

UGK, Something Good

TELL ME SOMETHING GOOD

One with a trigger
two with a bat
three big brothers, four
want to square with me, so i guess a brother gotta throw
tell em like this you better get up out my camp dude
before I have to pull a gat and get real rude
i dont figure that its worth getting hurt
just 'cause your girl want to give me that skirt
bet it feel funny when you doing 69
knowing that youre sipping all on my jimmy wine
and when you get a kiss
do you feel bad?
knowing that you swallowed all the skeeter that i had?
you want to step to me but i dont really think you should
i shoulda shot you up instead i told you something good

CHORUS

ay yo! whats up with that bulge in yo khakis?
you want to pack a gat
but you still ain't got the pull to come and jack me
you better bring a gang load of homies when you think you wanna throw
'cause by yourself you're running to the floor
i seen yo kind before man youre nothing with yo hands
more than a punk but still less than a man
you talk alot of nothing when youre chilling with the ladies
let me catch you by yourself, you're pushing up some daisies
see crazy you wanna be
but punks with no heart, they ain't hard
they just waiting for bun to pull they card
you better keep your weak self locked in your hood
'cause with your boys im a have to tell you something good

CHORUS

brothers nowadays got a habit that they really need to stop
getting all shot over a girl that i done popped
you need to check your girlie 'fo she get in them psntd
'cause if you kneew like me you would drop her real fast
but i dont trust her man because im scared of that disease
'cause she passing out the skins like goverment cheese
but not me player, cause Pimp C wanna live
have you had your test?

are you H-I-POSITIVE?
but instead of getting checked you want to fight with me
you need to check your blood and let somebody check your pee
but if you dont step, ima drop on you fast
and pop off bullets like government tags
I didn't do your girl but your sister was alright
took her to my homeboy's caddy last night
she waxed my jimmy
and then the little street tramp
did me on a box of 10s and a pinewood amp
i hit oit from the back and the girl just threw me
told me pump it harder, and she scratched me on my booty

CHORUS

lets talk about these half and half punks
by day they sorry bastards
at night they talking about pooping trunks

but a 25 cant keep you alive from a sawed off, fool
so i hope you survive
see bluffing might save you till one day
but who's to say they won't catch you next week on the runaway
you might shoot a few shots in the wind
but the same time tomorrow, you'll be running again
now can you keep it up every **** night?
you steady running to the argument but running from a fight
whats the deal man
wont you take your raiders cap off?
'cause one of these days you're gonna get your head slapped off
you cant keep a crew
'cause they sick and tired of seeing you bail
like a punk and hit the backstreet trail
and the women dont like you 'cause you act like them
and that's why your little jimmy never went for a swim
you talk about slangin' makin g's
but i saw a fiend chase you from BJs up to Mickey Ds
now everyday folks getting took
either for they ride, they gold, or for that powder that they cook
you bookin' from the scene
'cause you couldn't hold your own
a 40 oz bottle slammed you dead into your dome
now you want revenge so you get your automatic
find a group of hardheads and started kicking static
you pulled your little chrome but these fools got gats