

II Trill

Bun B

[J. Prince]

awww yeah..what's up pimp I feel ya prescence right now
yo bun. you know many are called but few are chosen
you the chosen one my nigga the future president congratulations
by the way I need you to send a trill message to some
and a subliminal message to others about this throwin' rocks and
then hidin' ya hand bitch. please let em know we gon give them what
they ask for

[Bun B]

mayne I'm too hard for all you soft niggas
too real for most of you lames
too raw to be in this rap shit and the streets is the same
too throwed off in this game too true to my hood
I'm too down to get down so lets get it understood
too bad to be good too golden not glisten
too focused for fuck boys to fuck off my mission
too smart not to listen when g's pull my coat
bout them white folks that's listenin and watchin' my boat
that's real shit you can quote I'm too gangsta too street
so don't run up too fast cuz I'm too strapped with that heat
I'm too dirty to be me too gorilla to be monkey
too fly to stay grounded too fresh to be funky
too many licks for junkies, too much work for flippers
too much dro for smokers, too much amp for dippers
no need for you to trip cuz we bring to much drama
got too many killas put that on my mamma
I'm too trill

[Z-Ro - Hook]

IiiiiI'm too trill, too, too too real
all about my dolla bills and even if I tried
I could never fall off too much money on my mind
IiiiiI'm too trill too, too, too, real
hard as penitentiary steel it's simple and plain
If I retired you young'uns wouldn't know what to do with the game

[Bun B]

and I'm too serious for this play playin' it's too much bread to make
for me too fuck of my time with these cats that's too fake
I done seen too many wakes, sent too many to them
yo homeboy can get it I'm to ready to do him
too many guns I can pull, too many slugs I can bust
leave yo brain matter, bone fragments, and dick up in the dust
too many niggas I done crushed to let yo bitch ass come try me
that smart game got gun play youll be screamin' why me
too close don't get by me, you too prone to tell
bout these bodies we catchin', this dope that we sell
you too weak ,mayne too frail, too light up in yo britches
you too much dick ridin' manye you worse than these bitches
too many snitches that you breakin' bread wit
you too close to police ,boy you on some fed shit
so you can go head with that sale, we wont' buy
I'm too smart for all that dumb shit you know but boys try

[Hook]

[Bun B]

and I'm too sick of all this sweet shit cuz I'm seein' too much smilin'
too much punk ass posin' too much punk ass profilin'
too many niggas be frontin' like they got the town on lock
with too much money in the bank and too many hoes is on they jock
but you smoke too many of them rocks that you claimin' you done sold
I done been out on them blocks and you ain't got too much control
man you workers ain't that cold, they some hoes more or lesser
and they too ready to fold cuz they can't take too much pressure
do we mash on them? yes sir they in violation go get em
It won't be too long befo we mop up the flo with em
It's rap-a-lot for life we done been here too long
to let these hata's bring us down we too right they too wrong
I'm too black and too strong to go out like a punk
too ready for the ruckus too close too my trunk
we can pop or we can jump we can blast or we can go
from the shoulders bitch I tried to told you but if you ain't kno
I'm II Trill