

Webb Wilder

"Ain't Leaving Trill"

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[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
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