Wood Wheel

Ugk

Uh, whut
(Hehe)
Smoke somethin', bitch, smoke somethin'
I'm up early 'cuz my nigga don't sell dope after night time
Love choppin' blades, rollin' hooptie
'N move the dope through the pipeline
Pimp C, bitch, holla at yo' bitch, now yo' bitch on my team
Got her buyin' us sticky green, lace some with promythazine
Candy sweets, a candy bitch, you lookin' at a candy boy
I done came down Main and popped trunk
Hit the switch on my candy toy
We all young ghetto boyz, that's why we act this way
Tryin' to see a million dollars
Hopin' these niggas don't blast today
Pro smoke, pro choke, anti-broke, conservative liberal
Left-wing slangin', right-wing hangin' in criminal court, it's civil
In the middle of reality, unsolved mysteries riddle
Knockin' over fat cats, and gettin' my thoughts off bits and kibbles
On note pads I scribble, write rippers that'll make you think
Snap so hard it'll break your synchronicity
Fuck it, take it, trick, I fake it, blink 'n poof
We disappearin' into a shroud of dozier
Cloud composures, all-nighters like Folger's
But, bitch, I tried to told ya
Rollin' Seville
(Rollin' Seville)
Grippin' my steal
(Grippin' my steal)
My Tahoe real, man, I'm workin' wood wheel
Sedan DeVille
(Sedan DeVille)
House on the hill
(House on the hill),
Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
Nigga, how you feel?
(Nigga, how you feel?)
I feel so trill
(I feel so trill)
Might pop me a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

House on the hill
(House on the hill)
Marijuana fields
(Marijuana fields)
Grippin' my steal, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
They tellin' me, "Bun, don't go there", but man, I just gots to bring it
These niggas, they wanna hate on that Texas but scared to sing it
They don't know what that star 'bout
They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout or smokin' that joint 'bout
All they know is what the fuck I tell 'em or what the fuck we sell 'em
Smokin' Swishers, wood grain, and leavin' stains on cerebellums
Rebellum, propell 'em, gel 'em from P.A. to Deep Ellum
Tell 'em I tol' 'em, wrote 'em, fuck it, phone 'em to hell, to heaven
I just spent 60 G's on a brand new Eldo-reeze
Black-on-black, drop top 'lac, north star fifth wheel on back
Sometimes I feel like Lil' Ke when my trunk steady hummin'
Had to leave my bitch 'cuz I fell in love with my chrome plated woman
I love my wood wheel Grant, '84 Cadillacs that slant
Slowed down Screw tapes that knock, blowin' on Green private stock
Bitch, I don't eat hamhocks, try 20 ounce Angus beef
Hangin' with young niggas, that pack big triggas
'N got big ass diamonds off in they teeth
Fifth wheel and grill
(Fifth wheel and grill)
Candy Seville
(Candy Seville)
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
(Workin' wood wheel)
House on the hill
(House on the hill)
Flexin' mils
(Flexin' mils)
Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
Comin' down so trill
(Comin' down so trill)
Nigga, how you feel?
(Nigga, how you feel?)
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
Grippin' the steal
(Grippin' the steal)
Nigga, I'm so real
(Nigga, I'm so real)
Bitch, how you feel? Nigga, I'm workin' wood wheel
Smokin' on bionic, ubonic chronic, it's so ironic

Sippin' gin and tonic, supersonic like Johnny Mnemonic
We crash your party, piss on your parade
Sip syrup like it's Lemonade
From Paris to the Palisades to the Promenade
Bomb and fade, closes the car, break worlds, it's plain as day
That's the game we came to play, it don't change, ain't a thang to say
It's goin' down in the H-Town
Young playa from the South 'bout to blaze a pound
Tryin' to find me a bopp with some good mouth
I know you freaky bitches know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Ain't got no time to play, girl
Let me get a little throwed off some good skunk
Bitch, didn't you know who the fuck I was
Off in the street, lookin' for the good stuff?
Bitch, I don't give a fuck about yo' man, so
Bitch tryin' to fuck fast, I'ma fuck slow
How the fuck you're gonna out-fuck James, ho?
Like Teddy Pendergrass, you better let it go
Gettin' ready fo' head doctors, show shockers, body rockers
Late night do' knockers
Gotta break us off big pimpin', baby, we ho clockers
Bitch bosses, takin' no losses, best go ask aks Lil' Wee-wee
Baby brother, Sweet James Jones, guerrilla pimpin' at its finest
Leavin' haters and ho-hustlers behind us, rewind us
Touched like Midas, these bitch ass niggas they study and bite us
Couldn't not recite us, come to our show
And bitch niggas try to fight us
Ho niggas scream and talk, trill niggas bust and leave
How the fuck you're gonna go to war
When you bitch ass niggas ain't got no cheese?
Blowin' big kill
(Blowin' big kill)
Million dollar deals
(Million dollar deals)
Nigga, I'm so trill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel
Uh, puttin' down one time for the king, Lil' J
Smoke somethin', bitch

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