Trill Recognize Trill

Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I still, I still, I still, I still
I still, I still, I still, tote steel
I still tote steel, I still tote steel
I still, haI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitBun B is the name, UGK is the click
P A T is the city so if you hate, suck the dick
I'm from the land of the trill, from the home of the hard
Where niggaz don't wait to see ya, they bring it to your yardWe ain't never been fraud, we ain't never been lame
So if you wanna get it crackin', every nigga is game
So we can catch a corner, or we can catch a square
Any place, any time, I'll be waitin' right thereSee I give you a bad one and shoot you in the spine
But as soon as you hit your back, my dogs'll eat you alive
All we know is survive, we ain't taking no ails
So before you play with us, you best play with yourself'Cause I'm tired of the tough talk, tired of the mean mug
I'm 'bout ready to give these fuck niggaz a clean slug
Cock back the hammer on the goddamn steel
And put a hollow in the middle of his goddamn breel, fuck itI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
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Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitTalkin' about the carats in my watch, diamonds in my chain
Who's baddest on the block? What my status in the game?
The records that I've sold, Bobby V going gold
And all them number one chart positions that I holdThe money and the wealth, well, I'll keep it to myself
But I'm always willin' to share the firepower on the shelf

I'm shiny star spanglin', ding-a-ling danglin'
Luda, the sheet swisha, broke the record of Wilt ChamberlainI'm College Park rangerin', Houston, Tex mangerin'
So get down or lay down and see these middle finger rings
I'm banging in the East, West, South, all over the map, boy
I do it for myself, my daughter, and all these trap boyzLac boyz, candy and paint, paper we stack boy
But semi-automatic so make the click get back boy
Click, since I was born, I've been the shit
And money speaks for itself so I ain't never said, shitI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
We some southern OG's, Trill recognize Trill
All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip
Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shitNiggaz best to start runnin', hidin', dodgin', and duckin'
'Cause them trill niggaz comin', ridin', cockin', and buckin'
Bitch you fucking with a monster, a beast like no other
The hardest nigga living since my motherfucking brotherSo duck and cover, duck and roll, hit the deck
We comin' for money and your motherfuckin' respect
But we ain't taking no checks, money orders or visas
Your life is on the line so don't motherfuckin' tease usYou gonna need Jesus, to hold you and help ya
'Cause you fuckin' with me, bitch, you gonna see helter skelter
That heat gon melt ya, this steel gon gut ya
You're lame ass nigga, know ya nolia then fuck yaBitch, I stopped giving a damn when pimp went to the pen
So not everyone's associates and nobody's friends
Just make sure to get my ends and nobody gets hurt
Before I put somebody's children under motherfuckin' dirt, fuck itI still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel
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Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shit

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