

**Nelly****"Trillville - Infiltrate"**

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Bill-me Clinton (yeah)  
Trillville (right) I see you sir  
'Bout to crank this motherfucker up right (yeah)  
Tellin y'all 'bout these muh'fuckin Donnie Brasco-ass  
niggaz  
Muh'fuckin snakes in the grass nigga (I see you)  
Get ate up by these muh'fuckin sharks nigga  
Knahmtalkinbout? Yeah, yeah..

[Verse One]

Dunn we stay on the road mo' than construction  
workers  
My pockets stay, fatter than them niggaz eatin them  
burgers  
Me, I'm a Red Lobster nigga  
Lobster bar, eatin like a mobster nigga  
Trillville, I'm a R, cause I'm a trill nigga  
Trilltown on the right cause I'ma put in the light  
Ayy, ayy, dese niggaz don't know me  
I'm the same nigga befo', and not the BET  
Call me Corleone or Don P  
It doesn't matter cause it's alllllllll me  
Like if I was to push a whip, Cartiers, and gold teeth  
You would STILL see me in the streets, muh'fucker

[Chorus]

Dese niggaz think dey slick, tryin to infiltrate my click  
But they cain't, cause as soon as I say AYYY, we all goin  
my way  
Tryin to take my cheese, man that shit ain't gon' work  
with me  
Cause as soon as I say YEAHHH, everybody comin with  
me

[Verse Two]

I gotta have the fresh shit dat {?} me  
Ho you ain't gettin in 'less you show some ID  
I'm a 106'n like AJ and Free  
And I'm poppin Cristal, Moet and Hennessy  
Cause I'm way too cool, but I'll be damned if a nigga try  
disrespect my shit, watch a hatin nigga die

It's too much money but, not enough time  
But if you get your foot, in the do', then you gotta climb  
to the top, but haters gon' hate, want you to flop  
But if you get rollin the thang gon' pop  
I'ma get bread whether it's cold or hot  
And when we come through the city all the hoes gon'  
flock

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Well it's King once again for the 2005  
Dirty mouth the Gucci man Trillville on the rise  
Trilltown dey in motion, Don P on my side  
And you know I keep the potion full of 'gnac in my ride  
Steppin out lookin good with Desire cologne  
My main focus is to leave with somethin to take home  
Now it's back in my zone, custom 3 what I claim  
Never let these bitch niggaz get me off of my game  
Now it's back to the lab, to read up on the yap  
Lil' Atlanta hit me up to let me know 'bout the trap  
Everythang's all good, now it's back to the hood  
Got some broads do it all, loves grippin the wood  
I'm a G about mine so nigga what about you  
Get your mind off my money before my gun's on you  
I don't have to play games therefore I don't make  
moves  
I just post on the block with a million deuce

[Chorus]

Ewww  
Bill-me Clinton, yeah  
Trillville, I see you sir  
Hehe  
Right  
I see you

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