Trill (Wally Sparks Mix)

Clipse

I got jewels, plus wheels
Pullin' up in your grill, I'm so trill
Your girl want Cosmos, Cristeels
And she feelin' around for them pillsBitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trillI got my steel, I'll peel
Pulling up on your grill, I'm so trill
Your girl want Cosmos, Cristeels
And she feeling around for them pillsBitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trillG's up, rev them V's up
Federali's trying to reach us to keep us
Flooded pieces, diamond size Reese's pieces
You know who he is, nigga talk show like RegisKing Push flow prestigious
Hoes suck me like leeches
X and Os, tick-tack-toes
Fuck 'em, duck 'em, let them goOn to the next, got this in the decks of them Cali low-lows
Houston, candy paint, screwed up vocals
New York, Range Rov, sit on mo-mos
Pusha in that Bentley, G T O, noFlow chameleon, worth 'bout a million
Sell Bolivian, Feds in oblivion
Bitch Brazilian, purse reptilian
Took her from far off island like GilliganI got jewels, plus wheels
Pullin' up in your grill, I'm so trill
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And she feeling around for them pillsBitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trillIt's me ma, you ain't dreamin'
Star struck bitch damn near stopped breathing
So real that hon' ain't believin'
Out my bracelet, she can't make rhyme or reasonSoon as you get your heart involved
That's when I fall back love, au revoir
So international, French Riviera
Love for foreign cars would explain my CarreraWho cares when these fools talk
Don't mean jack 'til that tool gotta talk
Icy wrists help me to cool off
And the second hand on this bitch it moon walkReminds me of how I applied myself
And why I now ride with Tiptronic help

Bankroll on overload
I eeny meeny miny moe them hoes, I'm so trillI got jewels, plus wheels
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And she feeling around for them pillsBitch I'm trill, bitch I'm so trill
Nigga I'm trill, nigga I'm so trillSo many different things make me trill
Start with that be with wings over the grill
Maybe how my way with words make me mills
Or maybe it's my way with birds digital scalesYoung, restless, talk so reckless
Two hundred thousand up in my necklace
Four of ya Hummers wrapped round my neck bitch
I ain't mention the Rolly red neck like TexasTo y'all ill wishers who wanna take part
In me getting robbed, well follow ya heart
And I'll waste ya, hell I raised ya
Even let 'em cheat from my paperWhy does wealth make them hate me
And make chicks hearts so achy breaky
Rarely do I toot my own horn
But y'all fellas got too far gone, now come backI got jewels, plus wheels
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Songwriters
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