

## UGK Feat. Rick Ross "Cocaine"

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Cocaine, cocaine  
I'd like to introduce you all to  
Cocaine, cocaine  
UGK, UGK bitch, my man Bun B

Cocaine, cocaine  
Pimp C in the house y'all put your hands together  
Big Dick Cheney and Snowy Snow  
Cocaine, cocaine, cocaine, cocaine

Uh, the bitch, been good to me  
Been bad to my homies, keep it cool with me  
I played it by the rules and the regulations  
I use to switch cars with the Mexican at the gas station

Mine had money in it, his had the work  
After the deal was done, I make my girl pussy squirt  
'Cause after the deal, we would all celebrate  
Happy 'cause it wasn't no jacking and the product was  
straight

I never came with the funny business  
That's why we steady playing in Jags and Benzes  
Some niggaz, let the city eat 'em up  
I was just coming up, whipping my pyrex steady  
beating it up

I'm a shark with the fork, microwave or pot  
I'ma hit it with the Sprite and make that butter lock  
Everything was cool, I was ice cold  
Till I let that bitch get up in my nose

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They call it cocaine, cocaina, yayo  
Coca leaves, whatever you wanna say bro  
Cocaine is a hell of a drug, it ain't hum-drum  
And we all know where it's at, but where it come from

The mountains of Columbia and Peru  
Extracted from the coca leaf, but see that shit ain't new  
It's been around for hundreds of years, exploited by  
the rich  
They even use to put it in Coca-Cola, ain't that a bitch

You had kings, queens, princes and princesses  
Even priests and popes fought to getting it in different  
instances  
A privileged possession for dozens of centuries  
Helped a few wars, legal and illegal industries

Grown by the cartels, protected by gorillas  
Transported by the best to the ghettos to straight  
killers  
The power of the powder pimping, you don't  
understand  
Ask W man, he's a dealer and a fan of cocaine

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You chilling on the corner, looking cooler than a  
mo'fucker  
Got a pocket full of hot, it's hotter than a mo'fucker  
Living in that condition, my Phantom in the front yard  
We them real dope boys, I ain't gotta front dog

Big dope in the trunk, following my Map Quest  
Choppers in the White House, pistol on my lap, yes  
I remember, when I first met that wonderful girl  
Club Rolex, she fathered my mother a pearl

Spinning wild living foul, diamonds all in my dial  
Pimping style, but they yayo got me wearing linen now  
Getting paper, paper plates on convertibles  
And my yayo to PA, that work'll move

Ricky Ross only fuck with legends  
Pimp C, Bun B got the hustle perfected  
I could ship it to ya or you could come and get it  
Just bring the cool million with ya when you come and  
visit Ross

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