

# Soopafly, Can I Get Bucc

(Daz Dillinger)

Yes, yes yall, yes yes yall, yes, yes, yes, yes, yall  
Yes yes yall, yes yes yall, yes, yes, yes, yes, yall  
We got some people on the microphone here tonight  
They coming to give you to you rough, rugged, and raw  
You know that westcoast feel, yea (All that shit)

(Daz Dillinger)

Watch out its creep to, what the fuck can he do  
Showing for showy death gun come with you  
Fuck a posse homeboy, I run with a gang  
Blasting niggaz for anything, looking sneaky, looking strange  
Me and my couples from the pass kick gas  
Smoke a pound of grass every doubt about cash  
Glocks, ski mask, we bo on a match  
Clush crash so don't even try to ask  
I'm rough, roughed, and raw, and what you see you just saw  
What happen when dat nigga daz, on the mic grab it  
I take control and move you body and soul  
One ho, I move the crowd with an flow

(Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger)

Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc  
To all my homies and my ridaz who don't give a fuck  
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough  
Come around here nigga, get bucc

(Soopafly)

You mother fuckers in action  
We blast niggaz for asking the ghetto fab satisfication  
Barrel directed to bone marrow, hit cha  
In traded to get cha, damage yo completed vanish that you cant mannish  
Its the gangsta and pimps with heated clips  
You cant hide during the day, we like Gladis Knight like plips  
Mashing these niggaz for chips  
If you wanna ride dip, like to fools in rip should  
Throw up your hood, its all good  
Nigga what, gangsta anemic stripe  
Super posting, with a thirty-eight heater with my hosting  
Blasting who ever stop from rocking coast to coasting  
I burn and roasting a nigga who figure that  
When you pull out a strap we aint right, where my gangstas at (Right Here)  
Show up to blow up your block  
Out for the cream like the crock  
I tell these niggaz don't stop

(Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger and Soopafly)

Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc  
To all my mother fucking ridaz who don't give a fuck  
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough  
Come around here nigga, get bucc

(Crooked I)

To all of my niggaz that couldn't crack britches  
Staking riches, dipping something ficous  
Tapping switches, macking and cracking bitches  
This rapping business is phony as hell  
I'm going to ride until they throw me an L  
Like all my homies in jail  
I'm gun cocking, con cock the shot the block, so I can clock a knot  
Hit the spot with my trunk knocking  
Drop tops is the what pops the pussies  
Bury more arms than octopuses  
Gages and blocks and bushes

Ready to start the conflict  
You want chronic, I'm all for atomic, energy  
literally, thinking of the bomb shit  
Mob wit me, don't mash alone  
A chaperone, hoes who love to blow on bones like a saxophone  
When niggaz think they Al Kapone  
It only takes three steps, draw, squeeze, shoot, you gone  
Who am I crooked i, who are they daz and soopafly  
On the rooper high, stay true to my click

(Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger)  
Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc  
To all my mother fucking ridaz who don't give a fuck  
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough  
Come around here nigga, get bucc