

Trillville, Neva Eva

"Neva Eva";

(Intro: Trillville (Lil Jon))

(What, ugh)

Get on my level (What!)

Get on my level (You can't!)

Get on my level (You can't!)

Get on my level (What!)

Get on my level (It's Trillville ho!)

Get on my level (Lil' Scrappy ho!)

Get on my level ho (It's BME ho!)

Get on my level ho (Let's gooo!)

("Get on my level ho"; repeated in background throughout song)

(Hook x2: Trillville (Lil Jon))

Bitch nigga you can neva eva, eva eva

neva eva, neva eva eva eva

Get on my level (What!)

Get on my level (Bitch!)

Get on my level (What!)

Get on my level (What!)

(Dirty Mouth)

Get the fuck back, get the fuck up out my way

I ain't playin' nann day

Pussy nigga whatcha say

Meet me anywhere, I don't care it don't matter to me

Cause if ya fuckin' step, I'ma step in yo vicinity

What, you think I'm a ho nigga please you ain't on my level

Get some rank bitch while I'm diggin' ya grave with a shovel

Time after time I ask myself is it really clever

For you to get with me, bitch nigga you can neva eva

Rank on my level, I'm pushin Chevrolet pedal

If you niggas fuck with me I got that chrome, heavy metal

Never settle for less but always strive for the best

Most these niggas playin chief'll put ya straight to the test

(Hook x2)

(Don Peezy)

My Benz, looka at my 'Ac

Look at my Navi' and my 'Lac

Get on my level, hell nah neva that

I knew you wasn't real cause all ya do is chit-chat

Always slizzle makin' sho' I stay gone

Call us some broad to the Geor-Georgia Dome

Tryin' to get with me is like naps through a comb

They call me Don P AKA Corlio

Up in the club with my Cartier's on

Don't know if I'm high, drunk, or gettin' my roll on

He on the cell "Can ya hear me"; hell nah

Get on my level, that's what I'm tryin' to tell y'all

For real

(Hook x2)

(LA)

LA off in this thang, get up on my level ho

Bitch nigga you can neva eva, eva eva hang

Bitch nigga step the fuck back and if ya think I'm jokin'

Aks them niggas that tried to play us, see em' lyin' off in that coffin

Trillville, ATL swangin' swangin' throwin' bows

Got some niggas that be hatin' bustin' slugs at my foes

If ya thinkin' you can fuck with a nigga like me
Nah nigga get rich, Trillville and BME
What the fuck you talkin' about "What you deep"; nigga what!
If a hater wanna hate then a hater gettin' bust
We ain't hard to find nigga so why ya steadily talkin' shit
I'm fixin' to sick my dogs ho
Pussy nigga, get big nigga ho

(Lil' Scrappy)

Get crunk out ya brains when I spit this verse
I'm a blood suckin' vampire, my venom is worse
Head bustas deal with dangerous thirsts
Shatter ya bones in ya chest and make ya motherfuckin' heart burst
Don't worry now, best of the South on the map
Knock yo thoughts out and leave yo brains on ya lap
Don't touch my Kango shorty, what's wrong with you
I might drop my fist back and knock yo grill through

(Hook x2)

(Lil Jon x8)

Run around the motherfuckin' globe