II Trill (feat. Z-Ro & J. Prince)

Bun B

Ooo yea
What's up pimp
I feel your present right now
Yo bun, u know many were called &
Few were cho0sen
U the chosen one ma nigga
Da future president
Congratulations
By the way I need u to send a trill message to sum
And a subliminal one to other
About this throwin' rocks
And being behind your head biznes
Please let them know
That we goin' give them, why they ask forMayne I'm to hard for all of you soft niggas
To real for most of you lames
To hard to be in this rap shit in da streets it's da same
To throwed up in this game
To true to my hoodI'm to down to get down
So lets get it understood
To bad to be good
To golden not to glistenTo focused for footboy's to fuck off my mission
To smart not to listen
When g's pull my goal
Bout dem white folks that's listingAnd watching my move
Theres real shit u can quote
I'm to gangster, to street
So don't run up to fast
'Cause I'm to strapped wit dat heatI'm to dirty to be neat
To gorilla to be monkey
To fly to stay groundedTo fresh to be funky
Too many licks for junkies
To much work for flippers
To much dro for smokingTo much apphademphas
No need for u to trip
Cause we bring to much drama
Got to many killas
Put dat on ma mama
To trill!!I'm
To trill to to to trill

All about ma dollar bills
And even if I tried
I can never fall off
To much money on my mindI'm
Trill to too too trill
All this penitentiary skills
Its simple and plain
If I retire you youngins
Would know what to do wit da gameMan I'm to serious for dis play playa's
To much bread to make
For me to fuckk all my time
On these cats dats to fakeThey say to many ways
And too many to 'em
Your homeboy cant get it
I'm too ready to do it to emTo many gun out here get pulled
To many sludges out here get bust
Leave your brain matter bone fragments
And dick up in da dustTo many niggas have been crushed
To let your bitch ass come try me!
Got smart game got gun play
You be screaming wammy!!To close don't get by me
Your to prone to tell
'Bout these bodies we catchin'
Dis dope dat we sellYour to weak man to frail
To light up in your britches
Your to much dick ride'n
Man you worst den this bitchesKnow too many snithces
Dat u break'n bread wit
You to close to police
For u want sum bad shitSo u can go head wit
Dat sell we wont buy
I'm to smart for all dat dumb shit
You number boys try me
I'm to trillI'm
To trill to to to trill
All about ma doller bills
Ad even if I tried
I can never fall off
To much money on my mindI'm
To trill to too too trill
All this penitentiary skills
Its simple and plain
If I retire you youngin's
Would know what to do wit da gameMan I'm to sick of all this sweet shit
'Cause I'm can to much smiling

To much for gas posing
And punk ass provilngTo many niggas be frontin
Like they got da town on lock
And to much money in d bank
And to many hoes is on dey jockBut u smoke too many of dem rocks
Dat u prayed me you done sold
Ive done been out on dem blocks
And u ain't got to much controlMan your workers ain't dat cool
Man they sum hoes
More un-listen
And they to ready to foldCause they cant take too much presser
Let me mash on em
Yes son, they in violation
Go get em?It won't be to long for we mop up da floor wit 'em
It's rap a lot for life
We've been done here to long
For these haters to brings us downWe to right, they to wrong
Too black and too strong
To go on life to prong
To ready for da rugtersTo close to my trunk
We can pop or we can chunk
We can blast or we can go
From da shouldersBitch I tried to told you
But if u ain't know
Bitch I'm to trill!

Songwriters
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