

# Bun-B ft. Ludacris, Trill Recognize Trill

[Intro: Ludacris]

I still [7X]

Tote steel

I still tote steel [2X]

I still, ha

[Chorus: Ludacris + (Bun B)]

I still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel

We some southern OG's, Trill Recognize Trill

(All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip

Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shit)

I still tote steel, give a fuck how you feel

We some southern OG's, Trill Recognize Trill

(All my hustlers keep quiet and my dealers don't slip

Money speaks for itself so we ain't gotta say shit)

[Bun B]

Bun B is the name, UGK is the click

P-A-T is the city so if you hate, suck a dick

I'm from the land of the trill, from the home of the hard

Where niggaz don't wait to see ya, they bring it to your yard

We ain't never been fraud, we ain't never been lame

So if you wanna get it crackin, every nigga is game

So we can catch a corner, we can catch a square

Any place, any time, I'll be waiting right there

See I give you a bad one and shoot you in the spine

But as soon as you hit your back, my dogs'll eat you alive

All we know is survive, we ain't taking no ails

So before you play with us, you best play with yourself

Cause I'm tired of the tough talk, tired of the mean mug

I'm bout ready to give these buck niggaz a clean slug

Cock back the hammer on the god damn steel

Put a hollow in the middle of his god damn breel, fuck it

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Talking about the carots in my watch, diamonds in my chain

Who's baddest on the block, What my status in the game

The records that I've sold, Bobby V going gold

And all them number one chart positions that I hold

The money and the wealth, well I'll keep it to myself

But I'm always willing to share the firepower on the shelf

I'm shiny star spanglin, ding-a-ling danglin

Luda the sheet swisha, broke the record of Wilt Chamberlin

I'm College Park rangering, Houston, Tex mangering

So get down or lay down and see these middle finger rings

I'm banging in the east, west, south, all over the map, boy

I do it for myself, my daughter, and all these trap boyz

Lac boyz, candy and paint, paper we stack boy

Semi-automatic so make the click get back boy

Click, since I was born, I been the shit

And money speaks for itself so I ain't never said sheit

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Niggaz best to start running, hiding, dodging, and ducking

Cause them trill niggaz comin, riding, cocking, and bucking

Bitch you fucking with a monster, a beast like no other

The hardest nigga living since my motherfucking brother

So duck and cover, duck and roll, hit the deck

We coming for money and your motherfucking respect

We ain't taking no checks, money orders or visa's

Your life is on the line so don't motherfucking tease us

You gonna need Jesus to hold you and help ya

Cause you fucking with me, bitch you gonna see helter skelter

That heat gon melt ya, this steel gon gut ya

You lame ass nigga, know ya nolia then fuck ya

Bitch, I stopped giving a damn when Pimp went to the pen

So not everyones associates and nobody's friends  
Just make sure to get my ends and nobody gets hurt  
Before I put somebody's children under motherfucking dirt, fuck it  
[Chorus]