

# The Story

## Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Say, this is the realist shit I ever wrote or I said  
Wake up with it everyday and take it with me to bed  
Hurting my heart and hanging over my head  
'Bout the realest nigga these Texas streets ever bred C L Butler better known as Chad or Pimp C  
The closest homeboy that I ever had  
Now when we first met, we wasn't on the same page  
From pettiness understandings that got cleared up with age  
Two young boys who was ready to mash  
Put P A on the map and maybe make a little cash  
Jumped down with Big Tyme, put down a few songs  
Everybody co-signed saying that we could do no wrong  
Then hit the streets with a big ass bang  
Them gangsta ass rhymes with that country ass twang  
Dropped, "Tell Me Something Good" took off and went live  
Shit, next thing you know we was signing to Jive  
Dropped, "Too Hard to Swallow" "A Pocket Full of Stones"  
Put the remix on "Menace" shit we had it going on  
Got, love in the streets and played on the air  
But the homey putting us out, wasn't playing too fair  
Had to separate ourself, bring in a new team  
But sometimes the other side ain't always what it seems  
We dropped "Super Tight" a album full of killer flows  
But then we got caught up with the drugs and the hoes  
We didn't realize what was happening on the real  
And new management was cutting back room deals  
Hiding different money and concealing the price  
He had us doing all the work but was keeping the biggest slice  
Took a while to catch on, to what homey was  
doing  
But by the time we did, all the paperwork was in ruins  
Nigga kept all the receipts so we couldn't file taxes  
The next thing you know, IRS hitting us with axes  
Pimp you owe seven figures, Bun you owe six  
Better get your paper together, get this shit fixed  
Remixed the management team and tried it ourself  
Cussed out the GM, almost got put on the shelf  
Fuck it, dropped "Ridin' Dirty" instant classic in the South  
Reclaimed the southern title, shut everybody's mouth  
Got some clout in the game, boys calling us the greatest  
But meanwhile me and Pimp is still ducking haters  
The old manager calling and say he fina' sue

And put a padlock on the everything we trying to do  
Put a call out to the Prince, this nigga still hating  
We got heat for the streets, and we can't keep the people waitingHe made a call to [Incomprehensible] and  
folks, telling the man  
You gotta cut UGK some slack understand  
Young Pimp got the plan, Bun got the drawl  
Rap-A-Lot had our back and we just waiting on JiveWe got the big bosses on the same page  
So me and young Pimp went hit 'em from center stage  
Next thing you know we got this call from the N.Y.  
It's Jay-Z saying y'all niggaz getting flyHe doing "Volume 3" and got a track from Timb  
And wondered could some trill niggaz rock it with him  
Shit big Bun was all for it, but Pimp wasn't sure  
But "Big Pimpin" hit 'em 187-PureNumber one song on every station you turn on  
MTV and BET we getting our burn on  
Grammy nominated can't believe that we made it  
And we got a call from Jive that left us all fadedAnd it stated, that due to the success of the track  
We here at Jive records, would like to piggy back  
Get another beat from Timb, then get a verse from Jay  
Let Hype shoot the video and we'll be on the wayShit it sounded okay, but me I had to ask  
If we don't do Big Pimpin 2, would you still put us on blast  
A song like that might take a nigga to the top  
But my true fan base, might think a nigga flopThey got mad and put niggaz on hold  
For damn near a year till the buzz got cold  
So we said fuck 'em and went back to the basics  
Trying to find ways to get the fuck up out the matrixWe put "Dirty Money" together and it was aces  
But that's around the time that Pimp caught two cases  
He got probation, said, "Fuck you hoes"  
We finish the album, got ready to do a couple showsAnd then he violated, one month before we dropped  
And shit just got put on hold or fucking stopped  
Now 30 days done, we back to the nitty-gritty  
Album got released, big showdown in Chocolate CityNiggaz with masks on, vests and all black  
It's Christmas 2000 and 1, bitch we was all that  
Strongest on the block, nobody could budge  
And then he violated, now we right back before the judgeThey calling him a nuisance, put my dog behind a  
fence  
It was January 28th, he ain't been home since  
Threw a nigga through a loop and caught me in the crosses  
Standing cold, CEO, now I'm the fucking bossHad the devil on my back, got to drinking and drugging  
Had to make a choice, get back to rapping or thugging  
So I walked into my bedroom, got down on my knees  
Put my hands together and I prayed Lord pleaseLet me get past this bridge over water that's trouble  
And get back up on my grind on the double  
He said son don't worry 'cause it's not really hard as it seem  
And I can turn your nightmares back into dreamsYou just got to stay true to yourself and succeed  
Then push away from the devil and get closer to me

And every since that night man I promise I been on it  
Giving that killer flow to anybody who want it  
Pimp the pen like never before, I'm breaking 'em GNot to mention I got the world screaming free Pimp C  
So soon as you make parole and they open the doors  
You ain't gotta worry about nothing, the world is yours  
Ain't no mo' struggles my nigga and no mo' stripe  
I kept it real because to me it's UGK for life

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