Trillionaire

Bun B

[Chorus - T-Pain]
I know they hatin' on me, 'cause I'm the man
I'm too trill homie, I don't give a damn
I'm a self made trillionaire
I'm a self made trillionaire
From the underground to the top
I came from the bottom
Trill niggas don't stop
Let 'em goin' harder
Self made trillionaire
I'm a self made trillionaire[Verse 1 - Bun B]
Ok, let's get this shit crackilatin'
No more procrastinatin'
They they told me Bun don't hesitate
Don't keep these bastards waitin'
I'm puttin' egos and chicken
I'm so e-musculatin'
People stop this dance
Say damn this niggas fascinatin'
We blowin' dro up in the air
You smell it?
That's the fragrance
I got the focus, got the heart
And I got the patience
You hatin' just get off my dick
Look like you want some gay shit
I'm tryina' take this to the mountain top
Appalachian
But it's a rocky road
And I'm still movin' up and make no movin' us
So keep that pushy get your movie bra
You might be new to me
But you know I ain't new to you
Go ask the white boy
They say he's totally tubula
Fuckin' bad bitches rub my dick against their uvula
Everytime I hit the streets
It's like a fuckin' movie bra
You know what I do to ya

Say glad you gave the studio
They gon' leave you chopped up
Like they was DJ Screwin' ya[Chorus][Verse 2 - Bun B]
Ok, let's get this shit poppin' off
From the go know I'm a boss
I don't fuck wit' lames
And do my dirt nigga wit' out a loss
I keeps it pimpin', flyest hoes come in and out the loft
When you get fettuccini you gon' need alotta sauce
I gets my Gucci on my baby likes alotta Prada
She goin' shoppin' till she drops
She knows den gotta gotta
But she not shotgun in the slab
Oh no I got a shotta
He keep that shotgun in the slab and roll wit' out natta
He keeps his eyes wide open, he's a hata spotta
And when they roll up on me wrong, then he's a hata droppa
And he don't mess around wit' niggas tryna play the poppa
He keep it gangsta nigga he gon' go and straight a choppa
'Cause I don't roll wit' fake people and I neva will
I represents the G-code till I see the steel
Don't make me have to draw down wit' that red appeal
Then you gon' undastand that Bun B is foreva trill[Chorus][Verse 3 - Bun B (T-Pain)]
(Ohh, do you swear to keep it gangsta?)
Gangsta than a mothafucka, trill until I D I E
Fuck these otha suckas
(What's your message to them fake thugs?)
They throwin' rocks and hidin' hands
It don't really matta this the dirty South we ridin' man
(How long you been up on that trill shit?)
Since the day they made me
And from a baby until the day they neva play me
(Waa, throw ya hands up)
From P.A.T. to yo' town, ain't no need to slow down
Baby boy it's about to go down[Chorus]

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