

Gladiator (feat. Truck Buck)

Bun B

The spirit of Pimp is in here (yeah)
Truck Buck (uh huh), never give a fuck (yeah)
6300 Westside Port (haha)
Southwest Superman (already)
Yeah, Trill Gladiators (mayne)
Yeah huh, yeah, goons catch ya in the street (yeah)
Gladiators we come to your house like Pimp say (no shit)
Uh huh and guess what? (what?)
We ain't doin it for no money (what you doin it for nigga?)
Haha, we doin this for loyalty nigga
Tell them niggaz Bun
They thought it was over, they thought that I was done (I was done)
They said I wouldn't last, I'm the last one (last one)
I'm "Still Standing" like the Goodie to the Mo-B
In a black hoodie, it's the O.G., you know me (me)
Never bow to no feet or kiss no rings (rings)
Hold my own ground, never doin ho things (things)
Just to get accepted (accepted), just to be included ('cluded)
Nigga I am from the South, that ain't how we do it (do it)
True shit, you and your city must be on some new shit
Gettin on my last nerve, such a damn nuisance
Pussy niggaz on the rag, wearin Couture or Juicy
You don't like what I say, fuck ya nigga, that's my two cents
Opinions is like assholes and I don't like assholes
So stick your opinion in your ass ho (in your ass ho)
That's for whoever ain't me
You just hatin on a nigga that ya know ya can't be
I'm a, gladiator, greater than the rest
Bring who ever's won a battle, you'll never be the best
Got a chest made of metal, a jaw made of steel
When I put the hands of God on ya, tell me how it feels I'm a, gladiator, hardest of the G's
Bring the biggest you can find, bet I drop him to his knees
I bring it to ya now, fuck bring it to ya later
And never take no shit up off a hater, 'cause I'm a gladiator Now make way for the big man
(man)
'Fore somebody catch a smack from the big hand (hand)
Rap-a-Lot is in the building and we in control ('trol)
"II Trill" comin through nigga, make a hole (make a hole)
And we ain't askin you but one time
Give a fuck if you pedestrian or the one time (time)
Nigga you can walk the gauntlet or the gun line
We can light the night sky up, like it's sunshine (shine)

'Cause I run mine (mine), this is native turf (turf)
And we'll squeeze and toss a nigga like he made of Nerf
(made of Nerf)
He's playin games like it's Fisher Price (Price)
They gonna find your ass gutted with a fishing knife
(fishing knife)
See now you gotta ask yourself a question
Is he really serious or was he just testin? (testin)
I hope your answer ain't the latter
'Cause I think you just made a mad motherfucker madder And I don't want to be nobody but
Never dick ride or see me swingin on nobody nuts (nuts)
Real hood nigga (nigga), real street nigga (nigga)
That'll stand up on his own two feet nigga (nigga)
Never been a bitch, never had a plan to be (be)
And talkin down on other niggaz ain't the man in me (me)
A man walk it (walk it), exactly like he talk it
We can swing it or stalk it 'til somebody white chalk it
You don't want a problem pussy nigga (nigga),
so don't bring us up
Actin like you niggaz hard or twistin your fingers up (up)
'Cause you be bluffin in the streets
I let the dogs out, then I let the hogs out,
'til it's nothin in the street
There is nothin industry or Hollywood about me (about me)
I'm no studio gangsta (gangsta) but if you want to doubt me
(doubt me)
Then catch me on the corner (corner) and run up if you wanna
(wanna)
To kill your pussy ass will be a motherfuckin honor, 'cause Yeah, yeah, ya hear me bitch ass
niggaz?
Uh huh, any nigga talkin shit, we comin to see ya (gladiator)
Picnics, to ya house, barbecues, yeah
Anywhere, clubs, tell him who comin Bun (gladiator)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>