

Ain't Leaving Trill

Webbie

[Verse 1: Webbie] I gotta fully automatic, two-bananas dat's a hundred

You already know the story, some lil niggas owe me money

I came out here got on, I'm on homies acting funny

I left them niggas alone cause I felt the jack was coming

I shoot up to Atlanta, I be rollin' down the strip

They be on e like I'm tip, I'll chill then I'll dip

Up above to the club, to Manhattan see what's crackin'

Girl will lick e like I'm 50 or I'm jigga, I be laughing

Me and boo from baton rouge, get that big ragedy we be stackin'

We be packing them big rougers put you losers on a platter

Make some moves up to St. Louis, then get Nelly on the telley

Watching belly shooting dice and betin' thousand on the seven

Seen Kelly in Chicago fuck it yo showed me the club

We went in and popped some bottles, everybody showed me love

Ain't no telling where we goin' and it don't matter where we was

Mane I can go where ever the fuck I want simply because

[Chorus:] How many records you sold, I won't with you when you drove

So I don't know how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill

I know you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks

Y'all be creepin' in that road, I'm a get you outta here

Fuck how many records you sold, I won't with you when you drove

So I don't know how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill

I know you niggas hoes, y'all be talking to them folks

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[Verse 2: Lil Phat] I be the trill fam, nigga don't forget the youngin'

You don't know how I'm coming hoe look let a nigga run it

I'm like a monkey out the zoo, I'm like a Jordan tennis shoe

It's a southside thing from jimmy lou, the illest shoe

I know my trill fam niggas oh they gon' ride for me (ride for me)

And all them ones who ain't convicted

Oh they take five for me (take five for me)

We fucking bad bitches don't fuck with them sadd bitches

Don't like lil bitty hoes we fucking with the phat bitches

Ain't no lil lenty hoes, I mean my knot be way fatter

And if you fuck with me you hear that ratta tatta tatta

We cut up and and we show out from bently to phantoms

A nigga a punk a bitch we stamp'em

We shining on them yeah we grimmy like a mothafucka

Climbing on them yeah we grinding like a mothafucka
Drink yo hard liquor I'm a sip my cold cup
You can be from outta town I'm a make you put them fours up
[Chorus:]How many records you sold, I won't with you when you drove
So I don't know how you niggas roll, I ain't leaving trill
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