

Big Tuck, Tussle

(Hook x2)

I'ma do somethin' bad to ya, cuz you a motherfuckin' ho
If I see you at the club in the middle of the flo'
I'ma tussle, I'ma tussle
We gon' tussle, we gon' tussle
We gon' tussle better hope ya got ya niggaz with ya

(Z-Ro)

Motherfucker better clear a path, I feel the wrath
Cuz Tuck and Ro gon' burn ya scalp
Ho nigga tried to give me doubt
But I keep them snakes like a witches crown
It's about that time, respect my mind, I'm one of a kind
Been eyein' dime, fuck a dime
These jabs flyin' who threw 'em, mine
We gon' keep it crunk, pull out a pump knock out his fronts
Nigga my whole team drunk waitin' for the rest of ya crew goin' numb
I'm gon' drop a bitch, securty ain't stoppin' this
Real niggaz get compliments, I'll drop a rhinoceros
See we all about pain, you niggaz is lame, we head of the game
All my troopers are trained, we searchin' for chains, you hatin' on fame
Some of these ugly ass girls in here think they too fly to say what's up to a nigga
I want you to look at that ho an say FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU)
FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU) FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU) FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU)
Now gut that bitch (GUT THAT BITCH) GUT THAT BITCH (GUT THAT BITCH)
GUT THAT BITCH (GUT THAT BITCH) GUT THAT BITCH (GUT THAT BITCH)

(Hook x2)

(Tum-Tum)

Uh huh, hold up purple one let oh Tum invade the cut
And lean on a nigga like the drank up in my cup
Everybody make room I'm bout to cave his chest in
And make his eye swell up to where his edge up begin
Tum a shit starter, Tum always to blame
I ain't never played sports therefore I don't play games
Better ask these dudes I will rock a nigga ass
And if yo chick pop off I'ma slap her monkey ass
Straight gangsta-gangstafied that's how we do it in the dirty
Hit a weenie nigga with a combination flurry
Left, right, right, left over hand hitter-quitter
Make room in this bitch when DSR enter
I'm headed straight to the bar to get a bottle bub
After that hit V.I.P. and fire up some drugs
Tell drubs they didn't pay the deposit they ain't goin' up
Rappin' is tailored for us, shorty the game I'm sewin' up
Tum-Tum and San T, southside and the three
Puttin' it down from Tate house all the way to Mississippi
All the gangstas in the place, all the hustlers in the place
All the thugs in the place put ya hood in his face
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
I don't part no squad and I ain't afraid of no click
It's a million dollar man I get it poppin' in this bitch
Better watch what you say before shells I drop around this bitch, straight

(Hook x2)

(Big Tuck)

I'ma skirt around the club till I see this nigga here
I'ma rush the bitch nigga hit his head with a beer
I ain't playin' neither, I ain't playin' neither
I'ma swing till there's blood on my wife beater
Put ya dukes up, put ya dukes up
You don't want Tuck's hook, jab, uppercut

Put ya dukes up, put ya dukes up
I'm bad news fixin' tear the fuckin' club up
Fuck security nigga, fuck security nigga
I'm fixin' fire up this Sweet I'ma lure 'em to me
Fuck security nigga, fuck security nigga
I'm fixin' fire up this Sweet I'ma lure 'em to me
Put ya hood in his face, put ya hood in his face
If it ain't your's put his ass in his place
You don't want it with me, you don't want it with me
You don't want it with me, you don't want it with me

(Hook x2)