

## **Bun B**

# **"The Story"**

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Say, this is the realist shit I ever wrote or said  
Wake up with it everyday and take it with me to bed  
Hurting my heart and hanging over my head  
Bout the realest nigga these Texas streets ever bred  
C.L. Butler better known as Chad or Pimp C  
The closest homeboy that I ever had  
Now when we first met, we wasn't on the same page  
From pettiness understandings that got cleared up with  
age  
Two young boys who was ready to mash  
Put P.A. on the map and maybe make a little cash  
Jumped down with Big Tyme, put down a few songs  
Everybody co-signed saying that we could do no wrong  
Then hit the streets with a big ass bang  
Them gangsta ass rhymes with that country ass twang  
Dropped "Tell Me Something Good" took off and went  
live  
Shit, next thing you know we was signing to Jive  
Dropped "Too Hard to Swallow" "A Pocket Full of  
Stones"  
Put the remix on "Menace" shit we had it going on  
Got love in the streets and played on the air  
But the homey putting us out, wasn't playing too fair  
Had to separate ourself, bring in a new team  
But sometimes the other side ain't always what it  
seems  
We dropped "Super Tight" a album full of killer flows  
But then we got caught up with the drugs and the hoes  
We didn't realize what was happening on the real  
And new management was cutting back room deals  
Hiding different money and ever sealing the price  
He had us doing all the work but was keeping the  
biggest slice  
Took a while to catch on, to what homey was doing  
But by the time we did, all the paperwork was in ruins  
Nigga kept all the receipts so we couldn't file taxes  
The next thing you know, IRS hitting us with axes  
Pimp you owe seven figures, Bun you owe six  
Better get your paper together, get this shit fixed  
Remixed the management team and tried it ourself  
Cussed out the GM, almost got put on the shelf  
Fuck it, dropped "Ridin' Dirty" instant classic in the

South

Reclaimed the southern title, shut everybody's mouth  
Got some clout in the game, boys calling us the  
greatest

But meanwhile me and Pimp is still ducking haters

The old manager calling and say he fina' sue

And put a padlock on the everything we trying to do

Put a call out to the Prince, this nigga still hating

We got heat for the streets, and we can't keep the  
people waiting

He made a call to ?? and folks, telling the man

You gotta cut UGK some slack understand

Young Pimp got the plan, Bun got the drawl

Rap-A-Lot had our back and we just waiting on Jive

We got the big bosses on the same page

So me and young Pimp went hit 'em from center stage

Next thing you know we got this call from the N.Y.

It's Jay-Z saying y'all niggaz getting fly

He doing "Volume 3" and got a track from Timb

And wondered could some trill niggaz rock it with him

Shit big Bun was all for it, but Pimp wasn't sure

But "Big Pimpin" hit 'em 187-Pure

Number one song on every station you turn on

MTV and BET we getting our burn on

Grammy nominated can't believe that we made it

And we got a call from Jive that left us all faded

And it stated, that due to the success of the track

We here at Jive records, would like to piggy back

Get another beat from Timb, then get a verse from Jay

Let Hype shoot the video and we'll be on the way

Shit it sounded okay, but me I had to ask

If we don't do Big Pimpin 2, would you still put us on  
blast

A song like that would might take a nigga to the top

But my true fan base, might think a nigga flop

They got mad and put niggaz on hold

For damn near a year till the buzz got cold

So we said fuck 'em and went back to the basics

Trying to find ways to get the fuck up out the matrix

We put "Dirty Money" together and it was aces

But that's around the time that Pimp caught two cases

He got probation, said fuck you hoes

We finish the album, got ready to do a couple shows

And then he violated, one month before we dropped

And shit just got put on hold or fucking stopped

Now 30 days done, we back to the nitty gritty

Album got released, big showdown in Chocolate City

Niggaz with masks on, vests and all black

It's Christmas 2001, bitch we was all that

Strongest on the block, nobody could budge

And then he violated, now we right back before the  
judge  
They calling him a nuisance, put my dog behind a  
fence  
It was January 28th, he ain't been home since  
Threw a nigga through a loop and caught me in the  
crosses  
Standing cold, CEO, now I'm the fucking boss  
Had the devil on my back, got to drinking and  
drugging  
Had to make a choice, get back to rapping or thugging  
So I walked into my bedroom, got down on my knees  
Put my hands together and I prayed Lord please  
Let me get past this bridge over water that's trouble  
And get back up on my grind on the double  
He said son don't worry  
Cause it's not really hard as it seem  
And I can turn your nightmares back into dreams  
You just got to stay true to yourself and succeed  
Then push away from the devil and get closer to me  
And every since that night man I promise I been on it  
Giving that killer flow to anybody who want it  
Pimp the pen like never before, I'm breaking 'em G  
Not to mention I got the world screaming free Pimp C  
So soon as you make parole and they open the doors  
You ain't gotta worry about nothing, the world is yours  
Ain't no mo' struggles my nigga and no mo' stripe  
I kept it real because to me it's UGK for life

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