

Short Texas (The Southern Way version)

UGK

Ay Yo, welcome to the world of S H O R T
Texas where them trill ass niggaz be living naughty
Rollin up ho's like turtles in half a shell
Open up my trunk and let's see what I have to sell I got the dope, if you ho's got the paper
And if you a faker then you'll meet your fucking maker
'Cause I ain't taking, no shit on my cuts
The UGK posse got the big big nuts Yo, so who's a bold bitch?
Try to make a sale
You betta bail
Before they find you in a ditch This dope ain't yo dope and these cuts and yo cuts
Yo, but this is my 12 gauge in yo muthafucking guts
Don't make me pump this bitch and unload
Get yo feet muthafucka, hit the muthafucking road
And don't even try to come back nigga, yo
'Cause me Dre and C got fingers on a fat trigger We making too much money moving weight
And before you hit my cuts, you better get your shit straight
'Cause it ain't safe to just try and show yo ass up
Street sweeper booming cold blow yo ass up And ain't nobody scared to blast
We pull them triggers fast
And then we bailing on yo bitch ass But if yo shit is legit, then you can join my crew
U.S.T. graduating class of '92 in Short Texas Niggaz on the track dropping shit about TX
As long as there's fiends that's them tax free dope checks
Young muthafuckas at the age of 16
Cooking up some llello for the local drug king
The market's not open so they call it closed circuit
Short Short Texas watch them hard thugs work it
5-0's on the scene make the all time drug bust
Out next week slanging some more white dust Real, oh, so trill, the life's no glamor
At the end of my time is spent in a slammer
Fucking up shit with the 9 inch chrome
So all you scary got-it-good young-ass bitches stay home And if you get picked up by the laws
Don't cry cause it's for a lost cause
Clientele ounce of llello, in jail make bail
From longs to short, it's constant dope sales Stupid muthafuckas smoking dummies and noids in jail
On U.S.T., Crack University
Home of the Fighting Fiends, the streets reimburse me
Cops finding my stash, yo what could the worst be Through so going undercover then turning dirty
Bitch, I'm dead and swole in a ditch
Just the other day, a fiend in your Lexus

Calling my name Blue Light, I'm Short Texas
I don't give a fuck who you be
You ain't 'bout to sell no fucking dope in P.A.T.
You could be Tony Montana in this bitch
Have a boat load of dope but you still ain't selling shit
Cause we don't know your face so I don't really figure
We gon' let you come up and sell dope in Texas nigga
See you don't understand, it's our muthafucking cuts
So step in like I said before, we'll take them muthafucking nuts
Ask the last nigga brought his fucking ass down
Trying to sell that fucking dope he bought in H-Town
Couldn't sell in Houston, so I guess he figured
I'm a go to Port Arthur and run them fucking niggaz
Brought his fucking gun, guess he shoulda bust
So they took his shit and put his dick in the dust
Stupid ass nigga had the nerve to come back
Rollin on the cuts in his white Cadillac
Got to the block and the guns just exploded
Shot his car up with the 9, end of clip the clip that he unloaded
Sent the nigga home to his momma like a ho
They jacked all his money and they stole all his dope
Can't be trill in the villa of the trillest
'Cause where I'm from nigga house some muthafucking killas
So have your shit attached, before you come check us
Pimp C, bitch, P.A. home, Short Texas
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