

Lil' Flip, Draped Up Remix (Bun B)

(Intro: Lil' Keke)

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?

(Chorus: Lil' Keke)

Draped up and dripped out, Know what I'm talking about
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(Verse 1: Lil' Keke & Slim thug)

(Lil' Keke:)

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

(Slim Thug:)

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

(Verse 2: Chamillionaire)

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

(Verse 3: Paul Wall)

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

(Chorus: Lil' Keke)

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(Verse 4: Mike Jones)

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 its 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 alot of shit, I guess its because I'm having thangs

(Verse 5: Aztek)

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
F**k that nigga over there cause I think he said something
Have to take 'em with a clip out, with the click out,
dont give a shit bout
Til he gets out, Free Pimp C, we draped up and dripped out

(Verse 6: Lil' Flip & Z-Ro)

(Lil' Flip:)

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

(Z-Ro:)

Down to ride red but I'ma ride blue in the turning lane looking just like Screw
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 whip
You can keep the sherm but you can pass the cup, My cadillac rolling on glass 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 enough
Is this rap for real, is it a blessing or what?, Screw I hope I see you when they wet me up

(Bridge: Bun B)

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 motherf**ker, you know the name
We'll see you in February for the All-Star Game

(Chorus: Lil' Keke)

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