

# C-Murder, Get Bucked, Get Crunked

[hook]2x

Uh Ohhhh, there them TRU Boys go  
Uh Ohhhh, hit the muthafuckin flo'

[T-Bo]

Aaaaaaaah!!

Came in this bitch to shut this muthafucka down  
Baton Rouge and Louisiana so you know I'm bout to clown  
When the thugs get to bussin, duck down hit the ground  
Stay out my water boy if you don't want to drown  
You keep fuckin wit me, they gone find yo ass dead  
When my song come on, they gon act a pussy on yo head  
This for them thugs in the club, who straight, don't mind dying  
And them ballers in the parking lot, straight sitting on shine  
C-Murder called me up, and said 'T-Bo it's time  
to represent the dirty south and make 'em respect yo mind'  
Trunk loads of soldiers always starting some shit  
So stay the fuck from 'round us if you aint down with my click  
Be on the lookout for them boys with them rags 'round they fo'head, (Uh Ohh)  
Group of muthafuckas that got security hollerin 'Code Red'  
Get Crunk, Get Buck, ya'll pussy bitches get stuck  
When we come to yo town, tear the fuckin club up  
Only white boy with the click, so you know I must be sick  
You don't like me rollin wit TRU?, suck my fuckin dick  
I'm from that 504, minus 279  
Come and get you somethin', see me thuggin in that 225

[chorus] 8x

Back 'em up, Get Crunk  
Back 'em up, Get Buck

[Master P]

Big Time baller, shot caller, hustler  
CP3, whodi they'll bust ya  
Rolce, with 4 doors, Bentleys with mo-mo's  
I aint Ludacris but I can throw dem bo's  
Concerts stay packed, pockets gone stay fat  
T-R-U hot, tell the dj's to play that  
Now give it to me, I want the jewels and the money  
And ecstasy for the thugs and the bunnies

[chorus] 4x

[Silkk the Shocker]

We the type of niggas, ya'll don't ever wanna have beef wit  
We'll pull some sneak shit, and get off with some creep shit  
Do anything for the look, for the stash and the cash  
My face to recognizable dog, so I'ma need the mask  
See they didn't want to feel us until we had to empty the cannon  
Tryna hold us, but they just comin up, empty handed  
I know some love us, and I know that some can't stand us  
Me, P, and C we all thugs, seem like that shit just runs in the family

[hook]

[C-Murder]

You know we thugged out, from the cradle to the grave  
Them TRU Boys, The Miller Boys with T-Bo and some chrome toys  
Dome checkin, disrespectin haters is a hobby, for life  
No Limit to the fullest, with a bullet, so think twice  
Lil Daddy, Limo tints on the Caddy, Truck  
Them Cutt Boys gone bust, you better duck, cause we don't give a fuck  
I'm real with it, XL bring the Deadly Soundz beat  
And Watch a nigga like C bring the heat

[chorus] fade until end