Pop the Trunk

Celly Cel

[Incomprehensible]I just bought me a Coupe DeVille
Took out the air bag put in a wood wheel
Now all the ATL niggas wanna jack 'cause I'm from Texas
Never seen candy with the fifth on the backI'm comin' down the west end, niggas tryin' to jack
And bust a right Coney Island pop the trunk and started cappin'
Niggas was happenin' put they Burbon to the floor nigga
Hard to bust back but I was penetrating they doeNigga in PA, it's like the wild, wild west
So we all pack pistols and we all wear vests
When the shit pop out, who gonna stunt
Nigga ain't shootin' me first I fin to pop the trunkThese niggas keep talkin' like they want the funk
But niggas love to talk shit I fit to pop the trunk
Runnin' off at they dick suckas gettin' it crunk
Nigga I'm high off this weed I fit to pop the trunkSteady frontin' like a man but you show me a punk
Man I knew he was a bitch I had to pop the trunk
All we really came to do is just smoke some skunk
These niggas steady runnin' me hot I'm fin to pop the trunkYou niggas didn't know that I was out of control
Slow yo roll for I put this chopper straight to yo fo'
Head you better off dead than to fuck around with psycho niggas
Don't be trying to plead yo case 'cause I don't even like no niggasIn my face, trying to question me about some drama
Only answer to two people God and my mama
Far as niggas tryin' to put me in the cross
Let 'em holler at my bitch, Nina Ross hoe house bossI bet you mind somethin' in, run and tell a friend
Sippin' on the Gin, I think he said trippin' once again
It ain't no stoppin' me, get at me then I'm dumpin' on ya
Ridin' past yo funeral hangin' out the window slumpin' on yaYou didn't know, they didn't tell you boy you better listen
While I shoot this shit before you put yourself in that position
Niggas that know me know I specialize in havin' bump
You can have it your way from the shovel so we can pop the trunkThese niggas keep talkin' like they want the funk
Man 'cause his bitch chose me I fin to pop the trunk
Runnin' off at they dick suckers gettin' it crunk
'Cause I'm fuckin' yo gal I got to pop the trunkSteady frontin' like a man but you show me a punk
Nigga tried to jack my car I had to pop the trunk
All we really came to do is just smoke some skunk
Smokin' at the tittie bar I had to pop the trunkUnder Cali's blue skies, smokin' on chronicles and chocolate ties
Even when we tell the truth to hoes we lies
Man ain't no disguise, doin' ninety we flies

Ain't got no time for middle men and small friesOnly money conversation and big thighs
Let me talk to your boss man, the nigga wit the pies
And back yo ass up and don't act so surprised
When pistols start to cock, hands start to riseNobody move too fast I advise
Or you can catch a hot one right between ya eyes
Recognize I done set me sights on the prize
And put lights out with boom bitty bye, byeI'm labeling my life off of rap and weed highs
And act my age and not my fuckin' shoe size
But fuckin' wit' us ain't wise
We get crunk, we came to pop the trunk
What, the trunkThese niggas keep talkin' like they want the funk
I knew he was the police I had to pop the trunk
Runnin' off at they dick suckers gettin' it crunk
Man I'm sippin' on promethazine poppin' the trunkSteady frontin' like a man but you show me a punk
[Incomprehensible] I had to pop the trunk
All we really came to do is just smoke some skunk
To make it, make it crunk I had to pop the trunkI know that they some bitches had to pop the trunk
California to Texas poppin' the trunk
UGK and Celly Cell we 'bout to pop the trunk
Sippin' on Hennessey [Incomprehensible] I fin to pop the trunk, bitch
Smoke somethin', D time, PA, uh, '97
Smoke somethin', representin' money, like too short bitch

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