

Bun B f/ Mddl Fngz

"Retaliation Is a Must"

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[Intro] Hold up, middle fingers up Pussy-ass niggaz
down nigga (muh'fuckers) H-Town, Texas stand up,
Southwest (uh-huh) Sunny side, P.A. we up in here Bun,
holla at these motherfuckers (you know'm talkin 'bout?)
[Bun B] Say, nigga you can't run, nigga you can't hide
Know that we got guns, know that we gon' ride Blow out
your insides, and leave ya to rot Cause when we give it
to ya bitch we give you all that we got Now all it take is
one shot to put yo' ass in a ditch But you gon' get the
other forty-nine for bein a bitch Go to war with the big
man when it makes no sense to Repercussions get
extreme when we ride against you Ain't no movin ya
baby mama {?} or your kids Everybody finna get it for
the shit that you did So when I get to ya crib, better
come out swingin Cause the devil ain't even ready for
this hell I'm bringin We don't want no dope, we don't
want no cash We don't want no excuses, we just want
yo' ass So when that front do' crash, and you see them
soldiers When that gun go flash, don't say that Bun
ain't told ya, nigga [Chorus 2X: Bun B] If I pull it I'ma
pop and be the first one to bust We ain't playin wit'chu
hoes (retaliation is a must) First nigga make a move,
first nigga hit the dust We ain't playin wit'chu hoes
(retaliation is a must) [Verse Two] Yeah, now I stand on
my two feet, one clip, two heats 20-shot hollow heads,
bitch give me the loose leaf Fuck beef, I got a K for
niggaz In spots the laws won't find ya for days, my
nigga Southside, young playa full of plots and scams
Show ya how to get ya ovals up and lock the grams
Boys know me in the hood, but not from rappin Back
street trappin, front line, ya boy is a captain First nigga
to shoot, I ain't tryin to talk Bring the heat to the
hospital and finish you off No life is a tunnel, while I'm
rollin with my gun up Don't get ya bitch gun butt, nigga
what'chu want what It ain't shit to get yo' family
touched Catch a T on the bus and pop a ass like a
clutch, nigga I'm in the game cause I love the rush Love
the bucks, this fans money never enough, nigga
[Chorus] [Verse Three] Uh, hol' up, uhh Forty-five in the
Rover, the K is on my shoulder Pop yo' bitch-ass, then I
go and smoke it over Niggaz gettin older, but thugs is

comin younger So just in case you wonder I keep a F in
the thunder Nigga you's a blunder, got rocked by the
thunder Cryin to that Bun, but he the reason that we
done ya Gave us the word, said we keep the birds
Beefin is for nerds, I put ya brains on the curb [Verse
Four] Fucka! Pull ya piece nigga, and watch you rest in
it Come to this clip game, bitch I'm the best in it Your
white flag ya wavin, now it's on, bitch please All your
loved ones houses lookin like swiss cheese Tried to let
ya ass make it, but ya ass act a fool Now the H.K., the
A.K., and the A-R is the tools All ya homeboys gone and
them hoes want less So tell ya mom and ya sister break
out the black dress [Chorus]

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