# 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 bredC 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 ageTwo 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 wrongThen 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 JiveDropped, "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 fairHad 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 hoesWe 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 sliceTook 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 axesPimp 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 shelfFuck 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 hatersThe 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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