

Trilla Intro

Rick Ross

[Intro - Rick Ross]

With kush and lean on my breath

The big boss Ricky Ross here is Trilla

You Know I'm talkin bout[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

Shout out to Gun Play - Shout out to T.O.

Shout out to Kenneth Williams - Shout out to E-Folk

Shout out to E-Class, nigga we eat fast

Shout out to Gucci Pucci, beamers we each have

Shout out to Larry Hoover - Shout out to Big Meech

Shout out to Bunky Brown - Shout out to Fish Grease

Shout out to Falcon - Shout out to Big Bob

Shout out to John Doe - The hole Lynch Mob

(Shout out to Rick Ross) because I (Run This)

I was a trill nigga, bitch when I wasn't rich

Shout out to Brown Lee, slangin in H-Town

Gettin bank in the tank, knockin weight down

Shout out to Lil' Trea, triggas get pulled back

It's five stacks for a hit, betcha feel that

This the corner sto', pinnacle of ballin blow

In the strip club with 50 grand is all ya know

Shout out to Boobie Boys, young drug dealers

Shout out to Red and Blue, I got love, nigga

Shout out to Chi-Town, all the G.D.'s

Shout out to 3-0-5, I rep C.C.

Shout out to Lil' Jay - Shout out to Jay-Z

Shout out to 2Shae, I'm gettin straight cheese

Shout out to Wayne Parker, cook the 'caine harder

Shout out to Haitian P, he's so straight robbin

Shout out to Scarface - Shout out to Bun B

I met Escobar, my ring one key

Shout out to Trick Daddy, I got love, fool

We both millionaires, let's make some thug moves

I'm paranoid it's too much personalia

Puplic prosecutors got me preparing for failure

Picture pimp, picture me pimpin the pen

With all these pretty scripters that I can pimp with my pen

Oh no the Lord is my light and my savior

So I don't know is somebody coming to save ya

Oh Lord please tell 'em my game will slay 'em

Oh Boy that A-K gon' do 'em a favor
I don't give a fuck about death
'Cuz death don't give a fuck about flesh
'Cuz flesh don't give a fuck about mine
And mine never gave a fuck about my

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