

Touched (featuring Mr. 3-2)

UGK

Listen up I got a story to tell
Ay fool, listen up I got a story to tell
Say dog, listen up I got a story to tell
Say man, listen up I got this story to tell Now once upon a time not too long ago
A nigga like myself had to strong arm a hoe
Now this was not a hoe in the sense of having a pussy
But a pussy having no goddamn sense, tryna push me
He used to hold dick now he wanna be in my shoes
Hatin' like a baby mama 'cause I'm payin' my dues
Tryin' to hold on to my little chunk but not a punk in the parking lot bumping his gums
With his Ki's in the trunk, oh what I'm supposed to jump 'cause you got a pump
You aimin' that bitch in the sky you chump
Point that motherfucker this way and dump
Oh what you scared to go to the pen?
Thinkin' them niggas gon' tap your rump?
Man I thought he played bold but he ain't even fuss
Man the nigga was way swole actin' like he wanted to buss
But his trigger stayed cold I wasn't surprised
I recognized that fast breathin' and fear in his eyes
Unmask his disguise a sheep in wolf's clothing
On the prey, who tried to hunt the hunter
And got hunted down his goddamn self in PA
Niggas it's where we stay
Ain't none of that K-K-K'n or playin' so see A
Or E about your life 'fore you test yourself
And make a nigga break you off some peace to rest yourself
Oh yes your health is what's in question
And I hope that this ass whippin'
Teach you a motherfuckin' lesson Speak the wrong words man and you will get touched
'Cause deep down in the South boy's comin' up cold
Talkin' down on my name and what it's all about
You niggas better be gettin' some cut and get my name out yo mouth
'Cause I dunno why you got flex with me
Testin' me but I'mma pull my shit and let you see
That all that carry the jack ain't able to survive
So you haters need to quit with that po' hustlin'
And take another ride Niggas jumped and crossed the line
The movies got these boys fucked up in the mind
Not to mention the wine and codeine syrup combined

Easy access to 9s
And shit talkin' hoes that's fine
And all they got time for is pourin' Swishers down
Committing crimes amped off water
And some exaggerated rhyme
So if bein' hard ain't in your heart
Then don't start niggas'll tear your weak mind apart
Bitch, your old man talkin' to me like I'm in school
He don't know I hang with killers we'll erase that fool
Wouldn't give a fuck about him but he kin to my son
If you think that I'm that nigga then you picked the wrong one
'Cause I live by the gun, die by the gun
Hot bullets burn some say that them bitches stun
So raise your own children don't try to raise mine
And when you see me step with caution 'cause I'm buckin' for mine, bitch
Speak the wrong words man and you
will get touched
You done crossed the line now you gon' get fucked
I already told you before but you ain't barring that
So this time I'm handlin' mine and gon' erase you off the map
Such a shame but it's all in the game
And since the early 60's ain't a damn thing changed
We got haters over here and haters over there
But I got my pistol and it ain't pointed in the air
I see you trippin' off that water and you feel like you bad
'Cause yo bitch done chose a pimp and that pimp was Chad
I see you hurt 'cause I fucked your girl
Put big dick in her world, bust nuts in her curls
When I hit it from the back she said "baby I can't take it"
Push my dick up in her harder bitch I'm straight up tryin' to break it
You a simp-ass nigga you told that bitch that you love her
But I'm straight up fuckin' that pussy like that nigga off they colors
But I ain't gonna get shot 'cause you ain't shootin' shit
The best thing you can do is go and try and beat that bitch
'Cause this man's style showstopper pistol popper you ain't ready
If I let this hot thing hit you fool, your stomach like spaghetti
Fool you talkin' loud but you move too slow
Tellin' niggas all your plans got you tied up in a van
Nigga what the fuck is up (up) in the place to be
First I want the money nigga then I want the fuckin' Ki's
Kidnap robbery 'cause you said you wanted me dead
Since you want a nigga dead
Buck that bitch off in his head
Just like E-40 nigga I be comin' fed
Got the sawed off pump with night vision infrared
So play me like a pussy and you will get fucked
Nigga I'm hangin' out the truck b-buck buck
Hit your nigga in the leg hit your bitch in the gut

But we know where your ass stay
So your ass will get touched
Speak the wrong words I'm high on them herbs
And you will get touched cause yo ass deserve
To get done real bad in front of yo kids
To show 'em what real type of bitch you is
And it's that boy named 3 to the 2 forever stayin' true
Just a player makin' do and I gotta tell it to the
Whole wide world how you got bitched razor necked just like
A motherfuckin' girl

Songwriters

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