

UGK**"Swisha and Dosha"**

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Knalmtalkinbout? Like we always do about this time,
bitch!

[Pimp C]

I got candy in my cup (cup), candy in my car (car)
Candy on my wrist (wrist), candy on my car (car)
Smokin on this chocolate, my neck be sittin so
sparkling
Man I feel so awkward-ward when I ain't got no barre to
spliff
I keep a whole sip (whole sip), a whole clip (a whole
clip)
in case these pussy niggaz wanna trip (uh!)
Fly high boy (boy), high fly boy (boy)
'Fore I fly high, lookin at them jackers in their eye (eye)
I remember when a rapper was a go getta (go getta)
Now all these rappers is some hoe niggaz (uh!)
Hide behind the guards at the show nigga (uh!)
Don't want no pussy, homosexual, on the low nigga
That's y'all (that's y'all), I from the old school (uh!)
Like MJG and Ball, like Devin the Dude
I know Short Dog (Dog), the real Short Dog (Dog)
Who see me drapin drips, stepped out the whip on
Sunset Strip

[Chorus: Pimp C]

Swishas and dosha, blow when we driving
Benz's and Cadi's, swangin big bodies
Swishas and dosha, blow when we driving
Benz's and Cadi's, swangin big bodies
Swishas and dosha

[Bun B]

Fuck niggaz bumpin gums, real niggaz be bumpin
screw (screw)
So don't get bumped up, just in case a real G bump into
you
I'm like Bumpy Knuckles, buck with nothin but ready
rockers
that's down for pistol play (on who?), on boy's that's
steady knockers

Got boppers that's steady jockin, goofy niggaz in my
ear
Bitch I'ma self-made trillionaire, get your soft ass outta
here
Weak niggaz wanna plead their case (case), just to
raise up out my face (face)
I ain't got that time to waste, punch your mouth and
knock out the taste
You MySpacin and Facebookin, playin games with them
toys
I'm in the streets where gangstas meet, while you're
online with them boys
So step your game up, build your name up, quit your
talkin and quit your doin
All that planning and contemplating.. when the fuck you
gon' start pursuing?
Cars ain't driving themselves, mansions ain't building
themselves
They waiting for Annie Mae and they need to stop
feelin themselves
They wealth ain't comin until they earn it
But that somethin they won't know 'til they learn it,
while burnin...

[Chorus]

[Pimp C]

I'ma tell you pussy niggaz once again (once again)
Ain't had no friends since I left the pen (uh!)
It's some niggaz I respect in the rap game (game)
But it's some niggaz that I better not hear sayin my
fuckin name (uh!)
You say I love a stripper (bitch!), pullin down my zipper
(bitch!)
That hoe was payin me, bitch don't try to play with me!
(bitch!)
You runnin from the fight, hiding bitch, I stay with it
(with it)
You gotta problem with me, go to Lil J with it

[Bun B]

This is UGK, get it? Bun and Pimp, Pimp and Bun
Three little G's is stayin hard, you comin limp simply
son
They want it, we can give 'em some
(But) probably not what they wanna see
Trill ass niggaz certified, ain't never been no wanna-be
(naw)
Has-been's, Never-was, Past-due, Out-dated
Can't nobody from the North, East, West, or South fade
it (at all)

You talkin down but we comin up as well as comin down
So Pimp sum it up baby

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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