Don't Mess With Texas

Baby Bash

[Happy Perez][scratching]"Lone Star ranger"
"Lone Star ranger"
"Lone Star ranger" ("Sit-sittin' on swanger")
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"Lone Star ranger" ("Sit-sittin' on swanger") -- [Lucky Luciano]
[Chorus: Shyykidd]Don't mess with Texas, oh no
We just so damn, what, so cold
Competition
You could really want it
When you backing down, look what we have accomplished
Don't mess with Texas, oh no
We just so damn, what, so cold
Got the big bangers
Cause the last swangers
Paint drippin', boy, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
[Verse 1: Lucky Luciano {Lucky Luciano slowed down}]Ay, Lucky Lu', gon' come through, and do this here for Screw zoo
I'm a Texas boy, eating barbecue, and sippin' on red Mountain Dew
{Lone Star ranger, sittin' on swanger}
One in the chamber, ready for the danger
Five cliffhangers, I'm a show 'em how to tip toe
Here to wreck a set, bang, when I drop my fifth O
H-Town, San Anton', ATX, Fort Worth
Dallas to the valley, man, it's all about the work
What you know about the great state of Texas
Rocks in a necklace, leave a {bitch} breathless
Home of the players and the styrofoam cups
Woodgrain wheel and I'm ridin' on bucks
Paint look slippery, drank not Hennessey
Brand new Bentley, same ol' triple beam
Uh
And I'm Draped Up and dripped out
Eighty-four spiderwebs, got your boy tipped out

[Repeat Chorus][Verse 2: South Park Mexican]I got chicks like Pamela, from H to Canada
The only game I ever played good was Gallahger
Cold like Alas-a-ka, flip 'em like spatula
People be trying to bite my flows like Dracula's

Spectacular, my rappin' doesn't seem to have a replica
Angel, I saw a dude go from Jesse to Jessica
Dope fiend blessed, I'm a money making maniac
Born in the gutter like a little cute baby rat
My lady's tat got SPM in faded black
People say you look like Carlos Coy, but, ain't he fat
Just like a janie sack, I'm been gettin' Slim Fast
Prison life turn my cell block into a gym class
Pull-ups off my top bunk, bench press my mattress
Curlin' pillow cases full of books and a atlas
Can you understand this or has a G lost touch
Walkin' in my con chucks, livin' out long months
[Repeat Chorus][Verse 3: Baby Bash]It's that Dope House Records, jammin' out of Texas
Mayne, I'm so powerful with quick reflexes
With the SP Mex's, South Park on hollow
Happy P., got the beats on steroids like (??)
If I'm Italian, I'm a Capo, yeah, fully made
Retire from the game, and still get fully paid
Yeah
It's the Dope House prophet
Thirty-five and forty-five in the state, keep it poppin'
Boy, what you slangin'
Boy, what you slangin'
Ridin' big body, playboy, what you sangin'
Smashing down ten with a farm in my woodgrain
Hit San Anton', and you know it's all good, mayne
[Repeat Chorus]

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