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Lys Assia "Trill Ass Nigga"

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[Bun B]

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Bone hard nigga, hoes be runnin from the scene Cause I'm out to demean, count the green and throw that iim in the in-between Now Bun B moves slick Cause I tell all the niggaz to get they gats and tell the hoes to get this dick Now punks be lookin at my boys on the block They scopin the corner, motherfuckers I warn ya Too many niggaz tried to get these fiends You brothers better cut some fuckin (?) on this scene Cause cluckers don't go for small dope You fin' to lose when dopefiends cut ya fuckin throat You see my shit is legit, so it's on Cut a fifty cent slab and tell that bitch to get gone Because my face don't need to be on the street See I put out my dope, get my cash, then I'm tearin ass I'm in and out quick as day Might drop a hundred or two, but I won't miss it anyway Because as long as the majority of shit gets fat I'm cool to give myself a little slack See I've been doin this too damn long to short my slang, and makin all them pay for dem thangs I got a thirty-five square block cut Down to take your money, dope, your hoe and your nut Big dope big rhymes big dick big attitude Man I'm down with Big Tyme, and I'm a trill ass nigga! (Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!) (Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!) [Bun B]

You claim you got much dope, and you got much backup But you ain't got JACK SHIT to make this nigga slack up So if you wanna buck buck up bitch and let me black that eve Ho you fin' to kiss them teeth goodbye Now if you're down act like it bitch Step in that grass, I'm fin' to put them hands on yo'

bitch ass And buffin ain't a good ass plan You get smacked the fuck up, now unball them fuckin hands You see you need to be true to yourself Cause if you'll front, your ass'll be on my shelf And trill ass niggaz they love to blast But if we ain't got the gat, we'll also choke yo' motherfuckin ass And you ain't never been shit to your hood Your ass should a listened when I told you "Something Good" But right about now I ain't sayin a damn thang If you wanna do it then step your ass to the ring And bring on your boys, I'm takin ALL you hoes one by one Hands flyin like bullets from a gun I'm steady whoopin that ass ho Nigga by nigga out the window, you better watch that glass ho Stepped to Bun B, and you thought I was a punk Now you bitch-asses half dead in my trunk You fronted big man and then went out like a ho Nigga kiss that motherfuckin flo', cause I'm a trill ass nigga

(Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!) (Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!) (Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!) (Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!)

[Bun B]

I'm just a trill ass nigga walkin down the street It's Bun B bitch, the nigga you and your girlfriends wanna meet My nuts hang to the road So buck up and get fucked up by the Big Tyme motherload You better watch that ass when you roll Ease up on U.G.K. you gotta pay the fuckin toll And we ain't hearin that ying-yang You keep on runnin that lip and watch yo' ass get slanged Yeah Bun B'll talk shit But if you think I can't back it up niggaz, try and make a fuckin hit Pimp C'll slam you to the peel You're layin on the ground, aiyyo Burt, kick him and his fuckin reel The U.G.K. posse they mighty fool coon And we down to let the gat go boom

So call 9-1-1, and let the law scoop yo' punk ass up before we make you niggaz shit in your drawers The life of the trill niggaz ain't no joke Cause we down to go for motherfuckin broke So watch out for the niggaz in the khakis The U.G.K. posse backs me, so don't jack G Because the dicks hang low, to any two-bit ho And I'm about to get some shit on my toes And I'ma keep on doin it Clyde The cocaine's in the back of the ride of a trill ass nigga

(Trill ass nigga! Trill trill ass nigga!)

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