

UGK f/ Scarface "Still Ridin' Dirty"

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[Bun B]

Look me in my eyes playa, tell me what you see
If you man enough to face it, a muthafuckin G
If you man enough to say it, the muthafuckin one
One that none wanna play wit, muthafuckin Bun
Many have come and most would go, yet
he remains as most would know (most would know)
Came in with less than the ones befo' him
A Sweet full of 'dro, (and what?) a cup of Pro-M (huh!)
Muthafuckas would act like they ain't know him
His mentality was, "Fuck that, I'll show them"
Made men mad or not, rich men getting scared
Trill 'til I D-I-E, I didn't care
Ridin on fo' bald tires wit no spare
No nuts, no glory and I'm ready to go there
And I cain't...

[Chorus: Scarface]

I cain't explain the way I feel
When I'm behind the wheeeels.. (Still ridin dirty)
Ohh....ohh....ohh.....
...I'm still ridin dirty

"Peep this game here, nigga I'm not no pimp. I pimped fifteen years ago.

Nigga, I got DEGREES in playa..and pimpin on niggaz hoes, err'y nigga get in my face, I'll play on 'em. You up, nigga?"

[Pimp C]

Look me in my eyes nigga, tell me how you feel
When you see the Pimp, he shinin and grippin on the wheel
When you see the boy, he grindin, ain't nothin here for free
It's the one ya love to hate, call him Young Pimp C (Pimp C)
Niggaz done tried, I'll bust they side
You can run up on my ride, I'ma look at your mind (look at your mind)
on the concrete, cauliflower on the street

Make ya jelly jump, ain't no need for this shit punk
Muthafuckas be playin like they cain't get killed
Fuck what ya representin, fuck how you feel
Hoe niggaz eat a dick, blow you can get a brick
Twelve by, pourin lye, Lamborghini wit the stick
Ridin up, ten wit ten, rooks and a half-breed
Tryna get to P.A. and the law just passed me
And I cain't...

[Chorus]

"You in the WAY man on some real PLAYAS. Stompin on
them lil' Navigators
and carryin on man. Gettin trucks under the year and
puttin spinners on it
YA FAKIN!!! CHURCH!"

[Bun B]

I live off truth, you live off lies
So when yo shit falls short, don't even be surprised at
all
You go opinions and I got facts
So when yo shit don't add up, don't fix yo face to ask at
all
You do what you can, I do what I feel (do what I feel)
And that there in ITSELF the definition of trill
You live by the gun, you die by the slugs mayne
You live off of fiends, you'll die behind drugs mayne
Them mean mugs hides tears and pains
And I cain't feel your frustration, so please refrain
You ain't got nothin to gain, from playin around
and I ain't got nothin to lose, in layin you down
I made a promise to make it home for the kids and the
wife
(What that mean?) I didn't come to kill
but I will leave with yo' life, and I cain't...

[Chorus]

[Pimp C]

All I see is muthafuckin law gallow, hot the pen and
then I swole
Never be a stupid ass, I never hit the pen no mo'
Them hoes gave me eight 'ak, nigga had ta pull half
It almost killed my mama when the feds bought the
drama
The IRS say I owe 'em nine milli-on
Took all the paper from my wife and my children
Hold my mama shit, my grandmamma and daddy too
Now tell me what the FUCK was I supposed to do?
No money on my books but I got my game

Had a young guard picture smother me in some
cocaine
in her pussy, I'm jackin off smellin plastic
Slangin powder in the pen, shit drastic
It's money in this bitch, I send it all home
Locker full of food, big hygiene and a cell phone,
BITCH
Knalmtalkinbout? And I made it home muthafucka..

[Pimp C - Outro]
All you funky-ass bitches out there..
Picture me rollin like 'Pac, BITCH
Knalmtalkinbout? (Knalmtalkinbout?)Ridin' DIRTY (Ridin
dirty)
Original Ridin' Dirty, nigga!
Hold up..
Nigga you know who made up this shit!

"You fake these girls out, you take 'em around these
hotels, understand me?
Push that lil' bitty funky weed on 'em, ya dig what I
mean?
Scare 'em to death, and a REAL playa that got
penthouses and homes and..
And and-and-and big D, DTS, Northstars and Benzes
and stuff
Ya understand me? You have the game so mixed up
The broad don't even wanna do what she S'POSED to
do, get some MONEY!
You need to step off, take ya tennis shoes somewhere
and your sweatsuits and ya Kobe Bryant outfit, and go
JOIN the Lakers, square!
Pussy free, prol'ly leave it out knowin that's the
CHURCH
(Teddy want some tittes) Three, fo' titties and you
HEARD dat!"

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