

# Tell Me How Ya Feel

UGK

Ladies and gentlemen  
You are now tuned in to the very best  
This is a Jazze Phizzle, produc-shizzle  
U.G.K., Pimp see, Sweet Jones, Bun be

I'm out here grippin' on the wood, sittin' on the leather  
Keep the gold diggin' bitches tryin' to keep they shit together  
Swangin' through yo' hood, diamonds on the wheel  
When you see a pimp shinin', bitch, tell me how ya feel

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I call my motherfuckin' swangers on the slab, money on my mind  
24/7 I'm out here on the grind  
Wanna jack that way to heaven, got somethin' for ya spine  
Put ya on the shit bad if you really wanna try

I done been to hell and back, they call me T.B.C.  
Now everythang that I drive got at least five TV's  
Two in the sun visor, two in the headrest  
When jumpin' out to dash, two hundred thousand on my chest

Hangin' 'round my neck, blindin' you niggas  
I ain't cappin', I'm just tellin' you what's hap'nin'  
Some niggas be winnin' and some be steady losin'  
Touchin' down, women they stayin', they steady chosin'

Tired of feelin' bashed and mashed and want some cash  
You only live once, she fin' to cheat on her man  
'Cause I'ma stand up in her and sin her 'cause she a winner  
I'm Sweet Jones bitch and I'm pimpin', y'all some beginners

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Yeah, well, I'm the son of the struggle, the Godchild of the grind  
The product of the product and the cousin of crime  
So get that fuck up out your mind, I'm born to this life  
And my work is the only woman I'll ever make my wife

So all you triflin'-ass, stiflin'-ass, mud-stuck, fuck boys  
Gettin' bound to borin', you shit out of luck boys  
The Kingz is back in the buildin', just in the knick of time  
And we fin' to do it to it partner while you niggas lyin'

Touchin' us, you niggas dyin', kill you hoes, just for tryin'  
Death befo' dishonor, you never see me testifyin'

Standin' on the stand, grab a workout in the yard  
Trill niggas never fraud, you can put that on the Lord

Goin' hard, ask the hardest nigga you know in the street  
I'm the last nigga that that nigga wanna meet  
Ain't no need to exaggerate, I just tell it like it is  
So get the fuck up out my way, Bun Beeda handlin' biz  
I'm the shit

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Well, if you had yo'self a pimp and you had yo'self a G  
And you put 'em both together, what the fuck would you see?  
U.G.K. nigga, fresher than a cashmere sweater  
When it come to keepin' it trill, nobody do it better

Ain't no candy paint wetter, no 24's classier  
No leather seats softer, no other brothers classier  
And you could never pass me up, so slow your roll, mayne  
Recognize the real when Pimp and Bun in control, mayne

Ugh, I got a candy cup, sittin' on buck  
Two-hundred thousand when I roll up  
Year ago, I was on lock, now I'm out here droppin' them tops  
48 months, I was gone, barely got back, it's still on  
I know y'all hate to see the Pimp free, all y'all all can eat a big D

I see the Kingz winnin', thought it was over, it's the beginnin'  
Underground, we run the South, diss me, I'ma bust your mouth  
I don't run, I come to your house  
You gon' lose, nigga, that's no doubt  
We can jump or pop it out, I ain't Jeezy, don't swap it out  
Knahmtalkinbout?

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