

# Trill Niggas Don't Die (feat. Z-Ro)

UGK

I pack that nine everytime, and I ain't trying dying  
Pussy nigga, I pack that nine everytime and I ain't trying dying I just wanna celebrate  
Cause trill niggaz don't die Pussy nigga, thinking you gon kill me  
I got some'ing for your ass, nigga you gon feel me  
I'ma blow you out the water, with the 2-23  
Putting dick up in your daughter, rap is over I serve some cheese  
Nigga talking bout, robbing Chad  
Run up on me with that first, will leave you stinking in the grass  
If your calico to mask, if you Baptist go to church  
See a hoe up in a nigga, gon pull up a skirt  
That'll be, some incredible shit  
Niggaz scheming on my bezel, on some devilish shit  
I been to hell and back, on another level you bitch  
Go on try it I'm going live, they gon need a shovel for you bitch  
I been stabbed I been shot, went from no fans to being hot  
But somehow always fall short, for trying to keep fiddles in my pot  
In a dog eat dog world, y'all fellas be chasing girls  
When I place myself in history, too hot for a ladder to catch me  
But I can't help but to notice, I'm one of the coldest  
And I know y'all haters love when I'm locked up, but I won't lose focus  
Yeah I wrote this counting down, how many days I got  
So lately my gun ain't been hid, it's been displayed a lot  
My attitude is fucked up, I don't give a fuck cause I just don't give one  
Thinking bout living a life where everything you do right is wrong, mo'fucker I live one  
I know niggaz wanna kill me, but I'm still riding pride  
Cause the Lord riding with me, and that's the main reason why  
Some niggaz win, and some niggaz lose  
Some niggaz getting bruised, some always crying to blues  
Some niggaz already lost, and ain't gon lose no mo'  
Big shoes hoe choose, ain't paying dues no mo'  
Everything y'all trying to do, I built a school hoe  
Now it's fly to talk country, I made the rules hoe  
I was sagging in my khaki's, 'fore Dickies cool  
Gangsta Nike's on my feet, our music banging in the streets  
The young B.G.'s, really love to thump  
Fuck radio and BET, I'm out here bumping in the trunk  
For the girls popping pussy, and the boys with the blow  
Cadillac'ers and flat-backers, I'm out here repping for it hoe Can't any man, boy or woman take  
away my soul  
It's a gift given from God, and I'm keeping a tight hold  
The world is ugly and cold, trying to make me the same  
But I'ma keep it one hundred, when it come to the game

Tame attitude, they get the wolves to grouping up  
They laying boys down, they future they scooping up  
We keep it click tight, so when niggaz start lurking  
In the dark heaters start, anybody start jerking  
Put my work in on the reg', the powder in the keg  
A dragging society, don't borrow don't beg  
For tomorrow so gon 'head with your pity, I'ma be cool  
Kindergardeners was looking up to me, in pre-school  
Down with Pimp C fool, and P-A-T the town  
Representing it to the fullest, till I'm gone I hold it down  
Bun Beater, would never sell you no lie  
So if you ask for the truth, I'ma reply to trill niggaz don't die  
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