

UGK

"Touched"

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Listen up, I got a story to tell
Hey, fool, listen up, I got a story to tell
Say, dawg, listen up, I got a story to tell
Say, man, listen up, I got this story to tell on the cool

Now, once upon a time not too long ago
A nigga, like myself had to strong arm a ho
Now, this was not a ho in the sense of havin' a pussy
But a pussy havin' no God damn sense, tryin' to push
me
He used to hold dick, now he wanna be in my shoes

Hatin' like a baby, mama 'cause I'm payin' my dues
Tryin' to hold on to my little chunk but now but a punk
In the parkin' lot bumpin' his gums with his teeth in the
trunk
Oh, what? I'm supposed to jump 'cause you got a pump
You aimin' that bitch in the sky, you chump

Point that muthafuckah this way and dump, oh, what?
You scared to go to the pen? Thinkin' them niggas gon'
tap yo' rump
Man, I thought he played bold, be he ain't even fuss
Man, the nigga was way swole actin' like he wanted to
bus'
But his trigger stayed cold, I wasn't surprised

I recognized that fast breathin' and fear in his eyes
Unmask his disguise, a sheep in wolf's clothing on the
prey
He tried to hunt the hunter, and got hunted down his
God damn self
In PA, niggas, it's where we stay, ain't none of that K-K-
K'n or playin'
So see A or E up out your life or you test yourself

And make a nigga break you off to piece the rest
yo'self
Oh, yes yo' health is what's in question and I hope
That this ass whoopin', teach you a motherfuckin'
lesson.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched
'Cause deep down in the South, boy's comin' up cold
Talkin' down my name and what it's all about, you
niggas
Better get some cut and get my name out yo' mouth

'Cause I don't know why you got flex with me, testin' me
But, I'ma pull my shit and let you see that all that carry
the jack
Ain't what it's about, so you haters need to quit with
that po'
Hustlin' and take another ride

Niggas, often crossed the line, the movies got this boy
fucked
Up in the mind, not to mention the wine and codeine
syrup
Combined easy access to 9's and shit talkin' hoes
that's fine
And all they got time for is four Swisher dimes,
committing crimes
Amped off water and some exaggerated rhyme, so, if
bein' hard
Ain't in your heart, then don't start, niggas'll tear your
weak mind apart

Bitch, your old man talkin' to me like I'm in school, he
don't know
I hang with killers, will erase that fool, wouldn't give a
fuck about him
But he kin to my son if you think I'm that nigga, then
you picked
The wrong one, 'cause I live by the gun, die by the gun,
hot bullets burn
Some say that, "Them bitches stun", so raise yo' own
children
Don't try to raise mine and when you see me, step with
caution
'Cause I'm buckin' for mine, bitch.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched
You done crossed the line, now you gon' get fucked
I already told you before, but you ain't borrowing that

So, this time I'm handlin' mine and gon' erase you off
the map
Such a shame but this all in the game and since the
early sixties
Ain't a damn thang changed, we got haters over here
And haters over there but, I got my pistol and it ain't
pointed in the air

I see you trippin' off that water, and you feel like you
bad
'Cause yo' bitch done chose a pimp, and that pimp was
Chad
I see you hurt 'cause I fucked yo' girl, put big dick in
her world
Bust nuts in her curl, when I hit it from the back, she
said
"Baby, I can't take it", push my dick up in her harder

Bitch, I'm straight up tryin' to break it, you a simp-ass
nigga
You told that bitch, that, "You love her", but I'm straight
up fuckin'
That pussy like that nigga off that colors but I ain't gon'
get shot
'Cause you ain't shootin' shit, the best thing you can do
is go and try
And beat that bitch, 'cause this man's style show
stopper
Pistol popper, you ain't ready if I let this hot thing hit
you

Feel your stomach like spaghetti, fool, you talkin' loud
But you move too slow, tellin' niggas all your plans
Got you tied up in a van, nigga, what the fuck is up in
the place to be
First, I want the money, nigga, then I want the fuckin'
ki's
Kidnap robbery 'cause you said you wanted me dead

Since you want a nigger dead, buck that bitch off in his
head
Just like E-40, nigga, I be comin' bad, got the sawed-off
pump
With night vision, infrared, so, play me like a pussy
And you will get fucked, nigga, I'm hangin' out the
truck
Buck, buck, buck, hit your nigga in the leg, hit yo' bitch
in the gut
But we know where your ass stay, so your ass will get
touched

Spoked the wrong words I'm high on them herbs
And you will get touched because yo' ass deserve
To get done real fast in front of yo' kids to show 'em

What real type of bitch you is and it's that boy named
Three to the two, forever stayin' true just a player
makin' due

And I gotta tell it to the whole wide world, how you got
bitched
Razor neck just like a motherfuckin' girl, little
muthafuckin' girl

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