

# Touched

UGK

Listen up, I got a story to tell  
Hey, fool, listen up, I got a story to tell  
Say, dog, listen up, I got a story to tell  
Say, man, listen up, I got this story to tell on the cool

Now, once upon a time not too long ago  
A nigga, like myself had to strong arm a ho  
Now, this was not a ho in the sense of havin' a pussy  
But a pussy havin' no God damn sense, tryin' to push me  
He used to hold dick, now he wanna be in my shoes

Hatin' like a baby, mama 'cause I'm payin' my dues  
Tryin' to hold on to my little chunk but now but a punk  
In the parkin' lot bumpin' his gums with his teeth in the trunk  
Oh, what? I'm supposed to jump 'cause you got a pump  
You aimin' that bitch in the sky, you chump

Point that motherfucker this way and dump, oh, what?  
You scared to go to the pen? Thinkin' them niggas gon' tap yo' rump  
Man, I thought he played bold, be he ain't even fuss  
Man, the nigga was way swole actin' like he wanted to bus'  
But his trigger stayed cold, I wasn't surprised

I recognized that fast breathin' and fear in his eyes  
Unmask his disguise, a sheep in wolf's clothing on the prey  
He tried to hunt the hunter, and got hunted down his God damn self  
In PA, niggas, it's where we stay, ain't none of that K-K-K'n or playin'  
So see A or E up out your life or you test yourself

And make a nigga break you off to piece the rest yo'self  
Oh, yes yo' health is what's in question and I hope  
That this ass whoopin', teach you a motherfuckin' lesson.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched  
'Cause deep down in the South, boy's comin' up cold  
Talkin' down my name and what it's all about, you niggas  
Better get some cut and get my name out yo' mouth

'Cause I don't know why you got flex with me, testin' me  
But, I'ma pull my shit and let you see that all that carry the jack  
Ain't what it's about, so you haters need to quit with that po'  
Hustlin' and take another ride

Niggas, often crossed the line, the movies got this boy fucked  
Up in the mind, not to mention the wine and codeine syrup  
Combined easy access to 9's and shit talkin' hoes that's fine  
And all they got time for is four Swisher dimes, committing crimes  
Amped off water and some exaggerated rhyme, so, if bein' hard  
Ain't in your heart, then don't start, niggas'll tear your weak mind apart

Bitch, your old man talkin' to me like I'm in school, he don't know  
I hang with killers, will erase that fool, wouldn't give a fuck about him  
But he kin to my son if you think I'm that nigga, then you picked  
The wrong one, 'cause I live by the gun, die by the gun, hot bullets burn  
Some say that, "Them bitches stun", so raise yo' own children  
Don't try to raise mine and when you see me, step with caution  
'Cause I'm buckin' for mine, bitch.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched  
You done crossed the line, now you gon' get fucked  
I already told you before, but you ain't borrowing that

So, this time I'm handlin' mine and gon' erase you off the map  
Such a shame but this all in the game and since the early sixties  
Ain't a damn thang changed, we got haters over here  
And haters over there but, I got my pistol and it ain't pointed in the air

I see you trippin' off that water, and you feel like you bad  
'Cause yo' bitch done chose a pimp, and that pimp was Chad  
I see you hurt 'cause I fucked yo' girl, put big dick in her world  
Bust nuts in her curl, when I hit it from the back, she said  
"Baby, I can't take it", push my dick up in her harder

Bitch, I'm straight up tryin' to break it, you a simp-ass nigga  
You told that bitch, that, "You love her", but I'm straight up fuckin'  
That pussy like that nigga off that colors but I ain't gon' get shot  
'Cause you ain't shootin' shit, the best thing you can do is go and try  
And beat that bitch, 'cause this man's style show stopper  
Pistol popper, you ain't ready if I let this hot thing hit you

Feel your stomach like spaghetti, fool, you talkin' loud  
But you move too slow, tellin' niggas all your plans  
Got you tied up in a van, nigga, what the fuck is up in the place to be  
First, I want the money, nigga, then I want the fuckin' ki's  
Kidnap robbery 'cause you said you wanted me dead

Since you want a nigger dead, buck that bitch off in his head  
Just like E-40, nigga, I be comin' bad, got the sawed-off pump  
With night vision, infrared, so, play me like a pussy  
And you will get fucked, nigga, I'm hangin' out the truck  
Buck, buck, buck, hit your nigga in the leg, hit yo' bitch in the gut  
But we know where your ass stay, so your ass will get touched

Speaked the wrong words I'm high on them herbs  
And you will get touched because yo' ass deserve  
To get done real fast in front of yo' kids to show 'em

What real type of bitch you is and it's that boy named  
Three to the two, forever stayin' true just a player makin' due  
And I gotta tell it to the whole wide world, how you got bitched  
Razor neck just like a motherfuckin' girl, little motherfuckin' girl