

**Bun B****"Draped Up (feat. Azteka, Chamillionaire, Li"**

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[Intro: Lil' Keke]

Big terrible Texas  
It's where legends are born  
I'm Lil' Keke The Don  
Original Screwed Up Click  
It's a dedication to DJ Screw  
Fat Pat, Big Mello, Big Steve  
Feel it?

[Chorus: Lil' Keke]

Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking  
about  
Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking  
about  
Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking  
about  
Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking  
about

[Lil' Keke]

I'm draped up and dripped out, the truth has just  
slipped out  
84's, Red Doors, Candy Apple Flip-Flop  
Got them boppers dripped out cause my drop tip top  
Purple Cup, Screw Us Up, that's what keep the streets  
hot  
Don P, Bun B, Please Free Pimp C  
Hydro, Super Flow, know these boys feeling me  
Come to Houston, Texas and see swangaz and 'lacs  
And don't forget to tell the people that the legends are  
back, yeah

[Slim Thug]

It's Slim Thug showing H-Town love  
Used to hit the club on dubs, acting bad on scrubs  
(thats right)  
Mad spokes and leather, 24's or better  
Boys say they riding candy but my load is wetter  
The roads for compeitors when they see the two letters  
They'll never ever ever ever ever get on my level (thats  
right)

Me and Bun together caked up with clout  
Staying draped up and dripped out, know what I'm  
talking about?

[Chamillionaire]

The city is back, just look at the map, thought we  
wouldn't get in the game  
I'm sticking my dick up in the game and bustin in that  
like a train  
I'm hitting that mayne, look at this grain I'm grippin, I'm  
fixing to swang  
My bumper doing the body rock and my trunk is doing  
the crane  
Now who in the hell was able to tell the world it wasn't  
my bang  
I turn up the beat and I'm cracking the street, the city  
we started to train  
The world is looking like Texas mayne, just watch how  
they pick up  
the slang  
Just show 'em your grill and pick up some drank and  
watch how they do  
the same, Hold up mayne

[Paul Wall]

What it do baby, It's Paul Wall, Players rise while haters  
fall  
Got Fo's crawling in the 54 on the service road, I'm  
obeying the laws  
I stay shining like headlights and I stay crawling like  
head lice  
Just like a boy but I play the dice, them twos and threes  
ain't nuttin nice  
Them threes and fours I'ma roll fo sho, fo's and  
vogues, we call 'em swang  
My partner Bun B bring the pain, Wanna know what I  
rep? Just check the  
chain  
In the hood is where I hang, On South Lee, that 5-9  
He dippin oil, He drippin candy, From P-A to H-Town, It  
goes down

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

I stay draped up, dripped out, Drop the top when I'm  
flipping out  
Candy low on 84, (How you know they Fo's?) they  
poking out  
Ice Age and Rap-A-Lot, Pimping hoes in the parking lot  
Diamonds shining in my grill, you can see 'em if its

dark or not

When I'm out in the limelight, I make sure I shine bright  
I'm in the drop with the glock cocked, you know I keep  
that iron tight

I'm getting brain from a tight dame on North Maine in  
the turning lane

I'm young and rich talking alot of shit,

I guess its because I'm having thangs

[Aztek]

I'm still draped up and dripped out, know what I'm  
talking bout

Fighting over parking spots, bustin in the parking lot

Tu sabes, vatos, ves no fakos, parse

Te mato sin ningun contrato vamos!

Now put your blocks up, Now put your sets up

Fuck that nigga over there cause I think he said  
something

Have to take 'em with a clip out, with the click out, dont  
give a shit bout

Til he gets out, free Pimp C, we draped up and dripped  
out

[Lil' Flip]

I told Bun when you need a verse, just holla

You know how we do it, you don't gotta spend no  
dollars

I'm puffin dro, bangin screw, and riding fos

Middle fingers in the air, you know how it goes

Stash spot with weight in it, Candy paint with blakes in it

Trunk got the bass in it, One liter with eights in it

Swisha sweet with haze in it, you know I'm blowed

Four row diamond chain, you know I'm pro

Johnny got me right huh? 80 karats, bright huh?

Hit the button, pop the trunk, watch the neon light jump

I'ma keep folding bread til Pimp hold his head

We miss you DJ Screw, man I hate you dead

[Z-Ro]

Down to ride red but I'ma ride blue in the turning lane  
looking

just like Screw

300 Crissy, don't think they doors,

Everybody know Z-Ro's flow is ferocious

I keep a ride with the daytons in the deck,

Might be deep 22 drank in the whip

You can keep the sherm but you can pass the cup,

My cadillac rolling on glass and wood

Would I knock a jacka down when his ass get up, Hell  
naw,

this is playa from the chest to the nut

Screw was here he said I would come up now the radio  
requesting  
my stuff  
Gotta keep a smif n wesson to buss cause the better  
life keep me stressing enough  
Is this rap for real, is it a blessing or what?,  
Screw I hope I see you when they wet me up

[Bun B]

This is H-Town, Texas, tell me how does it look?  
Taking over the rap kitchen and we ready to cook  
You can hear us whipping the beakers coming out of  
the speakers  
Stepping up some fresh hard for you out of town  
peakers  
We got 3rd Ward, 4th Ward, and Southside G's  
Plus Southwest and Bloody Nickels rollin 83's  
It's Houston, Texas motherfucker, you know the name  
We'll see you in February for the All-Star Game

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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