

U.G.K. f/ Blue Light "Short Texas"

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[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Ay yo, welcome to the world of S-H-O-R-T
Texas where them trill ass niggas be livin naughty
Rollin' up ho's like turtles in half a shell
Open up my trunk and let's see what I have to sell
I got the dope, if you ho's got the paper
And if you a faker then you'll meet your fuckin maker
Cause I ain't takin no shit on my guts
The UGK posse got the big big nuts
Yo, so who's a bold bitch?
Try to make a sale, You betta bail before they find you
in a ditch
This dope ain't yo dope and these cuts and yo cuts
Yo, but this is my 12 Gauge in your muthafuckin guts
Don't make me pump this bitch and unload
Beat your feet muthafucka, hit the muthafuckin road
And don't even try to come back nigga yo
Cause me Dre and C got fingers on a fat trigger
We making too much money moving weight
And before you hit my cuts, you better get your shit
straight
Cause it ain't safe to just try and show your ass up
Street sweeper booming cold blow your ass up
And ain't nobody scared to blast
We pull them triggers fast
And then we bailing on your bitch ass
But if your shit is legit, then you can join my crew
U.S.T. graduating class of '92 in Short Texas

[Chorus]

[Blue Light]

Niggas on the track dropping shit about T-X
As long as there's fiends that's them tax free dope
checks
Young muthafuckas at the age of 16
Cooking up some yayo for the local drug king
The market's not open so they call it closed circuit
Short Short Texas watch them hard thugs work it

5-0's on the scene make the all time drug bust
Out next week slangin some more white dust
Real, oh so trill, the life's no glamour
At the end of my time is spent in the slammer
Fuckin up shit with the 9 inch chrome
So all you scary got-it-good young-ass bitches stay
home
And if you get picked up by the laws
Don't cry cause it's for a lost cause
Clientele, ounce of yayo, in jail make bail
From longs to short, it's constant dope sales
Stupid muthafuckas smoking dummies and noids in jail
On U.S.T., Crack University
Home of the Fightin Fiends, the streets reimburse me
Cops finding my stash, yo what could the worst be
Through so going undercover then turnin dirty
Bitch, I'm dead and swole in a ditch
Just the other day, a fiend in your Lexus
Calling my name Blue Light, I'm Short Texas

[Chorus]

[Pimp C]

I don't give a fuck who you be!
You ain't bout to sell no fuckin dope in P.A.T.
You could be Tony Montana in this bitch
Have a boat load of dope, but you still ain't selling shit
Cause we don't know your face so I don't really figure
We gon let you come up and sell dope in Texas nigga
See you don't understand, it's our muthafuckin cuts
So step in, like I said before, we'll take them
muthafuckin nuts
Ask the last nigga brought his fuckin ass down
Trying to sell that fuckin dope he bought in H-Town
Couldn't sell in Houston, so I guess he figured
I'mma go to Port Arthur and run them fuckin niggas
Brought his fuckin gun, guess he should've bust
So they took his shit and put his dick in the dust
Stupid ass nigga had the nerve to come back
Rolling on the cuts in his white Cadillac
Got to the block and the guns just exploded
Shot his car up with the 9, and the clip that he unloaded
Sent the nigga home to his momma like a ho
They jacked all his money and they stole all his dope
Can't be trill in the villa of the trillest
Cause where I'm from nigga house some muthafuckin
killers
So have your shit attached, before you come check us
Pimp C, bitch, P.A. home, Short Texas

[Chorus]

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