

# 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  
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

[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 ass  
s 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]