

Trill N**%

Trillville

Yeahhhh!
Aww BME Click (BME Click)
It's Trillville nigga (Trillville)
Yo boy Lil Jon
Is the CD fuckin on?
Now, I gotta adress some of these fucked niggas (Whats up?)
That have been yippin' and yappin' all that shit (fuck dat shit)
We trill niggas, we don't play with hoes
We don't play with you either nigga (Ayyyyee)
Fuck that shit nigga (AAAYeeee)
Yeah! (Yeah!)
BME CLICK!!

Trill Niggas don't play nigga nann day
Think I'mma let you slide?
No way
Fuck that, Fuck that, Fuck
We gon' bust back, bust back, bust back

It's yo nigga Dirty Mouth
Trillville representing (yee know)
And I don't give a fuck where you from or where you live
You betta get yo before I take yo left
Knock yo ass deaf and put your brains upon dat chevy
You can get your boys, cuz they can get it too
I'mma fuck yo ass up if you fucking with my click (FO REAL!)
BME Click
You know what would be the shit?
Stomping through your area with a load of clip
Make a body split
At karate style
And I'mma tell you once again that I'm a wild child
A wild child from the slungs of the ATL
And you gon catch neva fucking with my damn mail
You better bail
While you got a chance hoe
Cuz if I catch you I'mma beat you 'til yo nose blow
That's what you get for fucking with da G man
Cuz I'mma always be on top with a glock in hand

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I'mma tell you one time, and one time only
If you ain't a trill nigga, you ain't my homie
So don't let this shit fool ya
Try'na rap a niggas booyah
I'mma let this shit slide, no I rather do you
? for the 45
Open up yo mouth bitch
Ain't such a tough guy
All my niggas streets and I'm good
Just in case the magazines hate, and I'm still hood
I've been up in this, and some of it happens over night

Rooky ass nigga, I'mma call this Copy read, cuz If you don't, nigga I'mma bust back
Try'na explain, too late, man fuck that
You gon' need yo hard hands
Don't forgett your comback
Bitch shot you leave you there hoe
You can't even come back
And noway you when I let you pass
And try'na run lose
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Don P in this bitch, TrillTime is the click
Trillville is the crew, nigga fuck you
Lay yo ass down like a bag And I don't need no niggas around me, that ain't true
And I ain't talkin' bout the of master P
I'm talkin' bout we'll see murders on the CD's
Talkin' shit, don't make me make it related to Bruice Lee
Woop yo ass ever year, change your name regulary
I'm makin' money, I do what I wanna do I'm happy
And you can't tell me what to say so fuck it
I'm SNAPPY
And I take that, just let me have it
Cuz all they gon' say "Is that lil nigga Snappy?" (eee eee)
And I don't care who your friends are
I beat this nigga blind folded with my hands tie
Come closer, so you can see my eyes
If it wasn't for Lil Jon, you wouldn't even be alive (be alive)

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