

The Pimp & The Bun

UGK

Say UGK shit just ain't that solo shit
Nigga this, that Bun B Pimp C shit nigga

Well it's the Pimp and the Bun, we back in the game
It's the Kingz of the Underground (ground) remember the name?
I tell you niggas got fat (fat) while Pimpin' was gone
Now you fixin' to cough it up, yo' ass was dead wrong
So it's best that you head home (why?) bitches the lead's blown
Then half of yo' head's gone, we'll be buyin' yo' headstone
From the land where the Feds roam (for real) bleeders done bled strong
While they packin' that infrared so break bread and just get gone
With them jazzy red-bones (bones) roam just like cattle (cattle)
That's where you find them gangstas ridin' tall in the saddle (saddle)
Can't fuck with P-I-M-P or that B-U-N
You thought that UGK went away bitch but here we go again

Here we go again (oh, here we go)
Here we go again - thought what we had was over
Here we go again (oh)
Here we go again

It's the Bun and the Pimp (Pimp) steak and the shrimp (shrimp)
Write my name cross the sky in a blimp
It's UGK, I keep a trunk full of yay (yay) Swisher full of good (good)
Robert Davis in my deck (deck) diamonds up against the wood (wood)
I was gone for a minute, hoes tried to steal my dream
Bun B kept it poppin' fo' years back on the scene
Got mo' better hoes now (now) boatload of money
Think my Bentley got a cold cause my paint's so runny
I'm so cool to the shit, nigga I'm certified
Lookin' yellow sad bitches and niggas off in they eyes (eyes)
You don't wanna see the Pimp free gettin' paper (uhh)
Here we go again, fuck the law, fuck the haters

Here we go again (oh, here we go)
Here we go again - thought what we had was over
Here we go again (oh)
Here we go again

Now what's up with the tough talkin? What's goin' on with the cappin'?
What's happening with all that "I'm runnin' the game" and you're rappin'?
You musta of realized you the porter, I'm the captain of this vessel (yeah)
Suggest to gettin' out, commence to steppin'
Reppin' niggas like a gear-o, the game need a hero
Not another fake-ass Pacino or wannabe De Niro
A real pistolero bandito that's "muy malo"
A certified from Nickelson Gardens to The Apollo
That's mo', ghetto than Rollo, ask around, take a census
Of fingers pointing back to the brothers in matching Benzes
We don't need no mo' friends (friends) got enough as it is (is)
Cause we all about the biz bitch so here we go again

Here we go again (oh, here we go)
Here we go again - thought what we had was over
Here we go again (oh)
Here we go again

Now what you know about it bitch? It's "UGK 4 Life" (life)
A pistol to your Hilfiger, dick up in your wife
Got the pound pump for three, cause you know I just pay one
Nine past half hoes got ten then did none
Man you know we got the in Mexico going for five
I'm a step on that bitch twice, still spray water to your eyes
When you hit it with the soda it's gon' bubble up and rise
Got no cheese to get me up out this bitch, I'm going live
Still signed to Jive, I'm Rap-A-Lot mafia (uhh)
Trill Entertainment perfect, no it ain't no stoppin' us
UGK Records is an institution
freed the Pimp, it's goin' down in Houston

Here we go again (oh, here we go)
Here we go again - thought what we had was over
Here we go again (oh)
Here we go again

Oh here we go - baby, woo!