

# So Trill

David Banner

Bread and water..This what it comes down to  
I remember when these kids got killed up in Pearl  
Is it the end of the world? Grown men acting like bitches  
Bitches actin' like men, and it's all good  
As long as all these records keep sellin'  
Niggaz time cut so these snitches keep tellin'  
Yall know it ain't right..  
And I ain't bending for these hoes  
Is this the part when my God comes back and starts throwin' elbows?  
Man these children gone astray, and no daddies in the home  
So they turn to gun play, or they just turn gay  
Half-bit like they rich broke, niggaz swisha sweet  
So I sit, in a lac and just smoke, stayin' down in the street  
Vernon Dixon? Georgetown in the hills  
The subs and the boys in Hattiesburg so trill  
The delta and coast, the queens is what I boast  
But these kids in the south is what a nigga love the most

Damn, the kids is what a nigga loves most  
Fuck, so trill..

I grab a pen and pad and try to tell you how I feel  
And scream to the lord it's so trill (so trill)  
It's hard in the south when you try to stack a mill'  
And scream to the lord it's so trill (so trill)

I remember when the twin towers fell  
Did the boys in the G know, or just didn't tell?  
I ain't forgot about Gore, and them trick ass ballots  
Numbers tossed around in the mix like a salad  
Or a bird in the Bush  
Or a brother up in office tryna give a big push  
Yall dont try to praise God now  
He been watchin from the jump, i'ma crunk  
Quick to pull the sawed pump, skull and bones yall can kill me  
I'ma G, and the world is gon' feel me  
Bet you neva thought the truth would come straight from the middle of Missis  
sippi  
So P-Boy keep pushin'..  
We some big ones, life would street, man we all on a mission

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This for my boys in the pen and my thugs on the county farms  
If it's war then I swear i'm gonna raise them arms  
And come and getcha, send me a kite...  
And I promise that I'll write ya back or smoke a fat sack in ya name  
I ain't no bitch or no hoe or no trick  
Tryna ride a nigga dick just to make a quick hit  
I ain't writin' love songs for prissy bitches  
I make songs for the queens who lost sight in the hood  
Mayne i made some bullshit but it's good  
And if ya see me then you see this shit across my chest  
I pray to God, let my spirit do the rest

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