

Bun B Feat. Ludacris "Trill Recognize Trill"

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I still, I still, I still, I still
I still, I still, I still, tote steel
I still, tote steel, I still, tote steel
I still, ha

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"

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Bun B is the name, U G K 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 or 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 about ready to give these buck niggaz a clean slug
Cock back the hammer on the god damn steel
And put a hollow in the middle of his god damn breel, fuck it

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Talking about the carats 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 manging
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 shit

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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
And 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 when you fucking with me, bitch, you gon' 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

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