

Draped Up (CFCF Bladely Snipes Remix)

Bun B

Big terrible Texas, where legends are born
Lil Keke the don, original Screwed Up Click
This dedicated to DJ Screw, Fat Pat, Big Mello, Big Steve
BunDrape-draped up and dripped out
Know'm talk-talkin' 'bout
Draped up and dripped out
Know'm talk-talk
Drape-draped up and dripped out
Know'm talk-talkin' 'bout
Draped up and dripped out
Know'm talk-talk, drapeWell it's big Bun B now, baby, Mr. Woodgrain
With diamonds up against 'em, ballin' through ya hood, mayne
And I'm smokin' on some good, mayne (What?)
The color purple
Not tha movie, but the kind that have ya goin' in a circle
Chrome lookin' mo' glassy than tha Transco Tower (Tower)
Car drippin' candy paint like it just came out the shower (Shower)
Like 'Face, I got the money, the power and the finesse
To roll around one deep with hundred-thousand 'round my neck (Hold up)
I'm lookin' real shiny, you can see me from a mile away
Thought you were doin' it 'til I came and took ya smile away
Pull up on ya side in the turnin' lane
Pop my trunk, break you off, chunk a deuce, then I'm Cadillac turnin', mayne (I'm gone)
Lil' swang to the left, big swang to the right
My plates scrapin' and I'm slidin', the pipe is super-tight (Tight)
So don't try to knock us, baby (Naw)
Don't try to hate
That's how we do it in that Lone Star State
Get it straight, we beDrape-draped up and dripped out
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Know'm talk-talk, drapeNow if you never been to Texas, there's a picture to paint (paint)
'Cause we doin' it real big, in case you thinkin' we ain't (ain't)
It's lots of money on these street, bein' spent and bein' made
All it take is one look to see these boys gettin' paid
They livin' laid in big houses with pools in the backyard
Certified gangstas, so you never see us act fraud
With iced out watches (watches), bracelets (bracelets), chains (chains)
Pieces (pieces), teeth - man, we thowed in the game
We got screens in the headrest, visors in the ceilin' (ceilin')
On chromey eighty-threes and fo's and Vogue peelin' (peelin')
With bumpers and belts across the back of my trunk (trunk)
Push a button and my car is wavin' bye to you, punk (punk)
We from the land of sippin' on syrup and (bangin' the Screw)
We slab swangin', comin' down and through, I thought ya knew (I thought ya knew)
Back in the days, all they ever did was doubt us
Now the South is in the house and they can't do nothin' about us
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Know'm talk-talk, drapeOne time for my trill niggas reppin' the block
Them real soldiers on the frontline that's keepin' it cocked
They hold it down for they hood, throw it up, let 'em see it
So they can know how you G it, if they hatin', so be it
We ain't playin' where I'm stayin' 'cause it's way too real
No matter the situation ('ation), we gotta keep it trill
Got the steel on my side when I ride 'cause I'm ready
I got twenty-ten vision and my trigger finger steady
I'm an underground king, homeboy, and not a simp
And I gots ta represent 'til they decide to free the Pimp (For real)
I'm down for my click just like I'm down for my block
And I'ma stand up for my partner 'til they let him off of lock (Hold up)

So go on, body rock, south side or lean back
Two-step wit'cha boy if you about ya greenbacks
This here is the Texas toast, so raise ya glass
Because the whole dirty South is finna show they naked ass
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Songwriters

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