

## PA Nigga

UGK

Man, I been feelin' caged in  
They try to stop us shackled us and dropped us  
Tacklers, sackers, no propers, just smack us  
Floppers, pro-tractors, ho-hoppers attack us  
Broke crackers, no actors just coppers with choppers  
With random and ?ricos? With cameras and peep holes  
Can't stand us, we chose the scandalous, who planned this your people?  
Fuck that you hero bucked at by weavels, and muskrats to seagulls  
Touch that to bank rolls and c-notes to stank hoes and beagles  
Drunk folks, clay folks, gay folks now we go to peep holes  
Moving stars required, (?) nevermind my appearance  
Leave your insurance for your clearance  
Bitch, I roll for gun for endurance not a gimmick, nigga this ain't "Mommy D  
earest"  
A lot a said and clearing the closest and the freshest  
This is that underground shit from Port Arson, Texas

I'm a PA nigga, trill ass nigga, how the fuck you figure you can buck me dow  
n nigga  
I don't fuck around nigga I'm from the underground nigga  
Keep a bad yellow bitch that can fuck me down nigga  
I'm a PA nigga, trill ass nigga, how the fuck you figure you can buck me dow  
n nigga  
I don't fuck around nigga I'm from the underground nigga  
Keep mack up in my shit for my fucking pound nigga what?

I'm a big body flipper, syrup sipper  
I keep two bitches so they call me Jack Tripper  
Three years coming it, four as a rider  
Only room for one dick bitch when I'm knocking you down  
Got that dope by the pound, red jag on the ground  
You can hear when I'm comin because I'm bangin' surround  
And I'm getting my paper, so bitch fuck what you heard  
My niggas ready to hit it they just wait for the word  
Sell pipes and birds, water and herb, but not on the corner because my ho se  
lf-serve  
When I'm ridin' the city, my car might swerve  
My vision be blurred but I don't hit the curb  
I got rich in the ghetto with my microphone  
Everything I ride on wood and chrome  
Ever since "Big Pimpin" I've been seeing the clones  
Now everybody on they videos doing a sweet Jones

We runnin' through this rap game in break-neck speed, break-neck speed  
Blocks like begs please your lex keys  
Your checks freeze, your bank account shut down over seas  
And both of these and toke of these while blowin' trees with cloves of G's  
Move over please, make room for elbows we sell folks we sell those  
Felons in jail clothes, it get sticky like Velcro, gently rub her semen  
Women get tied up in scotch tape, now watch fate take it up a notch  
Wait, a hot date? baddies boppin under the sun, get blunted with Bun  
This summer we shun all inhibitions  
No wonder we gunnin, now watch a stunner become a livin' landmark  
Hands spark like (?) leave your plans dark  
Mercury, glistening fuck who dissing it  
Diss me, can't miss me just can't relate bitch, this my history date  
No driven for this we wait, to determine 'till eternally burning

Quote my destiny, child you're learning it?