

KnowWhatImSayin

Bun B

It's a Big E Beat!

My paint is like, damn! Knowwhatimsayin?
My rims is like, man! Knowwhatimsayin?
My trunk is like, hold up! Knowwhatimsayin?
Knowwhatimsayin? Texas and these boys ain't playin'!
My roof is like, damn! Knowwhatimsayin?
My tooth is like, man! Knowwhatimsayin?
The truth, we like, hold up! Knowwhatimsayin?
Knowwhatimsayin? Texas and these boys ain't playin'!

This that "Man, hold up!" shit, that styrofoam cup shit
That 84's and vogue flows that niggas can't fuck wit'
Tippin' on fo'fos shit, slammin Cadillac doors shit
That "Not only is it real, but it's realer than your shit!"
Woodgrain wheel and the candy paint mandatory
If you're from that Texas, you already understand the story
Money, cups and swangas (swangas), tops chopped with that trunk lit
Chunk a deuce with fingers (fingers), boy, we ain't on that punk shit!
Gulfway veteran that ain't too many better than
Say he wanna dance with the devil, then fuck it, let him in!
We don't bar niggas, droppin' bars while we on barre
Yeah, you might be on, bitch, but you know you ain't on par!
When I pull up on a pussy nigga with that chrome bar
Shut his slab down, he gon' have to call up OnStar
Sippin' drank, candy paint, them Texas boys started that
Hate and I put one between your numbers like a quarterback!

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H-Town, Texas, yeah, these boys ain't playin'
Underground Kingz, we the kings of this land
Stand tall for the trill, still represent right
RIP Pimp C, poppin' trunk, showin' lights
Still on that Westheimer, five gallons of the gloss
In Event, bangin' ol' flows from the Swishahouse
Wrist lit up, your bitch on my dick, hoe, get up!
Drinkin' drank by the pint, tryin' to sit up
Don't pull your shit up when you see me, 'cause it's Fader
I'm in my drop 5/9 watchin' cable, newest one out the stable
No labels, black-owned 'til I'm gone
Still comin' through Acres Homes like it's money on my phone
I'm a grown-ass boss, still like to floss
For two decades straight I've been pullin' out!
Paint cost 20 grand, got 'em lookin' like, "Damn!"
Down in H-Town, I'm the man, hold up!

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95 degrees in the city, the top vanish
L-Dog covered in chrome, my Lac's Spanish
Paint job still ain't right? Then keep sprayin'
'Cause I'm comin' through, drippin' that candy, knowhatimsayin?
Martin Luther, call him the King, 'cause this is playground
Slab doors, leather and 4's, this why they hatin' now!
Roll up, guess who 'bout to show up
Pull up on they ass and make 'em throw up, hold up!
Southside holdin', no playin'
Come through in that pretty muthafucka like, man!
Texas niggas stand, bitch, I'm Don Ke
Ain't gon' never find another slab nigga like me!
713, ain't no secret what I claim
Got a trunk full of speakers, niggas, diamonds on his chain
Bitch, I go insane, crawlin' on them thangs
'Cause we twistin on that gas and we drinkin' purple rain, hold up!