

The Best Is Back

Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro - talking]

God damn! (God damn!)

Guess who's back in the motherfuckin house? (motherfuckin house)

The King of the Trill bitch, you guessed it

"UGK 4 Life" ho (4 Life ho)

You already know how we gettin down this time around (time around)

We representin for the po' town (po' town), bitch

And the motherfuckin best is back

Hold up, yeah[Verse 1]

Ladies and gentlemen, you already know that it's him again

Lettin 'em hang, non-feminine, crunk like I'm gone off Ritalin

Chopped off top, there's no middle and throwed on that load again

with no vodka, show shocker, mo' rocker

in the slab (in the slab), "Bend It Like Beckham", no soccer (no soccer)

And no doctor can diagnose, the symptom when I approach

My victim, from the back and tie the rope (rope)

And throw 'em over the ledge

like Blanket, throw a thrower over your head, all over your dead

Go 'head quote 'em, he said it was bound to happen (happen)

when you fuck around with the clowns and down for clappin (clappin)

Get strapped, ready to pop rounds up out the Magnum (Magnum)

When they hop out and jack 'em (jack 'em)

Call the coroner to come out and wrap 'em

Put him under the tree, so every one of ya can see

That ain't no fuckin with the Bun to the B, niggaz[Chorus - 2X]

"Guess who's back? Me"

"There's no competition, huh, 'tion"

"Aww sh-shit, hold up"

"Guess who's back? Shut 'em down"

"Hurt-hurtin boys"

"It's over, it's over"

"Cause the best is back bitch"[Verse 2]

It's Bun Beeder mayne, ridin with the heater mayne
Niggaz know that I'm the hardest out since the peta mayne (mayne)
Hot doggin, yeah smoke dog comin out foggy
Lettin off at your toes, hi froggie (hi)
My third leg loggy and your bitch is a lumberjack
You'd of killed that ho if you knew what I'd done to that (to that)
She chopped my tree down, often if I slumber jack
Beggin me to call but shit I don't know where her number at (at all)
And on the cool, I ain't lookin for it either though
Or the bitch before her, no I ain't lookin for neither ho (naw)
It ain't like I really need her though
Once she drop to her knees and let me skeet it out, nigga she can go (go)
Lead her out like a blind man walkin
Like Sandman dancin, it's over, stop talkin
I'm sparkin mo' dodo (dodo), blazin mo' kush up (kush up)
Comin mo' harder than a no hand push-up (push-up)[Chorus][Verse 3]
Let's pass the peas like we used to say and put it down like we used to play
Let's make the news today and leave some cement in they shoes today
Say what we choose to say and lay down who we choose to lay
And we leave 'em laid (laid), while we leavin paid (paid)
Fair and square nigga, sound like an even trade (trade)
Triple cross and we leave 'em sprayed (sprayed)
Spayed and neutered, no matter how much you pray to the shooter's face (face)
'Cause there's no emotion ('motion) and there's no elation ('lation)
Then he realizes the reaper of the show he facin (facin)
Secret words like a holy mason (mason)
Was all he heard before I took his head off (head off) and I blew his face in (face in)
Who ya chasin? Ain't no catchin up
Keep ya weapon tucked, be ready to buck and knuckle up, whenever you steppin up
Takin it as your guns are just, the fact that leavin it less is crap
Never leave less than that
It's just a fact that nigga the best is back, bitch (yeeeeeah)

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