

Gravy

UGK

Uhhhhhhhh ~!

If you know like I know you would get down on the flo'
I keep a magnum for they back and I keep a swisha full of 'dro
We can get down for my dime and we can f**k, on the low
And if you didn't want a Pimp then what'cha f**kin with me fo'?
Every lady ain't a hoe and every hoe ain't my bitch
It take a real trill nigga to recognize this type of shit
Every girl around me legit, I don't f**k around with no punks
Ride with me she holdin a pistol while I'm whippin and poppin the trunk
We gon' blow a lot of skunk and we gon' make a lot of bread
And we ain't never gon' have no problems 'long as she hear what the f**k I said
Pimpin ain't dead it just moved to the website
Still like to get my dick sucked under the street lights
I'm Tony Snow, I'm out here livin by the code
In love with a lifestyle, not no bitch I'm in that mode
I'm lookin at you you choosin me my dickhead never stop
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm superstar, we headed to the top

(Chorus: sung)

I'm stayin true, I'm out here whippin my Mercedes
F**kin with the midnight ladies - the game is cold but it's gravy
I'm bangin Screwwww, my young girl lookin fine
We stayin out here on the grind - and keepin money on our mi-ii-iind(Bun B:)
Well I'm certified official, authentic and the real McCoy
Guaranteed to blow the spot when I'm in it, gotta feel ya boy
100%, real Bun B I represent
Trill with that gangster-ass persona so hard it can dent, steel
In the hood cause it needs me, and the corner it feeds me
So I eat all I want, my reputation proceeds me
If you grimy or greasy, then your best step be easy
Cause that forty-feezy, leave you leakin fo' sheezy
Trigger fingers I squeeze see, and the cannons is bust
Them bullets blow by you breezy, like a midsummer gust
It'll put your dick in the dust, when I put one up in your dome
You be leakin out plasma and puss, and your mouth'll fill up with foam
So you gotta go hard or go home, either be a boy or a man
Gotta pay the cost to be the boss or you take a loss understand?
Gotta play the hand that you're dealt, that's until it's yo' turn to deal
Otherwise you get it how you live, I could give a f**k how you feel(Chorus)(Pimp C:)
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm from the SOOOOOOOOUTH
This scary hoe don't wanna know what it's ABOOOOOOOUT
Cause I stay country true down to the co', dick good like uncut blow
In your nose, in your jaws, feel it tighten up don't stop don't pause

Candy nigga drive candy cars, f**k the D.A. f**k the law
I f**k the snow but I love a pro like flatbackers I'm a Cadillac'er
On parole well I'm a pistol packer, drugs sold, powder jacker
Get with me if she a money stacker, bitch around me man I'ma mack her(Bun B:)
From the land of cheap work and steady licks
With pounds of 'dro and Impala bricks
We grind to eat, and eat to live
This shit for real, these ain't no tricks
With 36 hoes to the ki', and ten kilos grams in the sack
And 15 sacks up in the trunk now that's one point five mill' worth of crack
It's Big Dick Cheney, Tony Snow, the King Committee is now in session
Today's agenda, get that dough cause the clock is tickin, time is pressin
No second guessin, make your mind up, step your grind up and get that pay
Gotta sell your ass or a nigga blast if you wanna roll with that UGK(Chorus)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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