

Bun B f/ Ludacris

"Trill Recognize Trill"

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[Intro: Ludacris]
I still {*7X*}
Tote steel
I still tote steel {*2X*}
I still, ha

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Bun B)
I still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill Recognize Trill
(All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shit)
I still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill Recognize Trill
(All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shit)

[Bun B]
Bun B is the name, UGK is the click
P-A-T is the city so if you hate, suck a dick
I'm from the land of the trill, from the home of the hard
Where niggaz don't wait to see ya, they bring it to your
yard
We ain't never been fraud, we ain't never been lame
So if you wanna get it crackin, every nigga is game
So we can catch a corner, we can catch a square
Any place, any time, I'll be waiting right there
See I give you a bad one and shoot you in the spine
But as soon as you hit your back, my dogs'll eat you
alive
All we know is survive, we ain't taking no ails
So before you play with us, you best play with yourself
Cause I'm tired of the tough talk, tired of the mean
mug
I'm bout ready to give these buck niggaz a clean slug
Cock back the hammer on the god damn steel
Put a hollow in the middle of his god damn breel, fuck
it

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Talking about the carots in my watch, diamonds in my
chain
Who's baddest on the block, What my status in the
game
The records that I've sold, Bobby V going gold
And all them number one chart positions that I hold
The money and the wealth, well I'll keep it to myself
But I'm always willing to share the firepower on the
shelf
I'm shiny star spanglin, ding-a-ling danglin
Luda the sheet swisha, broke the record of Wilt
Chamberlin
I'm College Park rangering, Houston, Tex mangering
So get down or lay down and see these middle finger
rings
I'm banging in the east, west, south, all over the map,
boy
I do it for myself, my daughter, and all these trap boyz
Lac boyz, candy and paint, paper we stack boy
Semi-automatic so make the click get back boy
Click, since I was born, I been the shit
And money speaks for itself so I ain't never said sheit

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Niggaz best to start running, hiding, dodging, and
ducking
Cause them trill niggaz comin, riding, cocking, and
bucking
Bitch you fucking with a monster, a beast like no other
The hardest nigga living since my motherfucking
brother
So duck and cover, duck and roll, hit the deck
We coming for money and your motherfucking respect
We ain't taking no checks, money orders or visa's
Your life is on the line so don't motherfucking tease us
You gonna need Jesus to hold you and help ya
Cause you fucking with me, bitch you gonna see helter
skelter
That heat gon melt ya, this steel gon gut ya
You lame ass nigga, know ya nolia then fuck ya
Bitch, I stopped giving a damn when Pimp went to the
pen
So not everyones associates and nobody's friends
Just make sure to get my ends and nobody gets hurt
Before I put somebody's children under motherfucking
dirt, fuck it

[Chorus]

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