

# II Trill (featuring Z-Ro & J. Prince)

## Bun B

Ooo yea  
What's up pimp  
I feel your present right now  
Yo bun, u know many were called &  
Few were cho0sen  
U the chosen one ma nigga  
Da future president  
Congratulations  
By the way I need u to send a trill message to sum  
And a subliminal one to other  
About this throwin' rocks  
And being behind your head biznes  
Please let them know  
That we goin' give them, why they ask forMayne I'm to hard for all of you soft niggas  
To real for most of you lames  
To hard to be in this rap shit in da streets it's da same  
To throwed up in this game  
To true to my hoodI'm to down to get down  
So lets get it understood  
To bad to be good  
To golden not to glistenTo focused for footboy's to fuck off my mission  
To smart not to listen  
When g's pull my goal  
Bout dem white folks that's listingAnd watching my move  
Theres real shit u can quote  
I'm to gangster, to street  
So don't run up to fast  
'Cause I'm to strapped wit dat heatI'm to dirty to be neat  
To gorilla to be monkey  
To fly to stay groundedTo fresh to be funky  
Too many licks for junkies  
To much work for flippers  
To much dro for smokingTo much apphademphas  
No need for u to trip  
Cause we bring to much drama  
Got to many killas  
Put dat on ma mama  
To trill!!I'm  
To trill to to to trill

All about ma dollar bills  
And even if I tried  
I can never fall off  
To much money on my mind I'm  
Trill to too too trill  
All this penitentiary skills  
Its simple and plain  
If I retire you youngins  
Would know what to do wit da game Man I'm to serious for dis play play a's  
To much bread to make  
For me to fuckk all my time  
On these cats dats to fake They say to many ways  
And too many to 'em  
Your homeboy cant get it  
I'm too ready to do it to em To many gun out here get pulled  
To many sludges out here get bust  
Leave your brain matter bone fragments  
And dick up in da dust To many niggas have been crushed  
To let your bitch ass come try me!  
Got smart game got gun play  
You be screaming wammy!! To close don't get by me  
Your to prone to tell  
'Bout these bodies we catchin'  
Dis dope dat we sell Your to weak man to frail  
To light up in your britches  
Your to much dick ride'n  
Man you worst den this bitches Know too many snithces  
Dat u break'n bread wit  
You to close to police  
For u want sum bad shit So u can go head wit  
Dat sell we wont buy  
I'm to smart for all dat dumb shit  
You number boys try me  
I'm to trill I'm  
To trill to to to trill  
All about ma doller bills  
Ad even if I tried  
I can never fall off  
To much money on my mind I'm  
To trill to too too trill  
All this penitentiary skills  
Its simple and plain  
If I retire you youngin's  
Would know what to do wit da game Man I'm to sick of all this sweet shit  
'Cause I'm can to much smiling

To much for gas posing  
And punk ass provilngTo many niggas be frontin  
Like they got da town on lock  
And to much money in d bank  
And to many hoes is on dey jockBut u smoke too many of dem rocks  
Dat u prayed me you done sold  
Ive done been out on dem blocks  
And u ain't got to much controlMan your workers ain't dat cool  
Man they sum hoes  
More un-listen  
And they to ready to foldCause they cant take too much presser  
Let me mash on em  
Yes son, they in violation  
Go get em?It won't be to long for we mop up da floor wit 'em  
It's rap a lot for life  
We've been done here to long  
For these haters to brings us downWe to right, they to wrong  
Too black and too strong  
To go on life to prong  
To ready for da rugtersTo close to my trunk  
We can pop or we can chunk  
We can blast or we can go  
From da shouldersBitch I tried to told you  
But if u ain't know  
Bitch I'm to trill!

Songwriters

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