

# Underground Kingz, Cocaine In The Bak Of The Ride

(Pimp C)

Pimp C bitch! So what the fuck is up?  
Step wrong nigga and I'll take ya fuckin nuts!  
Got mo' dope than a pharmacy ho  
Got a job for the city bitch I'm shovelin snow  
South Texas motherfucker that's where I stay  
Gettin pussy from these bitches every god damn day  
Kick it with a trill nigga so you best not trip  
Bought the Caddy crossed the pier and kicked to Ganksta Nip  
Southern weight, get it straight, fuck them 20's and 10's  
On the low my fuckin momma knows some (?)  
Motherfucker either down or the motherfucker ain't  
And if ya bitch-ass ain't, then ya dick is in the paint  
If ya gal look fine you better hide the bitch  
Cause if I find her I'ma fuckin make her suck my dick  
That dope for your momma and your sister too  
And if I'm locked down then tell that shit might go for you  
Don't try to get no false nuts, I take 'em sucker  
Fuckin 'round with C you'll be a dead motherfucker  
Nigga only 17 but I'm runnin the show  
Sellin dope from Louisiana down to El Segundo, ha!  
I think it's only fair that I should knock on wood  
Cause my bitch is on the street, pussy sell real good  
And all my ho know not to trip, bitch fuck petty  
I'll take out my nine and shoot ya in ya fuckin titty  
Hoe niggaz forty-five tryin to, get with me  
Sellin fifty dollar slabs as I'm slingin them ki's  
If you need to get some powder I'm fully supplied  
I got the, cocaine in the back of the ride, motherfucker!

(Chorus: repeat 8X w/ variations)

Cocaine in the back of the ride (Yeeeeeah, motherfucker!)

(Bun B)

Yeah it's Bun B bitch, and I'm the king of the (?) trade  
Pockets fat as fuck from all the ducats the brother made  
Hoes like to jock, but see I try to contain 'em  
They droppin them drawers because I move they cocaine in  
But I just laugh, cause pussy games be triflin  
The legs get spread, I cut that ass like a knife then  
bust a nut on her stomach, wash my dick in the sink  
And buy a 40 at the store, from the god damn chink  
Dope games keep ya SICK, just like a disease  
Movin ki's makin G's, hoes drop to they knees  
Little kids on the corner, steady grabbin they nuts  
sayin, "I wish I was Bun when I grow the fuck up"  
Baby blue Riviera, Dayton and laced rims  
Khaki pants, black sweater with the U.G.K. brim  
Black gat fully loaded nigga come with respect  
Step up the wrong way I'll break yo' god damn neck  
Big dick in my drawers, the niggaz from down South  
Down to put a twelve gauge in yo' god damn mouth!  
Think I'm playin bitch try me, it ain't no thang  
Put them hands up bitch, and kiss this god damn ring  
Cause I move tons of dope, twenty-four hours a day  
Cocaine from Argentina to the 'Frisco bay  
DEA try to stop me yo, but they shit ain't cold  
Cause the nigga's got politicians on the Big Tyme payroll  
Narcotic agents wearin cement shoes  
Reported missin on the news, they singin the blues yo  
Cause if they get my money nigga I'll let it slide  
Just some mo' cocaine in the back of the ride, bitch!

Cocaine in the back of the ride repeats as fades out

