

# Let 'Em Know

Bun B

[Intro]

R.I.P. Guru  
GangStarr 4 Life  
Goddamn, Primo!  
Long time comin, baby  
History in the making  
It's goin down, talk to 'em, Preem

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches]

"Say, this here, Pimp C  
We fuckin wit Primo, it-it-it's, it's goin down, baby"  
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]  
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"

[Verse 1]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track  
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?  
And what can fuck wit this? I take shots and don't fuckin miss  
First on your baby mama bucket list  
You on some sucka shit, might as well suck a dick  
'Cause you bein a bitch just for the fuck of it  
And when I fuckin spit, niggaz get to tuckin shit  
Tryna duck down wherever they can fuckin get  
They better ask somebody  
'fore I have Big Truck pass the shotty and blast somebody, bitch!  
Mastered the flow, the gun and the hand game  
Now I'm resurrectin a REAL nigga campaign  
Fake ass niggaz, we snatch 'em out the damn rain  
Take they damn chain, hit 'em with the damn thang  
BANG! Now that's what happen when the trigger blow  
Aiiyyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus: DJ Premier cuts and scratches]

"Say, this here, Pimp C  
We fuckin wit Premo, it-it-it's, it's goin down, baby"  
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]  
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"  
"Say, this here, Pimp C  
We fuckin wit Primo, it-it's goin... down, baby"  
"My mic is loud and my production is tight" - [Big L]  
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"

[Verse 2]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track  
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?  
And who can fuck wit me? You not built up  
I'll break ya bitch-ass down and leave you filled up  
See that's how blood get spilled up, 'cause you all grilled up  
And got the hammer on you, but it's still tucked  
'Cause you scared to pull it, even mo' scared to POP  
You ain't a gangsta, you need to stop  
I'm a type of nigga pull up at a evening spot  
Squeeze and pop niggaz 'til they weave and drop, ock!  
You the type that gotta call in the goons  
I come one deep, strapped like an army platoon  
When I get to (Gladiatin') on haters like Leonidas  
Niggaz gonna have to admit that he the tightest

You talk a big game mayne, but mine's bigger bro  
Aiiyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Okay, Bun is on the mic, Premier's on the track  
The South is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?  
And who can fuck wit us? Better bring your mic game  
Mike Jordon, Mike Tyson, Big Mike mayne  
Big dough, big flow, big fight game  
Take you out the zone, put you in the right frame  
Take you out yor home, middle of the night mayne  
Wrap you up tight, put yo' ass on the night train  
That's right mayne, and it's the right time  
In the right game to get rich like a white mayne  
Tryna see how much paper that I might gain  
While I still keep it trill in what I write, mayne  
Yeah, so let's see who we could trouble most  
by hittin these haters with a double dose  
Toast! We got it locked like a figure-fo'  
Aiiyo Premier, let a motherfuckin nigga know!

[Chorus]

[Outro]

BITCH! Yaaaah!  
PA to PV, nigga  
Bun Beeda, DJ Premier  
Legends, in the, game  
You don't know? Now you know, bitch!  
Threw ya hoe-ass around, while real niggaz come down  
Hah! Yaaaah!  
Premo, I was waitin on that shit, nigga  
I been waitin on this shit since "DJ Premier was in Deep Concentration"  
Hahaha, my motherfuckin nigga  
Love you, boy  
Real rap shit, real nigga shit  
We GONE! [echoes]