

# Short Texas

## 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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