

# Draped Up Remix (bun B)

Lil' Flip

Big terrible Texas  
It's where legends are born  
I'm Lil' Keke The Don  
Original Screwed Up Click  
It's a dedication to DJ Screw  
Fat Pat, Big Mello, Big Steve  
Feel it?

Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking about  
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I'm draped up and dripped out, the truth has just slipped out  
84's, Red Doors, Candy Apple Flip-Flop  
Got them boppers dripped out cause my drop tip top  
Purple Cup, Screw Us Up, that's what keep the streets hot  
Don P, Bun B, Please Free Pimp C  
Hydro, Super Flow, know these boys feeling me  
Come to Houston, Texas and see swangaz and 'lacs  
And don't forget to tell the people that the legends are back, yeah

It's Slim Thug showing H-Town love  
Used to hit the club on dubs, acting bad on scrubs (that's right)  
Mad spokes and leather, 24's or better  
Boys say they riding candy but my load is wetter  
The roads for competitors when they see the two letters  
They'll never ever ever ever ever get on my level (that's right)  
Me and Bun together caked up with clout  
Staying draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talking about?

The city is back, just look at the map,  
Thought we wouldn't get in the game  
I'm sticking my dick up in the game and bustin in that like a train  
I'm hitting that mayne,  
Look at this grain I'm grippin, I'm fixing to swang  
My bumper doing the body rock and my trunk is doing the crane  
Now who in the hell was able to tell the world it wasn't my bang  
I turn up the beat and I'm cracking the street,  
The city we started to train  
The world is looking like Texas mayne,  
Just watch how they pick up the slang  
Just show 'em your grill and pick up some drank  
And watch how they do the same, Hold up mayne

What it do baby, It's Paul Wall, Players rise while haters fall  
Got Fo's crawling in the 54 on the service road, I'm obeying the laws  
I stay shining like headlights and I stay crawling like head lice  
Just like a boy but I play the dice,  
Them twos and threes ain't nuttin nice  
Them threes and fours I'ma roll fo sho, fo's and vogues, we call 'em swang  
My partner Bun B bring the pain,  
Wanna know what I rep? Just check the chain  
In the hood is where I hang, On South Lee, that 5-9  
He dippin oil, He drippin candy, From P-A to H-Town, It goes down

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I stay draped up, dripped out, Drop the top when I'm flipping out  
Candy low on 84, (How you know they Fo's?) they poking out  
Ice Age and Rap-A-Lot, Pimping hoes in the parking lot  
Diamonds shining in my grill, you can see 'em if it's dark or not  
When I'm out in the limelight, I make sure I shine bright  
I'm in the drop with the glock cocked, you know I keep that iron tight  
I'm getting brain from a tight dame on North Maine in the turning lane  
I'm young and rich talking a lot of shit, I guess it's because I'm having th  
angs

I'm still draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talking bout  
Fighting over parking spots, bustin in the parking lot  
Tu sabes, vatos, ves no fakos, parse  
Te mato sin ningun contrato vamos!  
Now put your blocks up, Now put your sets up  
Fuck that nigga over there cause I think he said something  
Have to take 'em with a clip out, with the click out,  
Don't give a shit bout  
Til he gets out, Free Pimp C, we draped up and dripped out

I told Bun when you need a verse, just holla  
You know how we do it, you don't gotta spend no dollars  
I'm puffin dro, bangin screw, and riding fos  
Middle fingers in the air, you know how it goes  
Stash spot with weight in it, Candy paint with blakes in it  
Trunk got the bass in it, One liter with eights in it  
Swisha sweet with haze in it, you know I'm blowed  
Four row diamond chain, you know I'm pro  
Johnny got me right huh? 80 karats, bright huh?  
Hit the button, pop the trunk, watch the neon light jump  
I'ma keep folding bread til Pimp hold his head  
We miss you DJ Screw, man I hate you dead

Down to ride red but I'ma ride blue in the turning lane looking just like Sc  
rew  
300 Crissy, don't think they doors, Everybody know Z-Ro's flow is ferocious  
I keep a ride with the daytons in the deck, Might be deep 22 drank in the wh  
ip  
You can keep the sherm but you can pass the cup, My cadillac rolling on glas  
s and wood  
Would I knock a jacka down when his ass get up, Hell naw, this is playa from  
the chest to the nut  
Screw was here he said I would come up now the radio requesting my stuff  
Gotta keep a smif n wesson to buss cause the better life keep me stressing e  
nough  
Is this rap for real, is it a blessing or what?, Screw I hope I see you when  
they wet me up

This is H-Town, Texas, tell me how does it look?  
Taking over the rap kitchen and we ready to cook  
You can hear us whipping the beakers coming out of the speakers  
Stepping up some fresh hard for you out of town peakers  
We got 3rd Ward, 4th Ward, and Southside G's  
Plus Southwest and Bloody Nickels rollin 83's  
It's Houston, Texas motherfucker, you know the name  
We'll see you in February for the All-Star Game

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