

## UGK f/ Rick Ross "Cocaine"

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(\*talking\*)

(cocaine cocaine), I'd like to introduce you all to  
(cocaine cocaine) UGK, UGK bitch my man Bun B  
Pimp C in the house y'all, put your hands together  
Big Dick Cheney and Snowy Snow, (cocaine cocaine)

[Pimp C]

Uh the bitch, been good to me  
Been bad to my homies, keep it cool with me  
I played it by the rules, and the regulations  
I use to switch cars with the Mexican, at the gas station  
Mine had money in it, his had the work  
After the deal was done, I make my girl pussy squirt  
Cause after the deal, we would all celebrate  
Happy cause it wasn't no jacking, and the product was  
straight  
I never came, with the funny business  
That's why we steady playing in Jags, and Benzes  
Some niggaz, let the city eat em up  
I was just coming up, whipping my pyrex steady  
beating it up  
I'm a shark with the fork, microwave or pot  
I'ma hit it with the Sprite, and make that butter lock  
Everything was cool, I was ice cold  
Till I let that bitch, get up in my nose

[Hook - 5x]

Cocaine, cocaine

[Bun B]

They call it cocaine, coc-a-ina, yayo  
Coca leaf, whatever you wanna say bro  
Cocaine is a hell of a drug, it ain't hum-drum  
And we all know where it's at, but where it come from  
The mountains of Columbia, and Peru  
Extracted from the coca leaf, but see that shit ain't new  
It's been around for hundreds of years, exploited by  
the rich  
They even use to put it in Coca-Cola, ain't that a bitch  
You had kings, queens, princes and princesses  
Even priests and popes, fought to getting it in different

instances

A privileged possession, for dozens of centuries

Helped a few wars, legal and illegal industries

Grown by the cartels, protected by gorillas

Transported by the best, to the ghettos to straight  
killers

The power of the powder pimping, you don't  
understand

Ask W man, he's a dealer and a fan of cocaine

[Hook - 5x]

[Rick Ross]

You chilling on the corner, looking cooler than a  
mo'fucker

Got a pocket full of hot, it's hotter than a mo'fucker

Living in that condition, my Phantom in the front yard

We them real dope boys, I ain't gotta front dog

Big dope in the trunk, following my Map Quest

Choppers in the white house, pistol on my lap yes

I remember, when I first met that wonderful girl

Club Rolex, she fathered my mother a pearl

Spinning wild living foul, diamonds all in my dial

Pimping style, but they yayo got me wearing linen now

Getting paper, paper plates on convertables

And my yayo to P-A, that work'll move

Ricky Ross, only fuck with legends

Pimp C, Bun B got the hustle perfected

I could ship it to ya, or you could come and get it

Just bring the cool million with ya, when you come and  
visit (Ross)

[Hook - 9x]

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