

Swishas And Dosha

UGK

Know I'm talkin' 'bout?
Like we always do about this time, bitch

I got candy in my cup, candy in my car
Candy on my wrist, candy on my car
Smokin' on this chocolate, my neck piece is so sparklin'
Man I feel so awkward when I ain't got no barre to spliff

I keep a whole sip, a whole clip
In case these pussy niggaz wanna trip
Fly high boy, high fly boy
'Fore I fly high, lookin' at them jackers in their eye

I remember when a rapper was a go getta
Now all these rappers is some hoe niggaz
Hide behind the guards at the show nigga
Don't want no pussy, homosexual, on the low nigga

That's y'all, I'm from the old school
Like MJG and Ball, like Devin the Dude
I know Short Dog, the real Short Dog
Who see me drapin' drips, stepped out the whip on Sunset Strip

Swishas and dosha, blow when we drivin'
Benz's and Cadi's, swangin' big bodies
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Fuck niggaz bumpin' gums, real niggaz be bumpin' screw
So don't get bumped up, just in case a real G bump into you
I'm like Bumpy Knuckles, buck with nothin' but ready rockers
That's down for pistol play, on boy's that's steady knockers

Got boppers that's steady jockin', goofy niggaz in my ear
Bitch, I'ma self-made trillionaire, get your soft ass outta here
Weak niggaz wanna plead their case, just to raise up out my face
I ain't got that time to waste, punch your mouth and knock out the taste

You MySpacin' and Facebookin'
Playin' games with them toys
I'm in the streets where gangstas meet
While you're on line with them boys

So step your game up, build your name up
Quit your talkin' and quit your doin'
All that plannin' and contemplatin'
When the fuck you gon' start pursuin'?

Cars ain't drivin' themselves, mansions ain't buildin' themselves
They waitin' for Annie Mae and they need to stop feelin' themselves
They wealth ain't comin' until they earn it
But that somethin' they won't know 'til they learn it, while burnin'

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I'ma tell you pussy niggaz once again
Ain't had no friends since I left the pen
It's some niggaz I respect in the rap game
But it's some niggaz that I better not hear sayin' my fuckin' name

You say I love a stripper, pullin' down my zipper
That hoe was payin' me, bitch don't try to play with me
You runnin' from the fight, hidin' bitch, I stay with it
You gotta problem with me, go to Li'l J with it

This is UGK, get it? Bun and Pimp, Pimp and Bun
Three little G's is stayin' hard, you comin' limp simply son
They want it, we can give 'em some, probably not what they wanna see
Trill ass niggaz certified, ain't never been no wannabe

Has been's, never was, past due, outdated
Can't nobody from the North, East, West, or South fade it
You talkin' down but we comin' up as well as comin' down
So Pimp sum it up baby

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