

Bun B f/ T.I.**"I'm a G"**

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[Chorus: Bun B] - repeat 2x

I'ma G, nigga you don't know about me
I'ma G, nigga you don't know about me
I'ma G, nigga you don't know about me
But yo' ass gon' learn and yo' ass gon' see

[Bun B]

I stand 5 foot 10, two hundred and a half
One hundred percent gangsta, don't smile and don't
laugh
In a TX shirt, nigga 38 waist
I ain't small motherfucker, I'm takin' up some space
Wit' a size 11 shoe that'll kick ya in ya face
Bitch I'm all about a crime embedded and catch a case
I ain't scared to kick in ya door and look around ya
place
I ain't scared to count back to four and put one in ya
face
K steel nigga, favorite deuce-deuce and a third
Teflon coat and ya body, juice loose on the curb
I serve you like a tennis ball, straight up diminished
y'all
I position the competition and when I'm finished
Y'all can clear the calendar, call authority and tell they
next of kin
We shot 'em like a crackhead, stabbed 'em up like a
Mexican
May never plex again, not like he can
But just in case he get resurrected it's best he
understand

[Chorus] - repeat 2x

[Bun B]

I see these niggaz do a lot of talkin' but they never
back it up
Thought the work that they movin', all the paper they
stackin' up
You niggaz got me crackin' up
The only thing you sellin' is wolf tickets, and we ain't
buyin' them so pack it up

84's, click-clack it up and down Thomas
From Westside to the East, we keep it "G" and that's a
promise
Bunch of black Osama's, America's Most Wanted
We criminal backgrounds, we ready to straight flaunt it
All it take is a sawed, drop a hoe and instigator
Messy motherfuckers got to make it for an instant hater
I'ma lay ya down, like a baby ready to nap
'Cause I'ma trill nigga ready to clap, now was'hap?
I slap a nigga, stupid with a back hand wraith
And continue 'til nobody from your wack clan left
Bitch you might cheat death and you might cheat the
dealer
But you never cheat the king of the underground on the
realer

[Chorus] - repeat 2x

[T.I.]

P\$C nigga, U.G.K. alumni nigga
FREE PIMP C! LEMME AT 'EM BUN!
Lemme tell 'em for a minute Bun, share it to ya nigga
dun
Said they got some 'dro, but I'm the one them niggaz
get it from
They talkin' shit and disinterested to get a gun
Grab the mack and now you spend a half a clip and
them niggaz ruuunnn
Sissy niggaz sweeter than a cinnabon
One 'em knocked off, we the ones you call to get it
donnnnee
Lot of rappers say they G's, I don't feel 'em none (naw)
Yeah I s..s..sold keys and I'ma still a dun
O.G. as usual, low key movin'
In a Volt 3, don't look {*gun sounds*} +U Don't Know
Me+
Gangsta, gangsta this ain't the time
Attention to pump a paint, shit I ain't the kind
You don't wanna see me, that's why I sit wit' extra nines
AK's, AR's, man I can't decide
I got the mind of a hustla, hellacious grind
And I hold my city down like an anchor iron

[Chorus w/ T.I. ad libs] - repeat 2x

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