

# 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 trilllionaire, 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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