

UGK f/ Jazze Pha "Tell Me How Ya Feel"

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[Jazze Pha]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN~! Ladies and gentlemen!
You are now tuned in to the very best (the very best)
This, is a Jazze Phizzle, produc-shizzle
U.G.K., Pimp C (Sweet Jones) Bun B~!

[Chorus 2X: Pimp C]

I'm out here grippin on the wood, sittin on the leather
Keep the gold diggin bitches tryin to keep they shit
together
Swangin through yo' hoods, diamonds on the wheel
When you see a pimp shinin bitch, tell me how you feel

[Pimp C]

I call my motherfuckin swangers on the slab, money on
my mind (miiiiind)
Twenty-fo' seven I'm out here on the grind (grind)
Wanna jack, that way to heaven, got somethin for ya
spine (spine)
Put ya on the shit bad if you really wanna try (try)
I done been to hell and back, they call me T.B.C. (T.B.C.)
Now everythang that I drive got at least five TV's (V's)
Two in the sun visor, two in the headrest (rest)
When jumpin out to dash, two hundred thousand on my
chest (chest)
Hangin 'round my neck (neck) blindin you niggaz
(niggaz)
I ain't cappin, I'm just tellin you what's hap'nin
Some niggaz be winnin, and some be steady losin
Touchin down, women they stayin, they steady chosin
Tired of feelin bashed and mashed and want some
cash
You only live once, she fin' to cheat on her man (man)
Cause I'ma stand up in her and sin her cause she a
winner (winner)
I'm Sweet Jones bitch and I'm pimpin, y'all some
beginners

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Yeah, swangin on Vogues...

Yeah, well I'm the son of the struggle, the Godchild of the grind (grind)

The product of the product, and the cousin of crime
So get that fuck up out your mind (mind) I'm born to this life (life)

And my work is the only woman I'll ever make my wife
So all you triflin-ass, stiflin-ass, mud-stuck, fuck boys
Gettin bound to borin, you shit out of luck boys
The Kingz is back in the buildin, just in the knick of time
And we fin' to do it to it partner (WHAT~!) while you niggaz lyin

Touchin us you niggaz dyin, kill you hoes, just for tryin
Death befo' dishonor (dishonor) you never see me testifyin

Standin on the stand, grab a workout in the yard
Trill niggaz never fraud, you can put that on the Lord
Goin hard, ask the hardest nigga you know in the street
I'm the last nigga that, that nigga wanna meet
Ain't no need to exaggerate, I just tell it like it is
So get the fuck up out my way, Bun Beeda handlin biz
On my sheeit

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Well if you had yo'self a pimp and you had yo'self a G
And you put 'em both together ('gether) what the fuck would you see

U.G.K. nigga, I'm fresher than a cashmere sweater (sweater)

When it come to keepin it trill, nobody do it better
Ain't no candy paint wetter (wetter) no 24's classier
No leather seats softer (softer) no other brothers classier

And you could never pass me up, so slow your roll mayne (okay)

Recognize the real when Pimp and Bun in control mayne

[Pimp C]

UNGGGH~! I got a candy cup, sittin on buck

Two-hundred thousand when I roll up

Year ago, I was on lock

Now I'm out here, droppin them tops

48 months, I was gone

Barely got back, it's still on

I know y'all hate to see the Pimp free

All y'all all can eat a big D

I see the Kingz winnin

Thought it was over, it's the beginnin

Underground we run the South
Diss me I'ma bust your mouth
I don't run I come to your house
You gon' lose, nigga that's no doubt
We can jump or pop it out
I ain't Jeezy don't swap it out
Knahmtalkinbout!

...

[Chorus] - to fade

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