

Bun B

"Let Em Know"

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[Intro]

R.I.P. Guru
GangStarr 4 Life
Goddamn, Primo!
Long time comin, baby
History in the making
It's goin down, talk to 'em, Preem

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches]

"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Primo, it-it-it's, it's goin down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"

[Verse 1]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And what can fuck wit this? I take shots and don't
fuckin miss
First on your baby mama bucket list
You on some sucka shit, might as well suck a dick
'Cause you bein a bitch just for the fuck of it
And when I fuckin spit, niggaz get to tuckin shit
Tryna duck down wherever they can fuckin get
They better ask somebody
'fore I have Big Truck pass the shotty and blast
somebody, bitch!
Mastered the flow, the gun and the hand game
Now I'm resurrectin a REAL nigga campaign
Fake ass niggaz, we snatch 'em out the damn rain
Take they damn chain, hit 'em with the damn thang
BANG! Now that's what happen when the trigger blow
Aiiyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus: DJ Premier cuts and scratches]

"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo, it-it-it's, it's goin down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Primo, it-it's goin... down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]

"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"

[Verse 2]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And who can fuck wit me? You not built up
I'll break ya bitch-ass down and leave you filled up
See that's how blood get spilled up, 'cause you all
grilled up

And got the hammer on you, but it's still tucked
'Cause you scared to pull it, even mo' scared to POP
You ain't a gangsta, you need to stop
I'm a type of nigga pull up at tha evening spot
Squeeze and pop niggaz until they weave and drop,
ock!
You the type that gotta call in the goons
I come one deep, strapped like an army platoon
When I get to (Gladiatin') on haters like Leonidas
Niggaz just gonna have to admit it that he the tightest
You talk a big game mayne, but mine's bigger bro
Aiiyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And who can fuck wit us? Better bring your mic game
Mike Jordon, Mike Tyson, Big Mike mayne
Big dough, big flow, big fight game
Take you out the zone, put you in the right frame
Take you out your home, middle of the night mayne
Wrap you up tight, put yo' ass on the night train
That's right mayne, and it's the right time
In the right game to get rich like a white mayne
Tryna see how much paper that I might gain
While I still keep it trill in what I write, mayne
Yeah, so let's see who we could trouble most
by hittin these haters up with a double dose
Toast! We got it locked like a figure-fo'
Aiiyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus]

[Outro]

BITCH! Yeaah!
PA to PV, nigga
Bun Beeda, DJ Premier
Legends, in the, game
You don't know? Now you know, bitch!

Threw ya hoe-ass around, while real niggaz come
down
Hah! Yeaah!
Premo, I was waitin on that shit, nigga
I been waitin on this shit since "DJ Premier was in Deep
Concentration"
Hahaha, my motherfuckin nigga
Love you, boy
Real rap shit, real nigga shit
We GONE! [echoes]

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