

# 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