Chunk Up The Deuce

Lil' Keke

I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down and boys wanna hate
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down don't make me pull out the choppa
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down I'll leave em on the streets dead
I chunk up the deuce for the South and the North
Boys talkin down I got them diamonds in my mouth
Well it's that grain grippa from Houston, Tex
That bar sippa, that bar no plex
I'm straight up outta that Swishahouse
Where G. Dash write all the checks
So check the neck, check the wrist
I'm balla status from head to toe
My jewelry shop sell more grills
Than George Foreman, baby now ya know
That ain't a igloo, that's my watch
And that ain't snow, baby that's my chain
That's not an ice tray, that's my teeth
And that's not a snowcone, that's my ring
That ain't Kool-Aid up in my cup
I stay sippin that purple oil
I stay flippin the slab on 4's
Cuz I'm a hustla til I'm in the soil
My wrist game is one of a kind
Patek Philippe worth 100K
My work schedule out on the block
It's mash all night and grind all day
No 401K for a hustler
Just bleed the block and stack that paper
M.O.B. when it come to hoes
And a 40 cal when it come to haters
We authentic players not counterfeit
Got a 600 Benz with a fall kit
Got hoes at the HK turnin tricks
Out runnin the tracks tryina make me rich
I'm too legit to quit
Stackin up that paper til I'm gone
So I'ma be workin wood wheel and catchin splinters

Ridin 20 inches or better of chrome
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(Don Ke!)
Houston Tex got the streets burnin
Poppin seals with them 4's turnin
Rookie boys they still learnin
Losin' cash, I'm still earnin
Get my bread while I shake the fed
Keep them dimes in and out my bed
Jump in the drop to convert the top
And let em bop on candy red
Leather seats with that wood out
They don't know what my hood 'bout
Tryin to take the young Don's spot
I'm platinum ball and still hot
Haters off in my mix again
Pimpin broads plus pimpin pens
Multiplyin, I gotta win
Keep that ice lookin clear as gin
Out tha roof still chunkin deuce

Ridin slab and hoppin juice
Diamond grill with plenty skills
Just pass the mic and I'll let it loose
Independent, still chasin bucks
22's on Porshe trucks
Model chicks with them big ol' butts
Killa clans with them big ol' nuts
Hit the club with my game tight
Hoe's boppin my fame right
Did her thang the same night
Boys talkin it's all hype
Cut the check when I run my mouth
Rollin green like I'm playing golf
Texas boys be goin' off
Representin' that North and South
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I'm from Port Arthur Texas
Represent it til I'm dead (dead)
Pimpin' almost died in the 80's
Boys was scared (scared)
Bitches was on crack
And the 'Lacs wasn't rollin (rollin)
But the game done been revived
Cuz now the Southside is holdin (ha)
Pockets stay swollen (ha)
What do we do with all the cash (cash)
Try 84's gold wrists
With tv's jumpin out the dash (dash)
Pistol in the stash even though I'm on parole (role)
Nigga try me with that fuck it
Bitch I'll leave ya body cold (cold...)
From tha land of grain (grain)
Candy paint (paint)
84's and the chrome grill
It's Texas baby (ha)
Dirty south (south)
P-A-T, you know we real
We packin K's (K's)
Desert Eag's (Eag's)
AR's and them 38's
We servin nothin' but China White
Playa we don't sell that dirty weight
Big Bun B-da
Holdin it down (down)
Rep the town to the fullest (fullest)
Whether it be on the mic or in them streets
Bustin them bullets (bullets)
Don't pull it with me (with me)
I won't pull it on you
And leave you ventilated
UGK is back on the block
And you monsters is finna hate it
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