

Bye!

Bun B

Breaker breaker one-nine, runnin from the one-time
They on my ass, they don't like the way I done mine
While I do mine, I'm on a true grind
They was bound to hate a nigga like me and do time
A real nigga, a trill nigga
A "down to get down, don't make me have to kill" nigga
Cause I will nigga, on the real nigga
Hit you in ya back from waist down you won't feel nigga
When that banana clip peel nigga
It drop tall, short, big and lil' niggaz
Then it drop house niggaz and field niggaz
So you better watch your back, we on your hill nigga
So you best be on your toe nigga
We layin down real niggaz and hoe niggaz
Layin down his niggaz and yo' niggaz
Them niggaz, those niggaz, anything goes niggaz
Catch you at the studio or at the show nigga
Comin out the barbershop or jewelry sto' nigga
At the Chevron or at the Texaco nigga
Wit'cha main bitch, or wit'cha side hoe nigga
Waitin at the front, back and side do' nigga
Soon as we see ya you know we lettin go nigga
And we don't care about the set you throw nigga
Or the hood you represent, what fo' nigga?
You got fo' niggaz? You need mo' niggaz
So bring a friend, maybe ten, even though nigga
And even then nigga, you can't win nigga
Not when you tryin to fuck with B-U-N nigga
I got them fresh up out the pen' niggaz
who don't give a fuck about goin back in nigga
And you don't wanna know where they been nigga
And you don't wanna go where they send niggaz
Cause whenever they begin nigga
They ain't stoppin 'til your heartbeat end nigga
So ain't no need to pretend nigga
Like we cool, you ain't my motherfuckin friend nigga
You way down with me, you're my men nigga
So we can get it poppin, just say when nigga
I come around the bend and straight bend niggaz
Take your blood in the mud and make it blend nigga
Now watch the chopper slug spin niggaz
Like Michael Joe Jackson singin "Ben" nigga
And when I check you on your chin nigga
It's R.I.P. for you just like him nigga
Reppin P.A.T. live from Houston nigga
And we don't give a fuck, we gets it in nigga
Cause we off niggaz, then we in niggaz
Like Frankie "Man Down Code 10" nigga
Blowin stanky puttin 'dro up in the wind nigga
Pass the cup, I'm 'bout to po' me up some Henn' nigga
Pimp has slept the same way, I pimp the pen nigga
And God only made one, it's no twin nigga
The closest thing to me was my brother nigga
And after me, there will never be another nigga
Not a tighter nigga, or a tougher nigga
Or a righter nigga, or a rougher nigga
That'll leave a chicken-hearted nigga smothered nigga

And if you didn't know then you finna discover nigga
While we make these pussy niggaz run for cover nigga
They screamin for they daddy and they fuckin mother nigga
Cause we ain't scared to squab and straight duff[?] a nigga
This Rap-A-Lot, the mob ain't tryin to cuff a nigga
They even sendin undercover niggaz
That's why you gettin stuffed up in the duffle nigga
So spy all you wanna spy nigga
And keep on tryin all the fuck you wanna try nigga
Not me and my niggaz, you know why nigga?
This UGK for life until we die nigga
That's true stories, no lie nigga
Bet yo' ass you can put that on P-I nigga
We gon' ride for H-Town like G.I. nigga
And got no love for a motherfuckin C.I. nigga
Naw, you ain't gettin in, is you high nigga?
We been keepin game, you ain't sly nigga
My pistol never jam like it's Guy nigga
And it's known to make a nigga's momma cry nigga
Trill niggaz known to make the slugs fly nigga
Them bullets droppin like it's rain from the sky nigga
And when it's over ain't no need in askin why nigga
You gettin no reply nigga, bye nigga!