

Lyrics by Swan Christy

"Family Affair"

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[Pimp C]

Comin' through, bumpin' screw, blowin' sweet red hair
Bitches slippin' I ain't trippin' it's a family affair
If ya click ain't brandin' then ya click ain't shit
Most niggas come around ya just to ride ya dick
Cause ya got deep investments in the girl called crack
And ya pimp her and ya pipe her and she pay fo' yo Lac
Fool, you make a lot of money but cha' talk too much
Countin' chickens that ain't there'll get cha' caught in a
fuss
Makin' false accusations, fake boot in yo mug
Niggas trippin on that click'll take yo life and yo drugs
Cause out here ain't no love, just Miller's and killers
And some trilla life ass niggas, pimpin' hoes like
gorillas
Niggas in Caddys say scrilla but to me it's just ends
I'd rather roll 96' Lac than a 83' Benz
If you got murderers in yo family put cho' blunt in the
air
Flippin' and dippin' me and yo chicken, it's a family
affair

[Hook: Pimp C]

Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair
Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair
It's a family affair, it's a family affair
Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair
Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair
Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair
It's a family affair, it's a family affair
Candy paint, sweets and dank, it's a family affair

[Bun B]

Port Arthur, Texas represented by long lines and G's
Where niggas'll fuck you out cho' money, yo mind, yo
keys
From the days of Pugh boys, tries and Mickey D's fight
The fact that Beans was tight, B.V. on Sunday night
We had the first family, C and Mr. Chris Brown
My niggas DJ and Leroy was puttin' shit down
My DJ burns Volvo, Ski-Daddy and Big Mitch

J.B. and Big Bun one crazy son of a bitch
Y.G.'s, Lil' Daze, Rat Raw, and Ty B. and the rest
The Louis Manor Posse, some of Port Arthur's best
And Carver Terrace, known as Jesse Prince House
Westside got that way and that power will dismiss y'all
BJ, Savannah, 5-0-3, 8th Street and mini-mart
Reventual and Beverly's is full of fools with plenty heart
And Villa, Main, Jefferson, Rampart longs in ya face
With Swisha Sweet Houses all over the place
Cause it's a family affair

[Hook]

[Bun B]

Hold up, gots to holla at the playas from my city
Real, trill ballers makin' half ass hustlers look shitty
Talkin' bout Linda Brown, Kita Shirley scratch
That chicken coupe, with a flock of birds ready to hatch
Lil' Earl, Big Boy fool and Percy Blake our brew
Lil' Block, O.B., Squeak can't forget about you
B.J., Kiyay, Spoon-Guy we been down here long
Lil' Lynn and K-I-R yeah them boys real strong
Gary Ellis, B. Cricket, Dooky, Shandre Shagg
J-Will, Kite, the sinuses'll kill smokin' big bags
Wreckin' Crew, R-B-J, Lucky's in the shack
Yeah that P.A. click, they got them stacks and that's a
fact

[Pimp C]

I'm a pimp ass nigga, so I collect riches
Don't spend my time trickin' with hoes
Ain't supposed to hang with no snitches
Now niggas down with this, or down for offerin' shallow
pockets
But when the drama jump down ain't nobody down but
cha' mama
Some women fuck they men a lot, they think they pussy
the bomb
No matter how much she fuck him, he in another bitch
arm
And even though you sucked the mushroom head of
his dick
He still gon' go back to them hoes cause in his heart he
a trick
And yo bank account lookin' low
My pimpin' is straight lookin' thick
She's see the ho and I'm the pimp and straight dis this
shit
You can't say ya guard low and ya covers is bare
One of my hoes just broke a trick and it's a family affair

[Hook]

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