

Bun B

"Just Like That"

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[INTRO]

Hahaha Just like that (yeah real shit nigga yea)
Jizzle H-town Bun (wassup) you had ta go fuck wit ya
homie right (you know it jeezy)

[Chorus]

Yall gon gimme my respect cause I earned that even
though its an expensive pound we still burn that new
benz with the classic top yeah we cholos know them
things come out in glass pots yea we solos

Just like that you know we bout that
Just like that you know we bout that
I said we bout that Yeah u know we bout that

[Bun B]

Say man I'm cleaner than a wistle nigga shaper than a
sickle
My cadalliac is candy and my desert eagle nickle
Plated niggas hate it theres nothin they can say though
when I hit em with the pressure they leakin out the play
dough from way back in the day yo they know I put it
down pocket full of stones got ya sewing up the town
been at it since the 90's in the ghetto with them pounds
and them bricks hittin licks and fillen heaters with them
rounds paid the cost to be the boss I can show ya the
reciept fo it Trillest in the game every nigga in the
streets know it Bun B and Jizzle back in business cause
the sign on thats what the fuck we got our mind on so
grind on

[Chorus]

Yall gon gimme my respect cause I earned that even
though its an expensive pound we still burn that new
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things come out in class yea we solos

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[Jeezy]

Sometimes I ask myself say jizzle how ya do it yea we

know ya be about tha money yer persuin persue that
paper like them yellow bricks from h town just take off
the yellow tape now ya sellin h towns watch the beat
break down long way from break town on my way to A
town long way from h town bitch I'm bout that bitch you
know I'm bout that they say he bout that swear I really
doubt that you know I live love dis thug shit did some
with kanye still talken drug shit even though its drug
shit I'm still maken club shit bitch ya know I'm bout that
and them bitches love this

[Chorus]

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[Bun B]

Thats right my mind is on my money and my fingers on
a fat knot eyes is wide open and my ears is ta the black
top came up in the trap spot posted with that crack rock
from the streets to the studio now I got this rap locked
back then they didn't want me but now they all up on
me big lips they fall up on me dime bitches crawl up on
me ya I used ta call ya homie now we just acquaintences
you broke the g code nigga you need gangsta
maintenance step ya game up matter fact get a
escalader somebody call the swag police to come
arrest this hater butter block or rari's and porsches with
the double doors Jeezy UGK we hit ya with a double
dose

[Chorus]

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