

## Elite Trio

### "Intro"

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[Low G]

Yepa, Yepa, homeboy  
It's the Lone Star Rida, Low G  
Real life, real lyrics  
Happy P, El Coyote  
The real, recognize the real  
Dope House Records  
Dope sells itself, always  
Fuck a friend, fuck a hoe  
I'm here til I go  
It ain't about money, it ain't about fame  
It's about family  
Damn, we so close, but these niggas don't understand  
We came from so far

[Happy P]

You can love me or hate me  
It's all gravy  
Mama couldn't raise me  
And dope fiends paid me  
Took what I learned in the streets to make beats  
One million dollars later, still smokin' Swisher Sweets  
And I remember way back, way back in the ghetto  
See as far as I can remember niggas called me Hap.  
See as far as I can remember I was po' and broke  
No money in my pocket and no weed to smoke  
But now thangs changed, see it's been a little better  
lately  
The greatest blessin' in my life has been my baby (huh)  
Cuz I ain't never known love like that  
And ain't no angel up above like that  
And I pray  
That she don't have to see the things I saw  
Too many murdered friends and niggas behind bars  
Wit cut-throat niggas, scandalous ass bitches  
Niggas blowin' they brains out, so vicious  
Fake niggas, kickin' niggas doors down  
For what?  
Just to brag when some hoes around  
And you call yourself a gangsta, a hustla, a playa?  
(huh)

That ain't nothing if The Lord ain't yo Savior  
So I kick back, and put my heart on this gat  
And everything I say be silent, so that's that  
And we blessed, foo, so let's bow my niggas (huh)  
That's why I made this here for all of my niggas

[SPM]

A biggie bang to the boogie woogie shoobeedoowap  
I'm doin' 120 racin' this {new eye rop}?  
I'm a worka in the dirtiest game on planet earth-a  
I sip the shit that come in a little jar of Gerber  
Table turner, sellin' pearl-a  
Smoke in my nerve-a  
I'm 1-800-MURDER, I packs the Big Bertha  
Boys lookin' at me funny, my palm get sweaty  
You bitches cryin' over spilled spaghetti  
You can ask my gal, I used to be broke as hell  
I couldn't pay my doctor for my in-grown toe nail  
And it's a trip, cuz I ain't even broke a sweat  
But if I turn around, you see my back is soakin' wet

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