

Little Brother, Candy

(Bun. B)

Well we the real Trill, playas postin up in the corner
Sippin and blowin on purple, gettin lit like we wanna
My persona is O.G., my aura is green
and I'm known for comin down on them blaze, sippin lean
So fresh and clean, I'm draped up and dripped out
Every time I hit the scene, they say, "Bun, you done tripped out"
If I ain't got nothin new, I ain't comin outside
That goes for clothes and rolls, shoes, jewels, and rides
I done try to be low-key, and change up my handy
But if I don't show off my dough, how dey gon' know that I have it?
I'm too used to the flossin, I'm too used to the shine
and I gotsta to relive this tread as hard as I like to grind
So right now is the time, and right here is the place
We gon' pop up the bottle until we po' off the taste
Everybody showin +love+, and we know where they +tainted+
So throw your hand up in the air if yo' car's candy-painted, c'mon!

(Chorus 2X: D-Brock)

They see me ridin-a, they see me grindin
They see me steppin up, they see me shinin'
And they say it's like can-dy
(and what they sayin, s-sayin)
It's like can-dy

(Phonte)

Aiyyo, I met this new girl (wha?) wit big juicy lips (wha?!)
and nice round hips, I mean her body is a safe space
and niggaz that hate Tay say her body's a trip
Aiyyo, it's more than a trip faaam, her body's a vacate
and we 'bout to make way, and step out on the town
to do it the way we do it and such
Had a couple kids so we cain't, do it as much
But when we do it, we do it like they do it in church (c'mon)
Made 'em scream Hallelujah for it, for on a night like this
It seems my double-breasted ain't suited for it (tell 'em)
So I'ma hit 'em wit hard bottoms, slacks and button-downs
Initials in the cup links, the boy don't fuck around
The game is in trouble now, cause we on dancefloor
doin the two-step and people starts to applaud (*imitation cheering*)
For Mr., and Mrs. Tiggalo they Dancin With the Stars
Dead broke, but tonight we party like we million-arrs, yes Lawd!

(Chorus)

(Rapper Big Pooh)

Aiyyo, peep game, this is real rap
A la' niggaz wanna see where my skillz at
A la' hoes wanna know where the bills at
I'm like, "Mami, beat the streets," she don't feel that
Ralph Lauren, ?Ill Skin?, yeah I'm all that
I'm laid-back in the Lex and it's all-black
"Cool nigga over there" is what you call that
Matter a-fact, I do it like it's goin outta style
Karat profile, two dimples when I smile
?Don't chaff?, feel the air when I pass all the while
Hoes keep eyein me down, yet they eyein me now
Me and Trey tryin ten for town
Gettin down wit my 1-2, and this how we do
I came to shut the party down, it's official
and every night like New Year's Eve
I go hard like you wouldn't believe, I'm dat DUDE!!

(Chorus)

(Phonte)

Yes, Little Brother, Bun. B collaboration

Pimp C. welcome home, yo thanks for the love man, it's all good

Shout out to all my niggaz out in Texas

Out in Houston, I'm talkin 'bout The Foundation

I'm talkin 'bout Cosmos

My nigga Frank, whaddup?

My nigga O. Cliff, whaddup?