

Int'l Players Anthem (I Choose You)

UGK

So I typed a text to a girl I used to see
Sayin' that I chose this cutie pie with whom I wanna be
And I apologize if this message gets you down
Then I CC'ed every girl that I'd see 'round town
And hate to see y'all frown, but I'd rather see her smilin'
Wetness all around me, true, but I'm no island
Peninsula maybe
It makes no sense, I know crazy
Give up all this pussy cat that's in my lap
No lookin' back
Spaceships don't come equipped with rear view mirrors
They dip as quick as they can
The atmosphere is now ripped
I'm so like a pimp, I'm glad it's night
So the light from the sun
Would not burn me on my bum
When I shoot the moon
High jump the broom
Like a preemie out the womb
My partner yellin' "Too soon! Don't do it!
Reconsider! Read some liter-ature on the subject
You sure? Fuck it
You know we got your back like chiroprac-tic
If that bitch do you dirty
We'll wipe her ass out in some detergent
Now hurry hurry
Go on to the altar
I know you ain't a pimp, but pimp remember what I taught ya
Keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart
Hey keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart
Man these girls is smart, three stacks, these girls is smart
Play your part... play your part My bitch a choosy lover
Never fuck without a rubber
Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover
Money on the dresser, drive a Kompressor
Top notch hoes get the most, not the lesser
Trash like to fuck with \$40 in the club
Fuckin' up the game, bitch it gets no love
She be cross country, givin' all that she got

A thousand a pop, I'm pullin' Bentleys off the lot
 I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red
 Every time we hit the parkin' lot we turn head
 Some hoes wanna choose but them bitches too scary
 Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp, you a fairyBaby you been rollin' solo, time to get down with the team
 The grass is greener on that other side, if know what I mean
 I show you shit you never seen, the Seven Wonders of the World
 And I can make you the eighth if you wanna be my girl
 When I say my girl I don't mean my woman, that ain't my style
 Need a real street stalker (stalker) to walk a green mile
 We pilin' up the paper on the dinin' room table
 Cuz you able to realize I'm the truth and not a fable
 We rock the freshest Sable, keep that 'chilla on the rack
 What I look like with some thousand dollar shit up on my back?
 I'm a million dollar mack that need a billion dollar bitch
 Put my pimpin' in your life, watch ya daddy get rich
 Easy as A-B-C, simple as 1-2-3
 Get down with U-G-K, Pimp C, B-U-N B
 Cuz what's a ho with no pimp? And what's a pimp with no hoes?
 Don't be a lame, you know the game and how it goes
 We tryin' to get choseEeny meeny decisions, with precision I pick or
 Make my selection on who I choose to be wit' girl
 Don't touch my protection, I know you want it to slip
 But slippin' is somethin' I don't do, tippin' for life
 That's like makin' it rain every month on schedule
 Let me tell you, get your parasol umbrella
 Cuz it's gonna get wetter
 Better prepare ya for the C support
 She supposed to spend it on that baby but we see she don't
 "Ask-ask Paul McCartney"
 "The lawyers couldn't stop me"
 "Slaughter-slaughterin' them pockets"
 "Had to tie her to a rocket"
 Send her in to outer space, I know he wish he could
 Cuz he payin' 20K a day, that bitch is eating good
 Like an infant on a double D titty, just getting plump
 Cuz you miscalculated the next to the-the last pump
 "Dump-dump in the gut, raw from the giddy up"
 "Better choose that right one or pick-pick the kiddies up"
 "(Shit)"

Songwriters

PAUL BEAUREGARD, CHAD L BUTLER, BERNARD JAMES FREEMAN, JORDAN HOUSTON,

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