

UGK

"PA Nigga"

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[Verse One: Bun B]

Man, I been feelin' caged in
They try to stop us shackled us and dropped us
Tacklers, sackers, no propers, just smack us
Floppers, pro-tractors, ho-hoppers attack us
Broke crackers, no actors just coppers with choppers
With random and? ricos? With cameras and peep holes
Can't stand us, we chose the scandalous, who planned
this your people?
Fuck that you hero bucked at by weavels, and muskrats
to seagulls
Touch that to bank rolls and c-notes to stank hoes and
beagles
Drunk folks, clay folks, gay folks now we go to peep
holes
Moving stars required, [?] nevermind my appearance
Leave your insurance for your clearance
Bitch, I roll for gun for endurance not a gimmick, nigga
this ain't "Mommy Dearest"
A lot a said and clearing the closest and the freshest
This is that underground shit from Port Arson, Texas

[Chorus: Bun B]

I'm a PA nigga, trill ass nigga, how the fuck you figure
you can buck me down nigga
I don't fuck around nigga I'm from the underground
nigga
Keep a bad yellow bitch that can fuck me down nigga
I'm a PA nigga, trill ass nigga, how the fuck you figure
you can buck me down nigga
I don't fuck around nigga I'm from the underground
nigga
Keep mack up in my shit for my fucking pound nigga
what?

[Verse Two: Pimp C]

I'm a big body flipper, syrup sipper
I keep two bitches so they call me Jack Tripper
Three years coming it, four as a rider
Only room for one dick bitch when I'm knocking you
down
Got that dope by the pound, red jag on the ground

You can hear when I'm comin because I'm bangin'
surround
And I'm getting my paper, so bitch fuck what you heard
My niggas ready to hit it they just wait for the word
Sell pipes and birds, water and herb, but not on the
corner because my ho self-serve
When I'm ridin' the city, my car might swerve
My vision be blurred but I don't hit the curb
I got rich in the ghetto with my microphone
Everything I ride on wood and chrome
Ever since "Big Pimpin" I've been seeing the clones
Now everybody on they videos doing a sweet Jones

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Bun B]

We runnin' through this rap game in break-neck speed,
break-neck speed
Blocks like begs please your lex keys
Your checks freeze, your bank account shut down over
seas
And both of these and toke of these while blowin' trees
with cloves of G's
Move over please, make room for elbows we sell folks
we sell those
Felons in jail clothes, it get sticky like Velcro, gently rub
her semen
Women get tied up in scotch tape, now watch fate take
it up a notch
Wait, a hot date? baddies boppin under the sun, get
blunted with Bun
This summer we shun all inhibitions
No wonder we gunnin, now watch a stunner become a
livin' landmark
Hands spark like [?] leave your plans dark
Mercury, glistening fuck who dissing it
Diss me, can't miss me just can't relate bitch, this my
history date
No driven for this we wait, to determine 'till eternally
burning
Quote my destiny, child you're learning it?

[Chorus]

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