

Bunkin'

Chris Brown

100, keep this shit 100
100

Yeah, my bitch she bunkin'
She went from nothing now she somthing
My bitch bunkin'
She only clap that ass for me
My bitch bunkin'
I taught her how to whip a key
Now my trap jumpin'
She bring that dough to me how I want it
In fifties, hundreds, all that
Money is money, my nigga
Even small stacks
We on right now, so you may have to wait, my nigga
I throw that cash in the air
This shit feel great, my nigga

(I don't know if you know
How it feel to ride out in sunset watching the sunset
California, Los Angeles my nigga
Whats happen though?)

My bitch grind
My boo now know I'm thugging
I'm from the Slums
She know I'm in the streets, she hold my guns
Ain't seen my P.O. in weeks
Fuckin' months
Told her hold my spot down I'm on the run
I got my motherfucking J's on
Finna hit Arkansas get these OXYs off
Come back to L.A., wipe my case
Where I'm from it's bang or ball
Fucking bitches like yo misses
Flip em' like a case of raw
Back to to business flipping digits
Splitting switches with my niggas
Came from nothing, from nothing to something
Know my struggle, my momma know I'm thugging
Coming out the county jail smell like public
Yo momma love it, got your main bitch
On my side on time, nigga my bitch she bunkin'

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Now don't it feel great
When you ride through the hood when you known as Bill Gates
With a super bad bitch in a drop Lamborghini
Make a home girl hate
Trap nigga known to have a quarter-mill a day
Proof that selling drugs on the corner still pay
I make a hundred Gs, spend 40 on ki's
Put the rest away just in case I caught a real case
And I ain't gon' stop
Teaching you the shit that you ain't know about
Stop cuffing that bitch, like she ain't no thot
Racks on that ass, think it ain't gon drop?
Even if not, bet the brain on fire
Nigga 14 years I remain on fire
Men do, women too but the game don't lie
Still up to the same old shit
Bang on the pussy nigga they ain't no shit
Stop playing with the pussy you know you don't want this
Shut the fuck down or yo ass gon get it
In public, it's nothing
I'm right back in my bunkin'
Ain't what you do it's how you does it and we does it cuzin

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Make me harder, miss your daughter
She just wanna lay and party
Be my naughty girl in college
Fuck you all the time, I'm tired
Wake up on it it's that
Early morning, tap that wet wet
You know a nigga love breakfast, I'ma bite that
Got money in the mattress where I hide it at
Counting alla that, fuck alla them niggas
They don't know what to do with all that
As a matter fact get on my lap
Put you on the map take you out the trap
From a condo to a larger state
Got double gates, if I catch a case
Will you wait on me and build me up again, if so

Yeah my niggas thuggin', poppin' rubber bands
Money in my hand
Double cuppin' with the Sprite
Mix it up with the Xans
With some zombies here tonight
Slow motion, your bitch choosy
She say "Don't they call you Breezy?"
I told that bitch "I'm out here coolin"

With a hunnid million dollars, got a hunnid on my chain
Got a million dollar body with a hundred dollar brain
Girl your booty like a pumpkin
And my bitch she be bunkin'

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