

Trillville

"Infiltrate"

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Bill-me Clinton (yeah)
Trillville (right) I see you sir
'Bout to crank this motherfucker up right (yeah)
Tellin y'all 'bout these muh'fuckin Donnie Brasco-ass
niggaz
Muh'fuckin snakes in the grass nigga (I see you)
Get ate up by these muh'fuckin sharks nigga
Knahmtalkinbout? Yeah, yeah..

[Verse One]

Dunn we stay on the road mo' than construction
workers
My pockets stay, fatter than them niggaz eatin them
burgers
Me, I'm a Red Lobster nigga
Lobster bar, eatin like a mobster nigga
Trillville, I'm a R, cause I'm a trill nigga
Trilltown on the right cause I'ma put in the light
Ayy, ayy, dese niggaz don't know me
I'm the same nigga befo', and not the BET
Call me Corleone or Don P
It doesn't matter cause it's alllllllll me
Like if I was to push a whip, Cartiers, and gold teeth
You would STILL see me in the streets, muh'fucker

[Chorus]

Dese niggaz think dey slick, tryin to infiltrate my click
But they cain't, cause as soon as I say AYYY, we all goin
my way
Tryin to take my cheese, man that shit ain't gon' work
with me
Cause as soon as I say YEAHHH, everybody comin with
me

[Verse Two]

I gotta have the fresh shit dat {?} me
Ho you ain't gettin in 'less you show some ID
I'm a 106'n like AJ and Free
And I'm poppin Cristal, Moet and Hennessy
Cause I'm way too cool, but I'll be damned if a nigga try
disrespect my shit, watch a hatin nigga die

It's too much money but, not enough time
But if you get your foot, in the do', then you gotta climb
to the top, but haters gon' hate, want you to flop
But if you get rollin the thang gon' pop
I'ma get bread whether it's cold or hot
And when we come through the city all the hoes gon'
flock

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Well it's King once again for the 2005
Dirty mouth the Gucci man Trillville on the rise
Trilltown dey in motion, Don P on my side
And you know I keep the potion full of 'gnac in my ride
Steppin out lookin good with Desire cologne
My main focus is to leave with somethin to take home
Now it's back in my zone, custom 3 what I claim
Never let these bitch niggaz get me off of my game
Now it's back to the lab, to read up on the yap
Lil' Atlanta hit me up to let me know 'bout the trap
Everythang's all good, now it's back to the hood
Got some broads do it all, loves grippin the wood
I'm a G about mine so nigga what about you
Get your mind off my money before my gun's on you
I don't have to play games therefore I don't make
moves
I just post on the block with a million deuce

[Chorus]

Ewww
Bill-me Clinton, yeah
Trillville, I see you sir
Hehe
Right
I see you

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