Trilla Intro

[Rick Ross](#)

[Intro - Rick Ross]
With kush and lean on my breath
The big boss Ricky Ross here is Trilla
You Know I'm talkin bout
[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]
Shout out to Gun Play - Shout out to T.O.
Shout out to Kenneth Williams - Shout out to E-Folk
Shout out to E-Class, nigga we eat fast
Shout out to Gucci Pucci, beamers we each have
Shout out to Larry Hoover - Shout out to Big Meech
Shout out to Bunky Brown - Shout out to Fish Grease
Shout out to Falcon - Shout out to Big Bob
Shout out to John Doe - The hole Lynch Mob
(Shout out to Rick Ross) because I (Run This)
I was a trill nigga, bitch when I wasn't rich
Shout out to Brown Lee, slangin in H-Town
Gettin bank in the tank, knockin weight down
Shout out to Lil' Trea, triggas get pulled back
It's five stacks for a hit, betcha feel that
This the corner sto', pinnacle of ballin blow
In the strip club with 50 grand is all ya know
Shout out to Boobie Boys, young drug dealers
Shout out to Red and Blue, I got love, nigga
Shout out to Chi-Town, all the G.D.'s
Shout out to 3-0-5, I rep C.C.
Shout out to Lil' Jay - Shout out to Jay-Z
Shout out to 2Shae, I'm gettin straight cheese
Shout out to Wayne Parker, cook the 'caine harder
Shout out to Haitian P, he's so straight robbin
Shout out to Scarface - Shout out to Bun B
I met Escobar, my ring one key
Shout out to Trick Daddy, I got love, fool
We both millionaires, let's make some thug moves
I'm paranoid it's too much personalia
Puplic prosecutors got me preparing for failure
Picture pimp, picture me pimpin the pen
With all these pretty scripters that I can pimp with my pen
Oh no the Lord is my light and my savior
So I don't know is somebody coming to save ya
Oh Lord please tell 'em my game will slay 'em
Oh Boy that A-K gon' do 'em a favor
I don't give a fuck about death

'Cuz death don't give a fuck about flesh
'Cuz flesh don't give a fuck about mine
And mine never gave a fuck about my
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.