

# Gravy

UGK

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uh, if you know like I know you would get down on the flo'  
I keep a magnum for they back and I keep a swisha full of dro  
We can get down for my dime and we can fuck on the low  
And if you didn't want a pimp then what'cha fuckin' with me fo'? Every lady ain't a hoe and every hoe ain't my  
bitch  
It take a real trill nigga to recognize this type of shit  
Every girl around me legit, I don't fuck around with no punks  
Ride with me she holdin' a pistol while I'm whippin' and poppin' the trunk We gon' blow a lot of skunk and we  
gon' make a lot of bread  
And we ain't never gon' have no problems  
Long as she hear what the fuck I said  
Pimpin' ain't dead it just moved to the west side  
Still like to get my dick sucked under the street lights I'm Tony Snow, I'm out here livin' by the code  
In love with a lifestyle, not no bitch I'm in that mode  
I'm lookin at you, you choosin' me my dick head never stop  
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm superstar, we headed to the top I'm stayin' true, I'm out here whippin' my Mercedes  
Fuckin' with the midnight ladies, the game is cold but it's gravy  
I'm bangin' Screw, my young girl lookin' fine  
We stayin' out here on the grind and keepin' money on our mind Well, I'm certified official, authentic and the  
real McCoy  
Guaranteed to blow the spot when I'm in it, gotta feel ya boy  
100 percent, real Bun B I represent  
Trill with that gangster ass persona so hard that it can dent Still in the hood 'cause it needs me and the corner it  
feeds me  
So I eat all I want, my reputation preceeds me  
If you grimy or greasy then your best step be easy  
'Cause that forty-feezy leave you leakin' fo' sheezy Trigger fingers I squeeze see and the cannons is bust  
Them bullets blow by you breezy like a midsummer gust  
It'll put your dick in the dust, when I put one up in your dome  
You be leakin' out plasma and puss and your mouth'll fill up with foam So you gotta go hard or go home, either  
be a boy or a man  
Gotta pay the cost to be the boss or you take a loss understand?

Gotta play the hand that you're dealt that's until it's yo' turn to deal  
Otherwise you get it how you live, I could give a fuck how you feel I'm stayin' true, I'm out here whippin' my  
Mercedes  
Fuckin' with the midnight ladies, the game is cold but it's gravy  
I'm bangin' Screw, my young girl lookin' fine  
We stayin' out here on the grind and keepin' money on our mind I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm from the South  
This scary hoe don't wanna know what it's about  
'Cause I stay country true down to the co', dick good like uncut blow  
In your nose, in your jaws, feel it tighten up, don't stop, don't pause Candy nigga drive candy cars, fuck the  
D.A., fuck the law  
I fuck the snow but I love a pro like flat backers I'm a Cadillac'er  
On parole well I'm a pistol packer, drugs sold, powder jacker  
Get with me if she a money stacker, bitch around me man I'm a mack her From the land of cheap work and  
steady licks  
With pounds of dro' and Impala bricks  
We grind to eat and eat to live  
This shit for real, these ain't no tricks With 36 hoes to the ki'  
And ten kilos grams in the sack  
And 15 sacks up in the trunk  
Now that's one point five mill' worth of crack It's Big Dick Cheney, Tony Snow  
The King Committee is now in session  
Today's agenda, get that dough  
'Cause the clock is tickin', time is pressin' No second guessin', make your mind up  
Step your grind up and get that pay  
Gotta sell your ass or a nigga blast  
If you wanna roll with that UGK I'm stayin' true, I'm out here whippin' my Mercedes  
Fuckin' with the midnight ladies, the game is cold but it's gravy  
I'm bangin' Screw, my young girl lookin' fine  
We stayin' out here on the grind and keepin' money on our mind

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