

Lil' Keke f/ Paul Wall, U.G.K.

"Chunk Up the Deuce"

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[Hook]

I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down and boys wanna hate
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down don't make me pull out the choppa
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down, I'll leave 'em on the streets dead
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down, I got them diamonds in my mouth

[Paul Wall]

Well it's that grain gripper from Houston, Tex
That barre sipper that barre no plex
I'm straight up outta that Swishahouse, where G. Dash
write all the checks
So check the neck, check the wrist, I'm balla status
from head to toe
My jewelry shop sell more grills than George Foreman,
baby now y'know
That ain't a igloo, that's my watch; and that ain't snow,
baby that's my chain
That's not a ice tray, that's my teeth; and that's not a
snow cone, that's my ring
That ain't Kool-Aid up in my cup, I stay sippin that
purple oil
I stay flippin the slab on 4's, 'cause I'ma hustler 'til I'm
in the soil
My wrist game is one of a kind, Patek Philippe worth a
100K
My work schedule out on the block, it's mash all night
and grind all day
No 401K for a hustler, just bleed the block and stack
that paper
M.O.B. when it comes to hoes and a .40 cal when it
comes to haters
We authentic playas not counterfeit, gotta 600 Benz
with a fall kit
Got hoes at the HK turning tricks, out runnin the track
tryna make me rich
I'm too legit to quit, stackin up that paper 'til I'm gone
So I'ma be workin the wheel and catchin splinters, ridin

20 inches or better of chrome

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

Yeah.. Don Ke! Houston, Tex; got the streets burnin,
poppin seals with them 4's turnin
Rookie boys they still learning, losing cash, I'm still
earning
Get my bread when I shake the Fed, keep them dimes
in and out my bed
Jump in the drop to convert the top and let 'em bop on
candy red
Leather seats with that wood out, they don't know what
my hood 'bout
Tryna take the young Don's spot, I'm platinum ball and
still hot
Haters off in my mix again, pimpin broads plus pimpin
pens
Multiplying, I gotta win; keep that ice looking clear as
Gin
Out the roof still chunking deuce, ridin slab and hoppin
juice
Diamond grill with plenty skills, just pass the mic and I
let it loose
Independent still chasing bucks, 22's on Porsche and
trucks
Model chicks with them big ole butts, killa clans with
them big ole nuts
Hit the club with my game tight, hoes bobbin my fame
right
Did her thang the same night, boys talkin it's all hype
Cut the check when I run my mouth, roll the green like
I'm playin golf
Texas boys be goin off, representing the North and
South

[Hook]

[Pimp C]

I'm from Port Arthur, Texas; represent it 'til I'm dead
(dead)
Pimpin almost died in the 80's, boys was scared
(scared)
Bitches was on crack, and the 'Lacs wasn't rollin (rollin)
But the game done been revived 'cause now the
Southside is holdin (huh!)
Pockets stay swollen (huh!), what do we do with all this
cash? (cash)
Drive '84 Biarritz with TV's jumpin up out the dash
(dash)

Pistol in the stash even though I'm on parole (role)
Nigga try me with that fuck it, bitch I'll leave ya body
cold (cold)
{*echoes*}

[Bun B]
From the land of grain (grain), drippin paint (paint),
84's and a chrome grill
This Texas baby (huh), dirty South (South), P.A.T.; you
know we real
We pack the K's (K's), Desert Eag's (Eag's), AR's and
them 38's
We servin nothing but Charlie White, playa we don't sell
that dirty weight
Big Bun B'da, hold it down (down), rep the town to the
fullest (fullest)
Whether it be on the mic or in the streets bustin them
bullets (bullets)
Don't put it with me (with me), I won't pull it on you and
leave you ventilated
U.G.K. is back on the block and you marks is finna hate
it

[Hook]

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