

Untitled Flow (58 Bars)

Bun B

You see me, you know that I'm on my Deen
Down to get down anytime by any means
Known to be OT, reppin on any scene
And all about the paper, we stackin up plenty green
From my city to your city, it's all the same
These hoes disrespectin, they callin you out your name
These niggaz lookin for work, there's guarantee to lock
Put they dope up in they sock, then head out to the block
These snitches wearin G uniforms to blend in
Yeah we know you one of the ones Feds gon' send in
Got caught, out of town, lookin at a dime
So you wanna give other niggaz ya time
And here's the new plan, they cut the dope way before you can
By the time you get it, you like what the fuck to do man?
You better be a certified chef
Or your whole sellers fittin to go left to the death
And street niggaz ain't got receipts so
They fittin to try to sleep yo ass on the d-low
Ridin like Deebo, comin like Carter
You rollin like Marsellus Wallace, we roll harder
Start a situation and we bring it to the end
So take a memo motherfucker, send it to a friend
Then send it to your kin or whoever care
'Cause when we come, we takin out whoever there
Yeah, real talk, this is real nigga attitude
Bring it your face, give me longitude and latitude
Better show me some gratitude
Or I'm a show you why God himself ain't never made a badder dude
Then the one standin in front of you
Bitch you know what I'm a do and don't call me B, this Mr. Bun to you
Motherfucker fix ya grammar
The next time you call a nigga bamma, you better have a hammer
And I ain't talkin 'bout all that nail shit
I'm talkin 'bout they poppin off and makin you bail shit
We ride like Amtrak cross country
You badder bitch? Then come in front and try to chump me
Ah shit, ding, ding goes the bell
That's the sign that ya bitch ass is fittin to take a L
Don't give it to ya homeboy, take it for yourself
And after I give it to ya, you can take it and tell
And put in on ya Facebook wall
And let your friends see, how a trill nigga took y'all and shook y'all
Stompin like a nigga that's ten foot tall
But don't trip it's just a friendly game of football
Hold up and I'm the Super Bowl quarterback
But yo bitch ass? You ain't even much a starter jack
Go ahead and take ya team to the showers
When we done with the trophy bitch, you can have ours
'Cause we packin more power
And bound to make ya stop, drop and roll like the fuckin Twin Towers
Hours on the clock goin by like seconds
When you in the middle of a chin check and I wreck it
With real live thugs at my beck and call
They won't find no trouble disrespectin y'all
So you bound to fall, somebody yell "timber!"
You fuckin with the down South King, call me Simba
And remember, who the fuck ya talkin to

Or you'll see the pearly gates you'll be walkin through, fool