

**Bye!**

**Bun B**

Breaker breaker one-nine, runnin from the one-time  
They on my ass, they don't like the way I done mine  
While I do mine, I'm on a true grind  
They was bound to hate a nigga like me and do time  
A real nigga, a trill nigga  
A "down to get down, don't make me have to kill" nigga  
Cause I will nigga, on the real nigga  
Hit you in ya back from waist down you won't feel nigga  
When that banana clip peel nigga  
It drop tall, short, big and lil' niggaz  
Then it drop house niggaz and field niggaz  
So you better watch your back, we on your hill nigga  
So you best be on your toe nigga  
We layin down real niggaz and hoe niggaz  
Layin down his niggaz and yo' niggaz  
Them niggaz, those niggaz, anything goes niggaz  
Catch you at the studio or at the show nigga  
Comin out the barbershop or jewelry sto' nigga  
At the Chevron or at the Texaco nigga  
Wit'cha main bitch, or wit'cha side hoe nigga  
Waitin at the front, back and side do' nigga  
Soon as we see ya you know we lettin go nigga  
And we don't care about the set you throw nigga  
Or the hood you represent, what fo' nigga?  
You got fo' niggaz? You need mo' niggaz  
So bring a friend, maybe ten, even though nigga  
And even then nigga, you can't win nigga  
Not when you tryin to fuck with B-U-N nigga  
I got them fresh up out the pen' niggaz  
who don't give a fuck about goin back in nigga  
And you don't wanna know where they been nigga  
And you don't wanna go where they send niggaz  
Cause whenever they begin nigga  
They ain't stoppin 'til your heartbeat end nigga  
So ain't no need to pretend nigga  
Like we cool, you ain't my motherfuckin friend nigga  
You way down with me, you're my men nigga  
So we can get it poppin, just say when nigga  
I come around the bend and straight bend niggaz  
Take your blood in the mud and make it blend nigga  
Now watch the chopper slug spin niggaz  
Like Michael Joe Jackson singin "Ben" nigga  
And when I check you on your chin nigga  
It's R.I.P. for you just like him nigga  
Reppin P.A.T. live from Houston nigga  
And we don't give a fuck, we gets it in nigga  
Cause we off niggaz, then we in niggaz  
Like Frankie "Man Down Code 10" nigga  
Blowin stanky puttin 'dro up in the wind nigga  
Pass the cup, I'm 'bout to po' me up some Henn' nigga  
Pimp has slept the same way, I pimp the pen nigga  
And God only made one, it's no twin nigga  
The closest thing to me was my brother nigga  
And after me, there will never be another nigga  
Not a tighter nigga, or a tougher nigga  
Or a righter nigga, or a rougher nigga  
That'll leave a chicken-hearted nigga smothered nigga

And if you didn't know then you finna discover nigga  
While we make these pussy niggaz run for cover nigga  
They screamin for they daddy and they fuckin mother nigga  
Cause we ain't scared to squab and straight duff[?] a nigga  
This Rap-A-Lot, the mob ain't tryin to cuff a nigga  
They even sendin undercover niggaz  
That's why you gettin stuffed up in the duffle nigga  
So spy all you wanna spy nigga  
And keep on tryin all the fuck you wanna try nigga  
Not me and my niggaz, you know why nigga?  
This UGK for life until we die nigga  
That's true stories, no lie nigga  
Bet yo' ass you can put that on P-I nigga  
We gon' ride for H-Town like G.I. nigga  
And got no love for a motherfuckin C.I. nigga  
Naw, you ain't gettin in, is you high nigga?  
We been keepin game, you ain't sly nigga  
My pistol never jam like it's Guy nigga  
And it's known to make a nigga's momma cry nigga  
Trill niggaz known to make the slugs fly nigga  
Them bullets droppin like it's rain from the sky nigga  
And when it's over ain't no need in askin why nigga  
You gettin no reply nigga, bye nigga!