

UGK

"International Player's Anthem (Remix)"

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[Intro: DJ Paul]

Hypnotize Minds, UGK!

Three 6 Mafia, another classic baby

Put some South in your mouth

It's goin down, what!

[Pimp C:]

Sweet Jones

My bitch a choosy lover, never fuck without a rubber

Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover

Money on the dresser, drive a Compressor

Top notch hoes get the most, not the lesser

Trash like to fuck with \$40 in the club

Fuckin up the game, bitch it gets no love

She be cross country, givin all that she got

A thousand a pop, I'm pullin Bentleys off the lot

I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red

Every time we hit the parkin lot we turn head

Some hoes wanna choose but them bitches too scary

Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp, you a fairy

{"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhh I choose you girl, yeah..."}
"

[Bun B:]

Baby you been rollin solo, time to get down with the team

The grass is greener on that other side if you know what I mean

I show you shit you never seen, the Seven Wonders of the World (world)

And I can make you the eighth if you wanna be my girl (girl)

When I say my girl I don't mean my woman, that ain't my style

Need a real street stalker (stalker) to walk a green mile (mile)

We pilin up the paper on the dinin room table

Cause you able to realize I'm the truth and not a fable (fable)

We rock the freshest sable, keep that 'chilla on the rack

What I look like with some thousand dollar shit up on

my back?
I'm a million dollar mack that need a billion dollar bitch
Put my pimpin in your life, watch your daddy get rich
Easy as A-B-C, simple as 1-2-3
Get down with UGK, Pimp C, B-U-N B
Cause what's a hoe with no pimp? And what's a pimp
with no hoes?
Don't be a lame, you know the game and how it goes
We tryin to get chose

{"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhh I choose you girl, yeah...
"}

[DJ Paul:]
Now when they heard who in the club DJ Paul, bitches
chosen up
When they see I'm nice and like a slush, then they
frozen up
Like my homie Project Pat we keep them cups raising
up
Snizzle fizzly kiz-off in my dollar, gotta nose it up
I dial drink by the liters, I'm a drinker hoe
Before you doin it like meeee you's a thinker hoe
What you thinkin row? Need to get your money way up
UGK and Three 6 Mafia got your girl creamed up

[Juicy J:]
I'm still trappin in hell, my pockets are swelled
The number one D-boy, Mr. Fishscale
I don't fuck around, with snitches who tell
Put holes in your brain, leave bodies to smell
A mack here gettin paid, ain't got time for jail
I paid off the judges, the jury, the sheriff
You know it's the truth, may never we'll fail
I'm still "Sippin' Syrup", slow motion like snails

{"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhh I choose you girl, yeah...
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh, I choose you baby... "}

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