

# Chunk Up the Deuce

## Lil Keke feat. Paul Wall and UGK

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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