

# UGK, Let Me See It

(Pimp C)

Let me see it, hold up...hol' up  
Let me see it, uh...hol' up...let me see it  
Let me see it...(repeat)  
Bend over lemme see it  
Let me see it...(repeat)  
Bend over lemme see it..

(Bun B)

Now, from the city that I live in  
To the city where I'm from  
For all the hoes that we done did  
And the hoes that we ain't done  
From the ones that f\*\*k for shrimp  
To the ones that f\*\*k for cum:  
If you ain't fittin' ta f\*\*k Pimp  
Then you ain't fittin' ta f\*\*k Bun  
Got some hoes from the 'hood ('hood)  
That live to keep it live (live)  
And some office buildin' boppers (boppers)  
Workin' 9 to 5 (five)  
Ball playa baby mama bitches;  
But to me it ain't no thang  
Let that monkey hang, baby  
Let me see it..

Chorus: (Pimp C) (x4)

Let me see it, let me see it  
Let me see it, let me see it  
Let me see it, let me see it  
Bend over, let me see it..

(Bun B)

Go'on and let a nigga peak (peak)  
And let a nigga poke (poke)  
F\*\*k a nigga from his street (street)  
And let a nigga stroke (stroke)  
See, I know that you a freak (freak)  
From passin' to my folk (folk)  
Let me bust it in yo' cheek (cheek)  
'Til you muthaf\*\*kin' choke (choke)  
It's nothin' but a G thang, baby, when you suck it  
Steady frontin' in yo' G-strang  
Go'on lemme f\*\*k it  
See, we know that you a pro (pro)  
From shakin' and tuckin'  
We some grown muthaf\*\*kas  
Like ta get naked, buck it  
From the back (back), to the front (front)  
And to the side (side)  
In the 'Lac ('Lac), wit' a blunt (blunt)  
Now, where the light (light)?  
It's a fact (fact): I've seen it  
Lemme get in between it  
Now, over bend, once again

Bitches, show it like ya mean it..

Chorus: (x2)

(Pimp C)

Uh...take it off, chick  
Bend over, lemme see it

I'm Sweet James Jones  
And a trick: I couldn't be it  
Got a young brown stallion  
And she 20 years old  
When she pop it from the back  
You see that hairy asshole  
From the A-T-L hoes, to the H-town strippers  
To the boppers in DeVille  
That's suckin' us and pullin' zippers  
Now, it how it make ya feel when you see a pimp shine?  
Bitch, you wastin' too much time..  
Get back up on yo' grind (grind, grind...)

Chorus: (x4)

(Pimp C)  
I'm a country-ass nigga;  
I f\*\*ked wit' yo' wife..  
If yo' bitch come around  
We put some dick in her life  
'Cause them niggas ain't real  
Must'a started smokin' rocks  
It all fell down  
'Cause they was bitin' too much cock  
But what goes up, must come down..  
While these bitches suckin' dick  
And droppin' to the ground..  
Every city, every town:  
I'm ballin' in the mix  
I'm servin' niggas bricks  
Keep a bad yellow bitch  
On my team...sippin' lean  
Ain't no thang of the past;  
The '84 Beritz with the slant-back ass  
Keepin' me a pro, next to my fo'  
Instead of stackin' cheese  
He steady screamin' to that ho..  
Let me see it

(Pimp C)  
F\*\*k-ass nigga..  
O! f\*\*k-ass nigga, get yo' mind on yo' money  
Hol' up...hol' up (uh)...UGK, bitch  
Uh (uh)...representin' that South...that South  
And this ain't no muthaf\*\*kin'...hip hop records (f\*\*k ass nigga);  
These country rap tunes  
Hol' up...uh  
So, you could separate us from the rest..  
Like I tol' you the last time