

Bun B

"Pouring Up"

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[Pimp C]

Smoke somethin, bitch!

A trademark (trademark), know what I'm talkin 'bout?

Young Pimp.. know what we doin? (Texas!)

[Hook: Pimp C]

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it
buck

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All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it
buck

Smokin out, pourin up, puttin dick up in yo' slut

All my cars got leather and wood, in my hood we call it
buck

I'm smokin out, pourin up, keepin lean up in my cup

All my cars got leather and wood, in my (uh!) hood we
call it {*screwed*}

[Pimp C]

Grippin grain, switchin lanes, sellin cocaine outta
candy thang

Jammin Lil' Wayne, gotta trunk of bang, 'cause I'ma

+Hot Boy+, gotta hot flame

And my hoes pay me, just like Baby, that's the only way
they can lay me

Niggaz shoot slugs but they ain't graze me, they want
Sweet Jones be pushin daisies

But you slow and lazy, you can't fade me, that's the
reason I knock ya lady

How you gon' pimp wit'cha dick up in her? I told the
pimp God that you was a sinner

You takin these square hoes out to dinner, the bitch
chose me 'cause she want a winner

I mix her whole head up like a blender, hoe need a
daddy, you'se pretender

I used to be a young drug dealer, now I'ma young girl
stealer

I hit the streets like just like Steve Jackson, nigga say
my name watch the priest reaction

Sweet Jones or Sweet James? Switched my name and

finger fucked the game
The nigga fell off 'cause his raps are shitty, plus a
nigga need to move up out the city
The game gritty but the bitch pretty, lemme snatch the
white girl up off ya titty
Ya heard me right, I play wit' what I knows
Wear platinum piece and wit' the Gucci clothes
Paid my dues, I ain't came to lose, I wear Marvin
Blackman tennis shoes
In the winter time, mink coat to match and they on the
floor wit' my candy 'Lac

[Hook]

[Mike Jones]

Uh! I'm comin out in that candy thang, 8 carats in my
pinky rang
Drop the top in the parking lot so y'all can see where
the deserts swang
Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues what
I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, grippin on
I said! Candy paint what I'm flippin on, 84's and vogues
what I'm tippin on
Momo wood grain I'm grippin on, codeine in cup I'm
sippin on
I hog the lane in that candy train, swangin left and right
then I turn up the bang
I'ma say it for those who don't know my name, know my
name
They call me Mike Jones and I blew up quick, Ice Age
the name you can't tell by the wrists?
I sit on buck in that candy 6, and I keep that thing real
handy bitch!
I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and leave
'em on the run
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and
bubble gum!
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and
leave 'em on the run
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and
bubble gum!
I said! I keep it trill like Pimp and Bun, do hoes bad and
leave 'em on the run
'Cause I don't got no love for 'em but hard dick and
bubble gum!

[Hook]

[Bun B]

When I pull the slab out and hit the block, wit' them 4's

and vogues they clankin out
When they trunks pop, drop the top, don't be surprised
you can go in shock
Wit' them neon lights, candy paint, belts and buckles
across the back
Don't disrespect or call this a Cadi, maybe this more
than just a 'Lac
Some like it white but I'ma go to green, purple dro up in
the swisha
Horny ladies sittin on the grill, wood grain to grip it's
hard to miss us
We "G" so don't dismiss us, been here before gon' be
here later
Down wit' that you understand the G Code and if you
don't then you'se hater
Insult, I can't roll wit'cha, it ain't how I do it man
I'm from Texas, P.A. to be exact where we screw it man
{*screwed*}
U.G.K. for life is the family, that's how we get down
Bring them trill niggaz to ya hood and shut ya shit
down
Playa you need to sit down, you outta ya league
Tryna keep up wit' the trill, you just might die of fatigue
You can't carry the load, you can't handle the weight
Not like them boys up out that Lone Star state so get it
straight
We be...

[Hook]

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