

Underground Thang

Bun B

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]

Can't knock the hustle man
Don't hate the player hate the game
Gotta love it man
Catch me flipping gripping grain in the turning lane
Trunk on bang
Cause it's an underground thing
Cause I'm an underground king

[Bun B]

It's Bun B the king of the trill
And I'm bringing the steel
Bringing the max it bitches of fact
It's that gangsta shit I'm bringing it back
I went from slanging the crack
To slanging the tracks and slanging my skills
Since ninety-two and slanging it still
So bring who you feel bring who you feeling
Bring them around and I'ma lay them down
It's just another sound boy killing
Rude boy wanna test
Better make sure rude boy got on his vest
Walk with a bunch of bananas on his chest
These monkey niggas on that monkey shit
Best to evolve or
I'm bouts to go gorilla and kill them with a revolver
So go on pimping you's a chip and I'ma blue bat
You ain't ready for the blowback
Bitch and you already knew that
So bring who you wanna bring on
I'ma go king kong
And squeeze him 'til he come up off his cream like a ding dong
Standing on top of the towers the trans go beating my chest
So it's best you and your mans know
I'm an underground king

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[Pimp C]

I'm an underground king for life
?In my shoes like hittin in your wife?
Tattoo that's you *man is an island*
Nigga you the pig you buy the Q
Sounds scan short bro
Bump it right like tylo
Fake price buy the ice
Use it for the Tony Snow
Ball-faced liar try to call me a snitch
I did four in population with a ball-faced bitch
If it wasn't for that Bun

Niggas might not know my name no more
But every time they gave him a mic
He told them hos to let me go
Reject tripper sucking on nipple
Gripping the grain playing with cock
Pull that zipper she ain't twister
She getting money fast when it's in her mouth
Nigga you know what I'm about
You who sight it I'm gonna ride
I run the south use my highs
I tell the truth even when I lie
Atlanta is the country
Them Georgia boy's cool
It's all you out of town faggot niggas fucking up all the rules
That ain't blow that's recon
That ain't dro that's popcorn
You fucking right they coming back
Like you selling it cheap cause they stepped on, bitch

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[Chamillionaire]

No reprise for the cars
I'm staying up in the foreign
Wanna wake up my neighbors
And the other cooks in the morning
If being Bun wasn't touring
I swear the game would be boring
If being fake was a felony
All y'all rappers be starring in America's Most Wanted
I missed that Pimp and that Pac
So it seems that me and Bun B
Is the realest breed you got
My paper chase getting faster
I'm even beating the clock
When it comes to G's the tick tock
Is gonna get beat to the dock
I gave birth to the hustle
So let my fetus be shown
When I pull out them baby benjamins
And I skeet on your dome
I'm secreting the dough
So don't leave your woman alone
Or I'll turn my dick to a dollar
And give your woman a loan
My presence on Texas streets
Is something that's easy to spot
I'll assassinate concrete
For the G's I'm bleeding the block
Boys'll see me on swingers
And think it's easy to plot
But I bet them boys that's behind me
They gonna be beaming up scott
Hear me out

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