

Tell Me How Ya Feel

Ugk

Ladies and gentlemen
You are now tuned in to the very best
This is a Jazze Phizzle, produc-shizzle
U.G.K., Pimp C, Sweet Jones, Bun B
I'm out here grippin' on the wood, sittin' on the leather
Keep the gold diggin' bitches tryin' to keep they shit together
Swangin' through yo' hood, diamonds on the wheel
When you see a pimp shinin', bitch, tell me how ya feel
I'm out here grippin' on the wood, sittin' on the leather
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When you see a pimp shinin', bitch, tell me how ya feel
I call my motherfuckin' swangers on the slab, money on my mind
24/7 I'm out here on the grind
Wanna jack that way to heaven, got somethin' for ya spine
Put ya on the shit bad if you really wanna try
I done been to hell and back, they call me T.B.C.
Now everythang that I drive got at least five TV's
Two in the sun visor, two in the headrest
When jumpin' out to dash, two hundred thousand on my chest
Hangin' 'round my neck, blindin' you niggaz
I ain't cappin', I'm just tellin' you what's hap'nin'
Some niggaz be winnin' and some be steady losin'
Touchin' down, women they stayin', they steady chosin'
Tired of feelin' bashed and mashed and want some cash
You only live once, she fin' to cheat on her man
'Cause I'ma stand up in her and sin her 'cause she a winner
I'm Sweet Jones bitch and I'm pimpin', y'all some beginners
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When you see a pimp shinin', bitch, tell me how ya feel
Yeah, well, I'm the son of the struggle, the Godchild of the grind
The product of the product and the cousin of crime
So get that fuck up out your mind, I'm born to this life

And my work is the only woman I'll ever make my wife
So all you triflin'-ass, stiflin'-ass, mud-stuck, fuck boys
Gettin' bound to borin', you shit out of luck boys
The Kingz is back in the buildin', just in the knick of time
And we fin' to do it to it partner while you niggaz lyin'
Touchin' us, you niggaz dyin', kill you hoes, just for tryin'
Death befo' dishonor, you never see me testifyin'
Standin' on the stand, grab a workout in the yard
Trill niggaz never fraud, you can put that on the Lord
Goin' hard, ask the hardest nigga you know in the street
I'm the last nigga that that nigga wanna meet
Ain't no need to exaggerate, I just tell it like it is
So get the fuck up out my way, Bun Beeda handlin' biz
I'm the shit

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Well, if you had yo'self a pimp and you had yo'self a G
And you put 'em both together, what the fuck would you see?
U.G.K. nigga, fresher than a cashmere sweater
When it come to keepin' it trill, nobody do it better
Ain't no candy paint wetter, no 24's classier
No leather seats softer, no other brothers classier
And you could never pass me up, so slow your roll, mayne
Recognize the real when Pimp and Bun in control, mayne
Ugh, I got a candy cup, sittin' on buck
Two-hundred thousand when I roll up
Year ago, I was on lock, now I'm out here droppin' them tops
48 months, I was gone, barely got back, it's still on
I know y'all hate to see the Pimp free, all y'all all can eat a big D
I see the Kingz winnin', thought it was over, it's the beginnin'
Underground, we run the South, diss me, I'ma bust your mouth
I don't run, I come to your house
You gon' lose, nigga, that's no doubt
We can jump or pop it out, I ain't Jeezy, don't swap it out
Knahtalkinbout?

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