

# Too Much

## Emerson Drive

Trill Fam., Young Savage you can catch me  
Fresh kicks, fresh bows, and a fresh tee  
We two crucial ass hoes yea that's me  
Look at him his eyes closed he ain't even sleep  
Say Boosie chill wit all that swervin' too much dope in here  
Nigga slow down you betta think about Big Head and Pimp  
Y'all want that savage shit, I gotta represent  
Y'all want some rider shit well here it is then  
How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too  
How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too  
How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yours  
How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too  
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How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yours  
Red truck, blue truck, green truck, black truck  
Suburban, Excursion, that Tahoe, that 'llac truck  
F\*\*k it a bucket, a Delta, a Cutlass  
A Regal, a Montague whatever you thuggin'  
It's suped up, it's couped up, it fold down with gray sound  
When summer hit you gotta keep the roof up or it go down  
That bad bitch now she be in that Mustang or that Sebring  
Or stuntin' her ass off in that '05 her man bought  
How much your paint cost? Look like it just got rained on  
Tell me this when you stop do your rims stop or they keep goin'  
Your Nissan, your Neon, your old man Caprice own  
You finna take off them twenties and put them big 23's on  
Watchin' the latest DVD's with the TV's on  
It's hot AC in winter can turn your heat on  
You hear them loud pipes as soon as you put your feet on  
Bicycles, motorbikes, whatever you on the street on  
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And my rims way bigger than yours

You went the cheap route or do that deck pop out  
You gon' let that tech pop out if that mess pop out  
How you ridin'? Want you ain't worried bout flossin'  
You hollerin' f\*\*k what I'm talking your shit better than walkin'  
It's five stickers up on it look like the junkyard on it  
The 26's up on it and Boocu bitches up on it  
What kinda motor up in it think it can f\*\*k with that Hemi  
I gotta Cutlass 350 will leave your ass by a distance  
You ain't customly did it or oringally interior  
Your like them West side niggaz'll sit that thang on them switches  
Them by 9's be tickin' you broke the rear view mirrors  
But that's the 415 shit I run with the 412  
I gotta 'llac chrome grill on the factory rims  
Hoes piled up in here all on laps be still  
Can't wait to get to the room nimblin' on my ear  
Y'all gon' get it just chill let me control this wheel  
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How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too  
How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yours  
Hot gun half a bird man I ride like that  
I ain't even tryna swerve I just drive like that  
With a Beyonce face and some thighs like that  
Attitude like Trina and a ass that fat  
F\*\*k it I done told my cousin you can have that Lac  
Gon get your shine on watch what I'm gon' snatch  
I don't know but off the top I'm spendin' 85 stacks  
With them cozy ass seats that massage my back  
Jacksonville, Mississippi A-Town y'all niggaz wit me  
They talk funny but them boys makin' money in New York City  
Took some trips up to Houston be all the D-Town bootin'  
Greg Street whats happenin' to they love that Gangsta Musik  
If you gon' do it then do it from the Benzes to Buicks  
Let your ends look stupid drop them up 22 it  
Y'all niggaz is clueless don't you worry bout Trill  
This another hit for y'all stupid clowns to steal  
Game time

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