

Bun B, Draped Up

(feat. Lil' Keke)

[Intro - Lil' Keke]

Big terrible Texas, where legends are born
Lil Keke the don, original Screwed Up Click
This dedicated to DJ Screw, Fat Pat, Big Mellow, Big Steve
Bun...

[Chorus - Lil' Keke]

Draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talking bout
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Draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talking bout

[Bun B]

Well it's big Bun B now, baby, Mr. Woodgrain
With diamonds up against them balling through your hood mayn
And I'm smoking on some good mayn, the color purple
Not the movie, but the kind that have you going in a circle
Chrome, looking more classy than the Transco Tower
Car drippin' candy paint like it just came out the shower
Like 'Face I got the money, the power and the finesse
To roll around one deep with hundred-thousand round my neck
I'm looking real shiny; you can see me from a mile away
Thought you was doing it, until I came and took your smile away
Pull up on your side in the turning lane
Pop my trunk, break you off, chunk a deuce, and I'm Cadillac turning mayn
Little swang to the left, big swang to the right
My plates scraping and I'm sliding the pipe, it's super tight
So don't try to knock us baby, don't try to hate
That's how we do it in that Lone star state; get it straight (we be...)

[Chorus - Repeat 2X]

[Bun B]

Now if you never been to Texas, there's a picture to paint
Cause we doing it real big, in case you thinking we ain't
It's lots of money on these streets, being spent and being made
All it take is one look to see these boys getting paid
They living laid in big houses, with pools in the backyard
Certified gangsters so you never see us act fraud
With iced out watches, bracelets, chains
Pieces, teeth, mayn we throwed in the game
We got screens in that headrest, visors in the ceiling
On chrome 83's and fours and Vogue peeling
With bumpers and belts across the back of my trunk
Push a button, and my car is waiving bye to you punk
We from the land of sippin' on syrup and (banging the Screw)
We slab swangin' comin down and through, I thought you knew
Back in the days, all they ever did was doubt us
Now the South is in the house, and they can't do nothing about us (we be...)

[Chorus - Repeat 2X]

[Bun B]

One time for my trill niggaz reppin the block
The real soldiers on the frontline is keeping it cocked
They hold it down for they hood, throw it up, let 'em see it
So they can know how you G it, if they hating, so be it
We ain't playing where I'm staying cause it's way too real
No matter the situation, we gotta keep it trill
Got the steel on my side when I ride cause I'm ready
I got 20/10 vision and my trigger finger steady
I'm an Underground King homeboy, and not a simp

And I gots to represent 'til they decide to free the Pimp
I'm down for my click, just like I'm down for my block
And I'm a stand up for my partner 'til they let him off of lock
So go on, body rock, Southside or lean back
Two-step with your boy if you about your greenbacks
This here is a Texas toast so raise your glass
Because the whole dirty South fittin' to show they naked ass (we be...)

[Chorus - Repeat 2X]