

Triller (feat. Kirko Bangz)

Bun B

[Intro: Kirko Bangz]

Triller

Say ain't nobody triller

I'm a motherfuckin killer

Say ain't nobody triller

And you know it's for real[Verse 1: Bun B]

Wake up in the morning, give thanks to the Lord

For giving me another day so I can go hard

Never been fraud, always kept it true

Get dressed, hit the street try ta' see what it do

Cut a few corners, [?] a few dubs

Get 'em, jump back, trill niggas show love

Some try to hate, I don't pay it no mind

Either get with me or get like me - that's on the grind

Candy paint shine as I flip through the city

Ridin' 84s, and them hoes look pretty

Had dirty money way before P Diddy

I'm just tryna squeeze a little more milk up out the titty

Is ya with me?[Hook: Kirko Bangz]

I'mma put it down my nigga

Gotta do what I do for the town my nigga

Boys talking down on a nigga

But since day one I've been a killer

Mayne and ain't nobody triller

Say ain't nobody triller

I'm a motherfucking killer

H-Town in this bitch

And you know it's for real[Verse 2: Bun B]

Riding drop top in the Fleetwood Lac

The sun is shining down on my astro [?]

I'm all about the cheese but I never been a wreck

Gotta keep it to yo self, what part of the game is that?

You see me rollin 4's on them foes, just flipping

Leaning on the leather through the Southside dipping

You know I got the gat up on my lap with the clip in

Cock back ready but these boys ain't tripping

Who run this bitch? Don't even bother

My granddaddy did, he passed it to my father

My father did his thing like a G

He passed it down to me
Now the neighborhood belong to Bun B, OG[Hook 2: Kirko Bangz]
I'mma put it down my nigga
Gotta do what I do for the town my nigga
Boys talking down on a nigga
But since day one I've been a killer
Mane and ain't nobody triller
Say ain't nobody triller
I'm a motherfucking killer
[?] in this bitch
And you know it's for real[Verse 3: Bun B]
Pussy niggas need to stay off in they lane
Sitting sidelines, want to quarterback the game
Back seat drivers get to talking too much
But not when I'm around, cause they know they get touched
It's the city called Clutch, and that's how we come through
Fake niggas runnin up? What the fuck they gon' do?
A trill nigga, no Hilfiger
Put it on yo ass, before when we still wheel nigga
New niggas in the game, get your share
Long as you ain't touching mine, bitch I really don't care
[?] in the air, twist yo fingers til it break
Trill recognize trill, we never roll fake
For the game[Hook: Kirko Bangz]

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