

Trill (Featuring Bun B And B.G.)

Paul Wall

[Chorus]

Trill is when you're hustlin', trill is when you're grindin'

Trill is when you punch in that clock overtimin'

Trill is when you keep it real one hundred percent

And hold it down for your team run your game full sprint

Trill is when you never fake, trill is when you real

Chasin' after dollar bills, gotta get it how you live

Trill is when you hustle so you go out there and get it

Doin' whatever you gotta do to make a meal ticket Yeah, I'm all about the cheese baby, all about the cheddar

When it come to ghetto grindin' can't nobody do it better

A real go-getter, never hesitate to hit a lick

I don't have to even make a phone cal to get a brick

Ya find lieutenant on ya Sidewalk Two

At code fo'-twenty-'fo, he know just what to do

Bring me two turkeys back like it's Thanksgiving

That's how we do in Texas my nigga, so how you livin'

Up in the game since the early 90's

Never sleep to keep them haters one step behind me

Ain't nothin' changed but the time that they hand out

But even without the cars and the ice, we stand out

Cause everybody know us in the streets, we like royalty

Commandin' respect and demandin' click loyalty

If you ain't down with freein' Pimp C then fuck all y'all

You wanna know what trill is? Tell 'em Paul Wall [Chorus] I'm a survivor of the struggle, I live by the code

In the city where greed and envy make ya heart turn cold

At 17 years old I was ahead of my time

I had to roll with the punches and keep my ducks in a line

I keep my mind on my money, I keep my mind on my paper

I keep a glock inside my pocket for all these jealous haters

I trained for chess moves, I'm five steaps ahead

I keep my mind focused, make money, break bread

I'm rollin' 5 9, it's the home of the crack sales

That South Lee block got more cookies than Snackwells

I snatch you up like eatin shrimp, don't contest do not attempt

You crossed the line no turnin' back, we'll leave you naked like Larry Flynt

With young ghetto stars, certified with ghetto scars

Intoxicated by weed cigars, we eat stress by sippin' barre

Fancy cars and diamond ice, I'm intrigued by fancy things

We always keep it trill, in the hood we look like kings [Chorus] Look, look, if you know me then you know I'm a

G

If you know me then you know I'm gon' run through a hundred bricks a week

If you know me then you know I'm a dawg

If you know me then you know I get a package and I fly 'til it's gone

If you know me then you know I'm a fool

If you know me then you know I'll punish you if you fuck with the dude

If you know me then you know I'm a man

If you know me then you know I keep a plan to keep some money in my hand

If you know me then you know I'll bleed

You don't know me ask somebody they'll tell you wodie mean what he said

If I huff it, ain't no doubt I'm a spread

I'm a cock and bust, since 13 I been droppin' my nuts

I'm online for new artists in Florida

Got a bitch that'll drive with a package from Atlanta to Dallas

You ain't know, better ask your bitch

Paul Wall, Bun B, B.G. is as trill as it get[Chorus]

Songwriters

SLAYTON, PAUL MICHAEL/FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES/DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER NOEL/AVENT,

CALVIN EARL/BERRY, TODD EDWARDS

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, Ultra Tunes, Royalty Network Song

Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>