

## Little Brother f/ Bun B , Darien Brockington

### "Candy"

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[Bun. B]

Well we the real Trill, playas postin up in the corner  
Sippin and blowin on purple, gettin lit like we wanna  
My persona is O.G., my aura is green  
and I'm known for comin down on them blaze, sippin  
lean

So fresh and clean, I'm draped up and dripped out  
Every time I hit the scene, they say, "Bun, you done  
tripped out"

If I ain't got nothin new, I ain't comin outside  
That goes for clothes and rolls, shoes, jewels, and  
rides

I done try to be low-key, and change up my handy  
But if I don't show off my dough, how dey gon' know  
that I have it?

I'm too used to the flossin, I'm too used to the shine  
and I gotsta to relive this tread as hard as I like to grind  
So right now is the time, and right here is the place  
We gon' pop up the bottle until we po' off the taste  
Everybody showin +love+, and we know where they  
+tainted+

So throw your hand up in the air if yo' car's candy-  
painted, c'mon!

[Chorus 2X: D-Brock]

They see me ridin-a, they see me grindin  
They see me steppin up, they see me shinin'  
And they say it's like can-dy  
(and what they sayin, s-sayin)  
It's like can-dy

[Phonte]

Aiyyo, I met this new girl (wha?) wit big juicy lips  
(wha?!)  
and nice round hips, I mean her body is a safe space  
and niggaz that hate Tay say her body's a trip  
Aiyyo, it's more than a trip faaam, her body's a vacate  
and we 'bout to make way, and step out on the town  
to do it the way we do it and such  
Had a couple kids so we cain't, do it as much  
But when we do it, we do it like they do it in church

(c'mon)  
Made 'em scream Hallelujah for it, for on a night like  
this  
It seems my double-breasted ain't suited for it (tell  
'em)  
So I'ma hit 'em wit hard bottoms, slacks and button-  
downs  
Initials in the cup links, the boy don't fuck around  
The game is in trouble now, cause we on dancefloor  
doin the two-step and people starts to applaud  
[\*imitation cheering\*]  
For Mr., and Mrs. Tiggalo they Dancin With the Stars  
Dead broke, but tonight we party like we million-arrs,  
yes Lawd!

[Chorus]

[Rapper Big Pooh]  
Ayyo, peep game, this is real rap  
A la' niggaz wanna see where my skillz at  
A la' hoes wanna know where the bills at  
I'm like, "Mami, beat the streets," she don't feel that  
Ralph Lauren, ?Ill Skin?, yeah I'm all that  
I'm laid-back in the Lex and it's all-black  
"Cool nigga over there" is what you call that  
Matter a-fact, I do it like it's goin outta style  
Karat profile, two dimples when I smile  
?Don't chaff?, feel the air when I pass all the while  
Hoes keep eyein me down, yet they eyein me now  
Me and Trey tryin ten for town  
Gettin down wit my 1-2, and this how we do  
I came to shut the party down, it's official  
and every night like New Year's Eve  
I go hard like you wouldn't believe, I'm dat DUDE!!

[Chorus]

[Phonte]  
Yes, Little Brother, Bun. B collaboration  
Pimp C. welcome home, yo thanks for the love man, it's  
all good  
Shout out to all my niggaz out in Texas  
Out in Houston, I'm talkin 'bout The Foundation  
I'm talkin 'bout Cosmos  
My nigga Frank, whaddup?  
My nigga O. Cliff, whaddup?

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