

# Bun B, What I Represent

(feat. Mannie Fresh)

[Intro - Mannie Fresh]

The, the underground, the, the underground, the, the underground...  
The, the underground, the, the underground, the, the, the underground...

[Bun B]

Now this one here for everybody out there off the top  
This for the real slab-swangas whipping dubs and drops  
For the real block huggers that's embracing the grind  
And the three-time fellas that be facing some time  
For them real deep boys that be baking and serving  
And the real hood hustlas that be shaking and swerving  
For the real cut-throwers putting work in on the average  
And trill ass niggaz living they life like a savage  
A lot of niggaz hold it down for they set  
And when the work comes easy  
And when the game ain't ready  
They really rep they're neighborhood good or bad  
Niggaz that really be on the block throwing signs and flags  
Well I'm here to represent for all the gangstas and the thugs  
And the underdog niggaz that ain't getting no love  
For a nigga trying' to make a weight for him and his crew  
Just recognize I'm representing for you, and nigga that's on the true

[Hook - Bun B + (Mannie Fresh)]

I'm a sell my dope, I'm a bust my guns  
I'm a fuck my hoes, I'm a stack my ones  
What I represent?  
(The, the underground, the, the underground, the, the underground...)  
I'm a smoke my good, I'm a sip my drank  
I'm a grip my grain, I'm a drip my paint  
What I represent?  
(The, the underground, the, the underground, the, the, the underground...)

[Bun B]

Now everybody wanna act like they already got it made  
With the houses, and the cars, and the bills all paid  
Got a million in the bank, and two million in jewels  
But on the cool, life ain't like that for a lot of these fools  
Lot of people in this world coming up pretty hard  
Raised in project apartments, with no front yard  
Had to share their clothes and shoes with cousins and brothers  
Never had they own shit, they had to share it with others  
I wasn't born with a silver-spoon sticking out my grill  
I was raised in the middle of the struggle on the real  
Had some hard times in my life, trying to make ends meet  
Not to mention, trying not to fall victim to the streets  
Against the odds, a nigga made it out the game  
But that don't mean that I'm gunna forget about from where I came  
UGK ain't just a name; it's what a nigga is  
I was there before I got in the biz, and nigga that's on the rizz

[Hook]

[Bun B]

Now people always be around when you shining and balling  
But they real hard to find when tough times come calling  
You got money, doing good, and they be all in your face  
Then disappear like Sue Storm soon as you catch a case  
It's like clockwork homeboy, the shit never fails  
Soon as they think the party's over, everybody bails  
Could a sworn they was your friends when your world was on shine  
But soon as you get some time, outta sight, outta mind

It's a shame that some real ass niggaz took a fall  
It's a shame how they treat you when you locked behind the wall  
When your woman won't visit and your homie won't send you no flicks  
Or come and see you, that's some cold ass shit  
Well I miss my nigga, he was down for me  
That's why I got the whole world screaming Free Pimp C  
And I'll be right here waiting when you touch back down  
UGK we still holding the crown, kings of the underground

[Hook - Repeat 2X]