

That's Why I Carry

UGK

Man, all these muthafuckin' niggas out here...
Man, you know what I'm sayin'?
Everytime I try to go somewhere
I got plex from these lil' sorry, punk, pussy, no good hatin'
You know what I'm sayin'?
Every single day, man... Start shit, man
I get lot a plex on these streets, baby... know what I'm sayin'?
I'm lookin' at H-Town's North and the Southside doin' it.
In P.A., you know what I'm sayin', in Port A, 'cause you know...
Even the East coast and the West coast got the plex, man
Man, y'all bettah keep yo' distance, man
I'm tellin' you it's real.

My nigga, you done pushed the wrong button
I ain't never ran this hot.
Now you the number one nigga
I wanna whoop the piss out.
And this not a threat, bet that
I ain't gonna let that slide,
Gotta get that bitch right,
Want him dead by midnight.
I followed him from his crib to the crack spot;
I watched him go in and come back out
I got ready to pull the Mac out.
Sandwiched him by the feeder of 610,
Unloaded the pistol, now dirt is now what his dick in.
Shit, I seen a slab get stripped:
The discs, seats, and sound gone,
And candy paint burnt to a crisp.
These niggas gettin' hated on
For the '84s that they skated on.
Jackers in the dark alley waited on
The fool comin' out the gamblin' shack
Pistol to his back, took 4 ounces of crack,
And a fat dozier sack.
That's why I pack, my nigga
That's why I pray, 'cause where I stay
I got to carry my muthafuckin' gun every single day.

Chorus: (4x)

Motherfuckers wanna start shit in every way
That's why I carry my muthafuckin' gun
Every single day.

The p-l-e-x is crowdin' all my space;
'Bout to pop this muthafuckah 'cause he standin' in my place.
He sellin' on my block,
Jackin' from my boys,
They comin' on our side throwin' down and talkin' noise.
Now, I occupy my time hustlin' and gettin' paid.
He occupyin' his time tryin' to get boys for they Blades...
Gettin' 'em for they Chevy 'Burbans.
They jumpin' out a who doos
Comin' down swingin', jumpin' out of candy blues,

Talkin' 'bout give it up smooth.
Baby boy, it's some hatin' goin' on in P.A.,
Mostly over stanky bitches, and who sold the most yay.
Niggas stuntin', pullin' pistols endin' up in the grave.
When I pull I always pop, that's why I'm livin' today.
Girl-ass niggas causin' plex between friends;
And, when you bust on your boy,
Don't neither one a y'all niggas win.
You end up killin' somebody that you ain't really ain't wanna kill
Over a pussy-ass nigga that's showin' ho-type skills.

Chorus: (4x)

Comin' from the small town of madness
Late night us all murd'ers
Playa-hated, scandalous hoes, and 'Lac-drivin' slab hurters,
Acted bad after 8.
You can catch us on the late,
Rollin' dice, blowin', and sippin' on the bar straight.
We got the red drank, orange drank, purple drank
Laughin' at these mark hoes
That say they never heard a drank.
Half-gallon Big Gulp, Big Red, big cup, drink mixed up,
Blowin' sweets, and lightin' sticks up.
Now, in my new world slow down I can see
Niggas talkin' shit,
Tryin' to see if what they said got to me;
But, hoe-wearin' type of skills say a lot to me.
You jus' gon' fuck around and get yourself shot to be, or not to be.
Muthafuckas plot to see me crack
Under pressure so they just impress a nigga to see me react.
These niggas try to stare me down like a scary clown.
Don't dare me, 'round
Here we fuck your game up like Larry Brown;
And, carry pounds a killer 'round like groceries,
With a prescence that make you not
Wanna stand close to me.
Talkin' 'bout we supposed to be brothers
Don't make me laugh, muthafuckers, you chose to be
On the side opposin' me.
Don't matter what coast ya' be from
Bun and C 'll light your world up explosively.

Chorus: (x12)