Let Em Know

Bun B

R.I.P. Guru
Gangstarr 4 life
Goddamn, Premo'!
Long time comin', baby
History in the making
It's goin' down, talk to 'em, Prim'"Say, this here, Pimp c
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Okay, bun is on the mic, premier's on the track
The south is in the house, now what can fuck wit' that?
And what can fuck with this? I take shots and don't fuckin' miss
First on your baby mama bucket list
You on some sucka' shit, might as well suck a dick
'Cause you being a bitch just for the fuck of it
And when I fuckin' spit, niggas get to tuckin' shit
Tryna duck down wherever they can fuckin' get
They better ask somebody
'Fore I have big truck pass the shotty and blast somebody, bitch
Mastered the flow, the gun and the hand game
Now I'm resurrectin' a real nigga campaign
Fake ass niggas, we snatch 'em out the damn rain
Take they damn chain, hit 'em with the damn thang
Bang! now that's what happen when the trigger blow
Ayo premier, let a motherfuckin' nigga know!"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Okay, bun is on the mic, premier's on the track
The south is in the house, now what can fuck wit' that?
And who can fuck wit me? You not built up
I'll break ya bitch-ass down and leave you filled up
See that's how blood get spilled up, 'cause you all grilled up
And got the hammer on you, but it's still tucked
'Cause you scared to pull it, even mo' scared to pop
You ain't a gangsta, you need to stop
I'm a type of nigga pull up at a evening spot

Squeeze and pop niggas 'til they weave and drop, ock!
You the type that gotta call in the goons
I come one deep, strapped like an army platoon
When I get to gladiatin' on haters like Leonidas
Niggas gonna have to admit that he the tightest
You talk a big game man, but mine's bigger bro
Ayo premier, let a motherfuckin' nigga know!"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Okay, bun is on the mic, premier's on the track
The south is in the house, now what can fuck wit that?
And who can fuck wit us? Better bring your mic game
Mike Jordon, Mike Tyson, big Mike man
Big dough, big flow, big fight game
Take you out the zone, put you in the right frame
Take you out your home, middle of the night man
Wrap you up tight, put yo' ass on the night train
That's right mayne, and it's the right time
In the right game to get rich like a white man
Tryna see how much paper that I might gain
While I still keep it trill in what I write, man
Yeah, so let's see who we could trouble most
By hittin' these haters with a double dose
Toast! We got it locked like a figure-fo'
Ayo premier, let a motherfuckin' nigga know!"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it-it's, it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin witchu!"
"Say, this here, Pimp C
We fuckin wit Premo', it-it's goin' down, baby"
"My mic is loud and my production is tight"
"We run shit!" "I ain't playin' witchu!"Bitch! Yeah!
P.A. to P.V., nigga
Bun B to DJ premier
Legends, in the, game
You don't know?
Now you know, bitch!
Threw ya hoe-ass around, while real niggas come down
Ha! Yeah!
Premo, I was waitin' on that shit, nigga
I been waitin' on this shit since

"DJ premier was in deep concentration"
Ha ha ha, my motherfuckin' nigga
Love you, boy
Real rap shit, real nigga shit
We gone!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/