

## Le\$ "Trilla"

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Yeah

Hally dollar mother f\*cker  
yeah, come and dime, dime dime

Yeah poppin poppin poppin truck on niggas grannies  
with the candy on my caley  
some swangin and then banging got them poppers  
looking at me  
in my SB in my low..bad bitches on my jot  
we rolled up and we holed up and we slowed up  
and it don't stop  
this grow shit, this grow shit we talk shit  
I duz this, your chick ..my love bitch  
I'm too high to f\*ck with  
we run the crome and I make the foe  
rollz up in .. I keep the class like share toes  
got bitches all in my cellphone  
that switchin the lane standing nigga the grain  
looking my piece of my chain  
I'm pimpin my grain  
'cause she'll be givin me brain  
so we can listen to ..who livin a lot  
f\*cking like you getting fly  
or when you're getting ..  
I'm puffing the lie tell you that I'ma be high  
I got me a couple of bitches  
..but I'm disgusted  
but you getting touched and..I bust  
I bust me a level I bust me a night  
I'm feelin', I'm sleeping, I'm trippin and tryin to get you  
so high  
I'm huggin the silent and why this niggas is been lying  
my ..a light  
just a like a pimpin the..in front of their leg  
..sippin the tight droppin at my stains owe  
better got a..low poppin at that candy mother f\*cker  
which your dream hoe  
I stand too fly and far from a circle  
bitches wanna know the name .. dollar mother f\*cker

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