

Something Good (Pimp C's Remix)

UGK

[Pimp c]

One motherfucker, two motherfuckers
Three motherfuckers, fo' wanna squab with me
Over they, motherfucking hoe
Tell 'em like this, ya better get up off my dick nigga!
Before you have to deal wit my motherfucking trigger
I don't figure that it's worth all that, g
Getting yo' ass shot, cause ya bitch gave me the pussy
Don't it feel funny when you go down ta eat her
Knowing that you sucking on another nigga's peter
And when ya get a kiss, do ya feel bliss
Knowing that ya swallowed all that semen and that piss?
You wanna step to me but I don't really think ya should
I should of kicked yo' ass instead I told ya something good, bitch! [Chorus]
Tell me something good (oh, baby, baby, baby yeah)
Tell me something good (oh yeah yeah)
Tell-tell me something good (oh-hoo!, tell me, tell me)
Tell me something good (oh, baby, baby, baby yeah) [Bun B]
Fo' motherfucker, three motherfucker
Two motherfucker, one get a fucking gun, cause it's fuckin bun
Ain't no hoe shit, I'm packing that lead
Nine pointed at yo' head, I guess you know yo' ass is dead
You bought yo' boys like you wanted to squab
But instead of a fist, I let my gat do the job
Now I don't know what time you be living in
But fuck a fight, I bet my gun'll have you giving in
Wanna pull a knife when my .45 is cocked back
A bullet in yo' ass, I bet yo' bitch'll jock that
..now you on your deathbed and can't even hum right
But that's what you get for bringing hands to a gun fight [Chorus] (oh-ho!) [Pimp C]
Niggas nowadays got a habit that they really need to quit
Getting they ass kicked over a skank ass bitch
You need to check ya hoe and ya need to check her fast
Cause if you know like me, you would drop her fucking ass
But I ain't bout to fuck her, cause I'm scared of that disease
Cause she's passin' out the ass like government cheese
But not me nigga, cause pimp c wanna live
Have you had yo' test? are you h-I positive?
But instead of getting checked you wanna fuck with me

You need to be looking for a fucking md!
But if you don't step, I'ma draw on ya fast
And pump off lead like dash in yo' ass
I didn't do fuck ya girl but your sister pussy tight
Fucked her to my homeboy's caddy last night
She sucked my dick, I bust a nut in her throat
And she didn't take it out, and she didn't even choke
I fucked her doggystyle and the bitch just threw me
Turned me on my stomach, started licking out n my booty
Now everybody in the hood
Know that your sister lick a booty real good[Chorus][Bun B]
Now brothers need to get they shit straight
These lyrics that I'm stressing going farther than this tape
It just ain't a song, motherfucker, it's the real!
If yo' ass ain't trill, bitch, you shuffled in the deal
See, I tell the shit like I see it
You open up ya nuts and I'ma knee it
If you don't like it, so be it
I learn how to walk, I learn how to run
I learn how to squab and then I bought a fucking gun
And now I got an attitude adjuster,
A nine wit a sixteen shot clip and I'm ready to bust ya
Lips get swoller, the punks get rolled-up
Them niggas get shot, and ugk still hold nuts
Raised on the streets, and yo I never said I wasn't
The hookers are the nieces, the fiends are my cousins
The dealers are my brothers, so fuck you, hoe!
I thank my family for my 'lac, wit the trues and vogues
Cause I can remember when I was back at "wentrel"
A little bad nigga that was up to no good, yo
I told a nigga, "fuck you!" and couldn't even back it up
Then fucked around and got smacked up
So I got my boys and we beat that ass down
Threw him off to sea world, and watched his ass drown
Niggas knew who did it, but what could they say?
Not only got my crew, I got my nine and my ak
And I'ma roll the streets, any-fucking-way I want to
And if you think you the shit, nigga I want you
I keep my dope, my hoes, and my motherfucking hood
To my side, so fuck saying something good!

Songwriters

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