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Celly Cel F/ U.G.K. "Pop The Trunk"

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[Pimp C]

Smoke somethin

I just bought me a Coupe Deville,

Took out the air bag put in a wood wheel

Now all the ATL niggas wanna jack cuz I'm from Texas,

Never seen candy with the fifth on the back

I'm comin down the west end, niggas tryin to jack

And bust a right Coney Island pop the trunk and started cappin

Niggas was happenin put they Burboun to the floor nigga

Hard to bust back but I was penetrating they doe

Nigga in PA, it's like the wild, wild west

Throwin all packed [?] and we all wear vests

When the shit pop out, who gon stunt,

Nigga ain't shootin me first I fin to pop the trunk

[UGK]

[Bun B] - These niggas keep talkin like they want the funk

[Pimp C] - But niggas love to talk shit I fin to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - Runnin off at they dick suckas gettin it crunk

[Pimp C] - Nigga I'm high off this weed I fin to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - Steady frontin like a man but you show me a punk

[Pimp C] - Man I knew he was a bitch I had to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - All we really came to do is just smoke some scum

[Pimp C] - These niggas steady runnin me hot I'm fin to pop the trunk

[Celly Cel]

You niggas didn't know that I was outta control Slow yo roll for I put this chopper straight to yo fo Head you better off dead than to fuck around with psycho niggas

Don't be trying to plead yo case cuz I don't even like no

niggas

In my face, trying to question me about some drama Only answer to two people: God and my mama Far as niggas tryin to put me in the cross, Let em holler at my bitch, Nina Ross hoe house boss I bet you mind somethin in, run and tell a friend [?] on the Gin, I think he said "trippin" once again It ain't no stoppin me, get at me then I'm dumpin on ya, Ridin past yo funeral hangin out the window slumpin on ya

You didn't know, they didn't tell you boy you betta listen While I shoot this shit before you put yourself in that position

Niggas that know me know I specialize in havin bump You can have the tailway from the shovel so we can pop the trunk

[Bun B] - These niggas keep talkin like they want the funk

[Pimp C] - Man cuz his bitch chose me I fin to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - Runnin off at they dick suckas gettin it crunk [Pimp C] - Cuz I'm fuckin yo gal I got to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - Steady frontin like a man but you show me a punk

[Pimp C] - Nigga tried to jack my car I had to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - All we really came to do is just smoke some scum

[Pimp C] - Smokin at the tittie bar I had to pop the trunk

[Bun B]

Under Cali's blue skies, smokin on chronicles and chocolate ties

Even when we tell the truth, the hoes we lies, Man ain't no disguise, doin ninety week flies, Ain't got no time for middle men and small fries, Only money conversation and big thighs, Let me talk to your boss man, the nigga wit the pies, And back yo ass up and don't act so surprised, When pistols start to cock, hands start to rise, Nobody move too fast I advise, Or you can catch a hot one right between ya eyes, Recognize I done set me sights on the prize, And put lights out with boom fifty bye, bye's, I'm labeling my life off of rap and weed highs, And ask my agent bout my fuckin shoe size., But fuckin wit us ain't wise, We get crunk, we came to pop the trunk What, the trunk

[Bun B] - These niggas keep talkin like they want the

funk

[Pimp C] - I knew he was the police I had to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - Runnin off at they dick suckas gettin it crunk

[Pimp C] - Man I'm sippin on [?] poppin the trunk

[Bun B] - Steady frontin like a man but you show me a punk

[Pimp C] - [?][?][?] I had to pop the trunk

[Bun B] - All we really came to do is just smoke some scum

[Pimp C] - To make it, make it crunk I had to pop the trunk

[Pimp C]

I know that they some bitches had to pop the trunk California to Texas poppin the trunk UGK and Celly Cel we bout to pop the trunk Sippin on Hennessy [?] I fin to pop the trunk, bitch Smoke somethin, D time, PA, uh, '97 Smoke somethin, Representin money, like Too \$hort bitch Huh

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