

# Draped Up (ft. Lil Keke)

## 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  
We be...Drape-draped up and dripped out  
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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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