

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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