

Webbie "Ain't Leaving Trill"

Visit "[Ain't Leaving Trill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Webbie]

I gotta fully automatic, two-bananas dats a hundred
You already kno the story, some lil niggas owe me
money

I came out here got on, I'm on homies acting funny
I left them niggas alone cause I felt the jack was
coming

I shoot up to Atlanta, I be rollin down the strip
They be on e like I'm tip, I'll chill then I'll dip
Up above to the club, to Manhattan see what's crackin
Girl will lick e like I'm 50 or I'm jigga, I be laughing
Me and boo from baton rouge, get that big ragedy we
be stackin

We be packing them big rougers put you losers on a
platter

Make some moves up to St. Louis, then get Nelly on the
telley

Watching belly shooting dice and betin thousand on
the seven

Seen Kelly in Chicago fuck it yo showed me the club
We went in and popped some bottles, everybody
showed me love

Ain't no telling where we goin and it don't matter where
we was

Mane I can go where ever the fuck I want simply
because

[Chorus:]

How many records you sold, I won't with you when you
drove

So I don't kno how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill
I kno you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks
Y'all be creepin in that road, I'm a get you outta here
Fuck how many records you sold, I won't with you when
you drove

So I don't kno how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill
I kno you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks
Y'all be creepin in that road, I'm a get you outta here

[Verse 2: Lil Phat]

I be the trill fam, nigga don't forget the youging
You don't kno how I'm coming hoe look let a nigga run

it
I'm like a monkey out the zoo, I'm like a Jordan tennis
shoe
It's a southside thing from jimmy lou, the illest shoe
I kno my trill fam niggas oh they gon ride for me (ride
for me)
And all them ones who ain't convicted
Oh they take five for me (take five for me)
We fucking bad bithes don't fuck with them sadd
bitches
Don't like lil bitty hoes we fucking with the phat bitches
Ain't no lil lenty hoes, I mean my knot be way fatter
And if you fuck with me you hear that ratta tatta tatta
We cut up and and we show out from bently to
phantoms
A nigga a punk a bitch we stamp'em
We shining on them yeah we grimmy like a mothafucka
Climbing on them yeah we grinding like a mothafucka
Drink yo hard liqour I'm a sip my cold cup
You can be from outta town I'm a make you put them
fours up

[Chorus:]

How many records you sold, I won't with you when you
drove
So I don't kno how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill
I kno you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks
Y'all be creepin in that road, I'm a get you outta here
Fuck how many records you sold, I won't with you when
you drove
So I don't kno how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill
I kno you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks
Y'all be creepin in that road, I'm a get you outta here

Visit [Webbie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.