

Trillville "Bootleg"

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[Lil' Jon:]

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to welcome you to the life and times of trillville. Now ill be your guide on this here journey. Its ya boy Lil' Jon check'n in. And first up, im'a let my nigga Dirtymouth holla at ya.

[Dirtymouth:]

We can take it to the streets nigga if ya got beef. Cause ain't no ho in me im'a knock out ya teeth. While you fake ass nigga keep talkin shit, i'm in your damn house with your girl on my dick. I'm the realest motha fucka when it comes to makein hits, so shut the fuck up fore i bust ya in your lip. The street lights on, so you best to go home, its gettin late for ya as i shine up the chrome. Aiming at ya dome buck shots rang im deep off in the game when the nigga bide his pain. Niiga fuck the fame im'a roll and gets the dough, my name ain't doughboy so dont be tryin me like a ho. I'm not your average joe that ya see every day, i rob, steal, and kill just to get my ass paid. I shine like a blade, on the old school. A nigga act a fool if a nigga break a rule. For real

[Lil Jon:]

Dirtymouth spittin' at ya bitches and niggas. Expecially talkin to you fake niggas out there. Youknow, real reconize real. And fake niggas always wanna hate an shit. You haten niggas we gonna find ya. We gonna seek ya out. Holla at em' Don P.

[Don:]

I know for a fact you ain't ready for the streets. You suckas rain on this concrete. You fall to the ground just a splat to my feet. You sound wrong nigga, go home, you cant compete. They try to be elite, they watch T.V. They try to imitate, and thats what make em' fake. Cause the hood ain't actin, niggas start relaxin'. Thinkin' they can live in this world without packin'. Shop at Janet Jackson, niggas still laughin, at how we broke it down, like a motha fuckin fraction. Two trasaction, and wasnt no body askin, until you ran your mouth like a motha fuckin faggot. And ain't no variations. Niggas

still haten, but i guess i hate too because i hate the music they creatin'. Ho's that they savin, bands that they maken. Whoever else that like em, so i hate their fan bases. Yeah!

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya see a nigga like me, i've be all around the motha fuckin world, all over the place, all over this bitch. And you notice haten niggas everywhere you motha fuckin go. Theres fake nigga everywhere you motha fuckin go. But you know what, them fake niggas make the real niggas that much more stronger. Tell em' L.A.

[L.A.:]

Look, you ain't ready for the streets. And you claim to be hard, but you weak. A Bad bitch and you sweat at you beat. The only thing you probably touch, was her feet. You beat your meat. Now, picture me im servin. Get ya ass up to block, it ain't workin'. You dont want a trill nigga, you close your curtians, you need to take your ass home, and thats for certian. Gimme the bitch, hard like a dick ready to fuck. You ain't take a shit, we gonna bust a nut. With the steal, some niggas do it for a meal. If times get hard then you gearin up your grill. For real. The hood man, where a nigga live, and i aint trippin man cause thats all i have to give. Shit, and maybe your nigga is stronger, and i get it, thats the reason what a nigga stay ballin.

[Lil' Jon:]

Hey, and ain't no niggas ever gonna stop my paper, never that. Never nigga, you know what i mean? I'm out here on my motha fuckin hustle everyday. But i ain't sellin dope, but im sellin these beats and shit. Rhymes and all this bullshit. I'm sellin this cruck energy drink. And im sellin all kinds of shit, nigga im sellin CDs, DVDs, whatever you need. And my niggas Trillville, they always gonna get it motha fuckin real.

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