

UGK

"Gold Grill Featuring Eightball & MJG"

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Uh steady?steady?
Bitch don't never get no rest

Uh Grippin' the five, I'm a pimp in my mind
I'm 'bout a bitch got some goals, with a good credit line
So, we pop the plastic
If she hustle, I ball
Long as she payin' daddy
Ain't no problems at all
So, we break the mall
Now and then we fuck
And then the bitch gon' be cool
Long as the paper stay up
When she suck on my pipe
Them golds shiny and bright
Got them?hittin' that service every fuckin' night
I'm tal'in' 'bout NBA tricks
NFL tricks
NHL tricks
Payin' my bitch
Grade A pussy and she payin' for my dick
She on my two-way now
The bitch done hit a fat dick, a fat dick

Now tell me what it's all about in that South
Big gold grill in yo mouth
With leather inside your car, on yo' back, in yo' house
Get in a nigga's ride, the seat feel like a couch
Big cheese in my pouch
Bitch, if it hurt, say "Ouch"
Chorus (Pimp C)
Show ya grill if you will, show ya grill if you will
Show ya grill if you will, and you down with the trill
Show ya golds if ya bold, show ya golds if ya bold
Show ya golds if ya bold, and ya diamonds is cold

See this one right here, my niggas
We gon' dedicate it
To them boys from the ghetto keepin' grills gold-plated
Never hated, never will
We stayin' forever trill
But boys on the blocks

They keep comin' forever?
Open face with them designs shit
Maybe a rack on top and bottom with a couple of
diamonds to add some shine
Some niggas got that yella gold
Some niggas got that white
Some niggas got that platinum and bling, bling 'em all
night
Shit, I know this boy with one gold, no ice
I know a nigga who got robbed and bought the same
teeth twice
Muthafuckas with fangs, symbols of gangs or they
squad
Some real and some fraud
Spell the name of they broad
Got boys that praise the Lord
With open face and they cross
Some did all thirty-two, and paid a heavy-ass cost
So, whether you the boss, the runner, or the square
C'mon down to the South
We got gold grills everywhere

Now tell me what it's all about in that South
Big gold grill in yo mouth
With leather inside your car, on yo' back, in yo' house
Get in a nigga's ride, the seat feel like a couch
Big cheese in my pouch
Bitch, if it hurt, say "Ouch"
Chorus (Pimp C)
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Gold in the middle, they stay shiny
One on each canine
You get one free if you not paid on government aid
Go get some shades
You blindin' hoes with 14 carat sun rays
But while they all up in yo grill
They vision blurry for days
Stacked, and ya say, "But couldn't I just stop at one"
just like Lays
You left the whole jaw twinkle, to stick a rag in ya face
You buff 'em and shit
They sparkle like the comets in space
I got two crosses with a diamond, heart, a club, and a
spade

White ice on?that's what we be flippin', Ball
3Rd Ward to The Mound

You know that we keep it raw
8Ball on my grill, baby, love it when I smile
Say it make her pussy wet
And make her nipples get all hard
I try to break myself from the same ol' pattern
In the boulevards scattered, full a hatin' nigga
chatterin'
Hoes, if you ask me, "What them niggas be about?"
Hate me 'cause my flow official
And I'm from that Dirty South

Now tell me what it's all about in that South
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With leather inside your car, on yo' back, in yo' house
Get in a nigga's ride, the seat feel like a couch
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