

# Pillz

## Jaylib (J Dilla and Madlib)

[Chorus]

Is you rolling [Repeat: x3]  
Bitch I might be [Repeat: x3]  
Girl he geeked up [Repeat: x3]  
Bitch I might be [Repeat: x3]  
Yeah!

[Verse 1]

East Atlanta slum man is where I come from  
Pass that bubble thrax and put this bean on your tongue  
Now everything was gravy til your bitch came in  
Bout the same time that that thing kicked in  
Now she ain't really pretty but she got a nice body  
I'm geeked up thinking this Buffie The Body  
Ain't your name lil' Trina cause you look like Janet Jackson  
I'm off three double stacks and I'm looking for that action  
Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowing  
Riding in my drop but I don't know where I'm going  
On two eighty five I keep riding in a circle  
The inside of my ride smelling like a pound of purple  
Gucci is your time give me five more minutes and a cold orange juice cause im really really trippin  
Went to the strip club and request that I'm the man  
The next thing you know I was throwing rubber bands

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Shorty telling me she ain't never suck no dick  
Neva took a pill or never ate a bitch  
You a lie but I ain't gonna get upset right now  
But I wish I had a lie detector test right now  
You say you marry well bitch you might be  
But I bet your husband ain't Icy like me  
She stand on B.C. in my ashy black tee  
When them dope man Nike's and them jore ass jeans  
I don't pay her but I still keep that thrax on me  
I'ma the shit in East Atlanta baby ask about me  
Pop one pop two two halves that's three  
Ain't no waffle house baby hell I cant eat

Gucci hood like your hood-man hes so extreme  
Wearing Doces in the club cause you know the boy geeked  
Top the top on that thing let you see my seats  
We've been rolling rolling rolling we ain't slept in weeks

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Gucci Mane gotta lot of fame nigga get your mind right  
Or a cries by the twelve like a case of Bud Light  
Sell a cush by a bell so you know might shit tight  
See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight  
I'm high like Fabo hood like Shorty  
So tell me when to go like my name E-40  
A rich rock star nigga I'm gonna party  
Got a party pack of pillz that's at least bout 40  
Ill pour them in your hand like a bag of jelly beans  
Take two of these pillz call me in the morning  
Fifty thousand pillz man I'm so real  
Three dollars for a pill that's a damn good deal

Ay whats up Gucci Mane.  
Why you sweatin so hard?  
Is you rolling or something.

Shit well baby I might be.  
But got damn what is you doin.  
You jockin a playa. You ch-Chewy ova here right.  
Look I aint K-Rab baby You know what I mean I'm not a piece of Bubblegum.  
What I'm doin is not your business.  
But matta of fact while you ova here is you a waitress or somethin?  
Cause the shit you got on make you look like you a waitress.  
So do what you do iight. Imma give you this hundred dollars.  
Go get you what ever you drankin.  
Bring me and click about ten of dem orange juices,  
Five crunk juices nd we'll be straight how bout that.  
And is you straight is you single or is you marry.  
Cause I might be, Bitch I might be,  
Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be yeah

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