

## **Bun B**

# **"Trill Recognize Trill"**

Visit "[Trill Recognize Trill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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 is the name, UGK is the click  
P A T is the city so if you hate, suck the 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 waitin' 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 fuck niggaz a clean slug  
Cock back the hammer on the goddamn steel  
And put a hollow in the middle of his goddamn breel,  
fuck it

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

Talkin' 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 willin' 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  
Chamberlain

I'm College Park rangerin', Houston, Tex mangerin'  
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  
But semi-automatic so make the click get back boy  
Click, since I was born, I've been the shit  
And money speaks for itself so I ain't never said, 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

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

Niggaz best to start runnin', hidin', dodgin', and  
duckin'  
'Cause them trill niggaz comin', ridin', cockin', and  
buckin'  
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 comin' for money and your motherfuckin' respect  
But we ain't taking no checks, money orders or visas  
Your life is on the line so don't motherfuckin' tease us

You gonna need Jesus, to hold you and help ya  
'Cause you fuckin' with me, bitch, you gonna see helter  
skelter  
That heat gon melt ya, this steel gon gut ya  
You're lame ass nigga, know ya nolia then fuck ya

Bitch, I stopped giving a damn when pimp went to the  
pen  
So not everyone's associates and nobody's friends  
Just make sure to get my ends and nobody gets hurt  
Before I put somebody's children under motherfuckin'  
dirt, fuck it

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

Visit [Bun B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.