

Trill Niggas Don't Die

Ugk

I pack that nine every time and I ain't trying dying
Pussy nigga
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I just wanna celebrate 'cause trill niggaz don't die
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Pussy nigga, thinking you gon' kill me
I got some'ing for your ass, nigga you gon' feel me
I'ma blow you out the wate, with the 2-23
Putting dick up in your daughter, rap is over I serve some cheese
Nigga talking 'bout robbing Chad
Run up on me with that first will leave you stinking in the grass
If you're Cathlic go to mass, if you're Baptist go to church
See a hoe up in a nigga, gon' pull up a skirt
That'll be some incredible shit
Niggaz scheming on my bezel, on some devilish shit
I been to hell and back, on another level you bitch
Go on try it I'm going live, they gon' need a shovel for you bitch
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I been stabbed I been shot, went from no fans to being hot
But somehow always fall short, for trying to keep fiddles in my pot
In a doggy dog world, y'all fellas be chasing girls
When I place myself in history, too hot for a ladder to catch me
But I can't help but to notice, I'm one of the coldest
And I know y'all haters love when I'm locked up, but I won't lose focus
Yeah I wrote this counting down, how many days I got
So lately my gun ain't been hid, it's been displayed a lot
My attitude is fucked up, I don't give a fuck 'cause I just don't give one
Thinking 'bout living a life where everything
You do right is wrong, mo'fucker I live one
I know niggaz wanna kill me but I'm still riding pride
'Cause the Lord riding with me and that's the main reason why

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Some niggaz win and some niggaz lose
Some niggaz getting bruised, some always crying the blues
Some niggaz already lost and ain't gon' lose no mo'
Big shoes, hoe choose, ain't paying dues no mo'
Everything y'all trying to do, I built a school hoe
Now it's fly to talk country, I made the rules hoe
I was sagging in my khaki's 'fore Dickie's was cool
Gangsta Nike's on my feet, our music banging in the streets
The young B.G.'s, really love to fuck
Fuck radio and BET, I'm out here bumping in the trunk
For the girls popping pussy and the boys with the blow
Cadillac'ers and flat-backers, I'm out here ripping for it hoe
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Can't any man, boy or woman take away my soul
It's a gift given from God and I'm keeping a tight hold
The world is ugly and cold, trying to make me the same
But I'ma keep it one hundred, when it come to the game
Tame attitude, they get the wolves to grouping up
They laying boys down, they future they scooping up
We keep it click tight, so when niggaz start lurking
In the dark heaters start, anybody start jerking
Put my work in on the reg', the powder in the keg
A dragging society, don't borrow don't beg
For tomorrow so gon' 'head with your pity, I'ma be cool
Kindergarteners was looking up to me in pre-school
Down with Pimp C fool and P A T the town
Representing it to the fullest, till I'm gone I hold it down
Bun Beater, would never sell you no lie
So if you ask for the truth, I'ma reply to trill niggaz don't die

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