

## Lyrics by Swan Christy

### "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 props, 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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