

Purse Come First (feat. Bigg Gipp)

UGK

Purse Come FirstUGKAlready bitch
Trunk full of yay bitch, P.A. to H-Town nigga
Get on yo' money motherfucker
It's really goin down in the South
Sweet Jones biatch!(Uhh) Flippin' and dippin', sippin' and grain grippin'
Watch him lie through my rearview mirror, I ain't trippin'
I done rolled with the best and acted bad in the worst
Dick is a commodity bitch the purse come first
They say they with animals, my mouth is perverse
Ain't overstandin us nigga, my life ain't rehearsed
Ain't no rewind button like DVD
They never show the real neighborhood on TV (TV)
Ours ain't prison and "The Wire" ain't dope
President is the supplier, government got all the coke
Wouldn't depend on Noriega is it wasn't for no Reagan (Reagan)
While all the Christian holidays the same day as the Pagans (as the Pagans)
I look like this, I don't talk it, I make 'em think I'm dumb
I keep dick out they eyes, don't see where I'm cummin' from
I lay between thighs, she put it in her mouth and hum
Life is a pussy motherfucker, I'm gon' get me some
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane (plane)
No it's just another drone spyin on us mayne (mayne)
It's a new world order, at least that's what I read (read)
And big brother is watchin, I just heard somebody said
Jesus was married to Mary (Mary) and they both had a kid (kid)
And it's a piece of history that the Catholic church hid (hid)
Man fuck the Da Vinci code, fuck Illuminati!
Only secret society is Rap-A-Lot and John Gotti (Gotti)
This Halliburton contracts and war profiteerin' (teerin)
With Cheney on the board, is you motherfuckers hearin'? (hearin)
They send us off to war, kill our kids and got paid to
America, open yo' eyes (for real) these niggas played you (man)
And played me too, shit I pay taxes (taxes)
They let these bitches wage war against the evil axis (axis)
Pull up all the e-mails, memos and the faxes (faxes)
So we can really see what all the facts is, you bastardsYea, yea, yea
"Now where ya been Gipp? " Gonnne 'round the world with Nelly
Leave it up in her jelly, swisha sweet we blowin smelly
We don't blog, we don't surf, we don't search neither
We don't trust, we don't pass, we just touch people
We hit 'em three times, ain't lvin/line like Adidas
Surrounded by killers and dealers and club geekers

Summertime, Dapper Dan, candy ridin coupes
Wintertime, snow suits with the Louie boots
See the purse came first, the love came later
The pussy got wet and captain D came greater
I do it for the Bun and I do it for the Pimp
For the hustlers and the gangstas doin' time behind the fence
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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