

The Clipse

"Trill"

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"Trill"

I got jewels, plus wheels
Pullin' up in your grill, I'm so trill
Your girl want Cosmos, Cristeels
And she feelin' around for them pills

Bitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trill

I got my steel, I'll peel
Pulling up on your grill, I'm so trill
Your girl want Cosmos, Cristeels
And she feeling around for them pills

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Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trill

G's up, rev them V's up
Federali's trying to reach us to keep us
Flooded pieces, diamond size Reese's pieces
You know who he is, nigga talk show like Regis

King Push flow prestigious
Hoes suck me like leeches
X and Os, tick-tack-toes
Fuck 'em, duck 'em, let them go

On to the next, got this in the decks of them Cali low-lows
Houston, candy paint, screwed up vocals
New York, Range Rov, sit on mo-mos
Pusha in that Bentley, G T O, no

Flow chameleon, worth 'bout a million
Sell Bolivian, Feds in oblivion
Bitch Brazilian, purse reptilian
Took her from far off island like Gilligan

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It's me ma, you ain't dreamin'
Star struck bitch damn near stopped breathing
So real that hon' ain't believin'
Out my bracelet, she can't make rhyme or reason

Soon as you get your heart involved
That's when I fall back love, au revoir
So international, French Riviera
Love for foreign cars would explain my Carrera

Who cares when these fools talk
Don't mean jack 'til that tool gotta talk
Icy wrists help me to cool off
And the second hand on this bitch it moon walk

Reminds me of how I applied myself
And why I now ride with Tiptronic help
Bankroll on overload
I eeny meeny miny moe them hoes, I'm so trill

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So many different things make me trill
Start with that B with wings over the grill

Maybe how my way with words make me mills
Or maybe it's my way with birds digital scales

Young, restless, talk so reckless
Two hundred thousand up in my necklace
Four of ya Hummers wrapped round my neck bitch
I ain't mention the Rolly red neck like Texas

To y'all ill wishers who wanna take part
In me getting robbed, well follow ya heart
And I'll waste ya, hell I raised ya
Even let 'em cheat from my paper

Why does wealth make them hate me
And make chicks hearts so achy breaky
Rarely do I toot my own horn
But y'all fellas got too far gone, now come back

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