until you seen me
Climbing out a tree, with a .223, what
I'm scarred up, ready for war, fuck
I'm right here pussy nigga wassup? Get at me

[Hook: Webbie]

Now I done did some fucked up shit I ain't go even lie
But I'm trilla than a bitch and you can't even lie
I beat that pussy like no other, bitch don't even lie
I'mma bad motherfucker and you can't even lie
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[Verse 2: Lil Phat]

Now I done did some fucked up shit, sold niggas rabbit food
Remember, remember I shot the wrong dude
Such and such had sent me on a lick, I took the wrong tool
Six shots I barely made it out a shootout
Fuck school
Standing on the corner what we knew bout
Some nigga tried to play you then you better pull that tool out
And I done did some fucked up shit, sold niggas Cairo they look at and taste it but them niggas still a pay though
I say I'm tired of being slept on, don't know about me
They gone fuck around and make me bring that four up out me
And I ain't stopping till I see the fucking graveyard nigga
Rest in peace to your shooter don't lose your graveyard witcha
They say I'm thuggin' yeah, clutching yeah, all my niggas druggin' yeah
Play me then I'm busting yeah, end of that discussion yeah
Be like youngin', fuck lil' youngin', he a dirty ass bastard
Some say I'm pussy, some say I jacked they favorite rapper

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Webbie]

I got my strap under my pillow, cause I feel like they coming
When they show up, it's gone blow up, I'mma rip big holes in they stomach

I been running the streets for years, so you know I ain't running
Send some drama to your street, I'm Obama in these streets
Put that llama on you geeks, you remind me of sweets
Go ask my teachers, I'm a bully, you just another police
She a suck it, I love it, she lick it all of me
Grind up off and chill nigga bring ya back outche
God. Dayum. Even though you tired these busters and satisfied till they asses get sanitized
Then they bring it on they self
Then they ass wanna cry
When the barrels of that pistol, look em right in they eyes
Get my California buzz on, chillin' with my cousin
Coward ass niggas gone make me put my gloves on
I on give a fuck, I never did, I never will
And that's how I fucking feel
Young Savage, forever Trill

[Hook x2]