

# Tussle (Screwed) [feat. Tum Tum]

## Big Tuck

[Chorus: x2]

I'm a do some'ing bad to ya, cause you's a motherfucking hoe  
I see you at a club, in the middle of the flo'  
I'm a tussle with, I'm a tussle with, I'm a tussle with  
I'm a tussle with ya, hope you got your niggas with you Motherfucker better clear the path I feel the wrath, cause  
Tuck-N-Roll gon burn your scalp  
Hoe niggas try to give me dap, but the see the flames like a witch's craft  
It's about that time respect my mind, I'm one of a kind  
Put that iron down buck em down, these jabs flying voodoo of mind  
We gon keep it crunk, pull out a pump knock out his fronts  
Nigga my whole team drunk, waiting for the rest your click throwing up  
I'm gon drop a bitch, security ain't stopping this  
Real niggas get pop-a-liss, right and drop a rhynoserous  
See we all about pain you niggas is lame, we ahead of the game  
Out of my tool is a train, we searching for change you hating on fame Now, some of these ugly ass girls in herr  
Think they too fly, to say what's up to a nigga  
I want you to look at that and hoe and say Fuck you (fuck you), fuck you (fuck you)  
Fuck you (fuck you), fuck you (fuck you)  
Now drop that trick, (drop that trick)  
Drop that trick, (drop that trick)  
Drop that trick, (drop that trick) drop that trick [Chorus: x2] Hold up purple one, let O-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 eyes swell up, to where his edge up begin  
Tum a shit starter, Tum always to blame  
I ain't never played sports, therefor I don't play games  
Better ask these dudes, I will rock a nigga ass  
And if your click pop off, I'ma slap they monkey ass  
Gangsta-gangstafied, that's how we do it in the Dirty  
Hit a weenie nigga, with a combination flury  
Left-right-right-left, overhand with a quitter  
Make room in this bitch, when DSR enter  
Headed straight to the bar, to get about a bub  
After that hit VIP, and fire up some drugs  
Tell judge they didn't pay the deposit, I ain't going up  
Rapping is tailored for us, so the game I'm sewing up  
Tum Tum and San T, Southside and the 3  
Putting it down from Tayhouse, all the way to Mississippi  
All the gangstas in the place, all the hustlers in the place

All the thugs in the place, put your hood in his face  
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch  
I don't bar no squad, and I ain't afraid of no click  
It's the million dollar man, I get it popping in this bitch  
Better watch what you say, 'fore shit start dropping round this bitch[Chorus: x2]I'm a do something bad to ya,  
disrespect your set talk trash to ya  
And if you get out of line, I'ma bring it quick fast to ya  
Smash your head, in the concrete  
And H-Town Stomp, your bitch ass to the beat  
Till they see the white meat, for playing games with my gang  
My Hoggs off the chain, they'll dance on your brain  
In the middle of the club, like fuck it  
The laws see me, and act like they ain't seen nothing  
You niggas bluffing, talking hard acting like you want beef  
But when I see you on the streets, you hollin' bout you want peace  
One or one hundred deep, I'm crush you and them busters  
Straight smash on you suckas, you punks don't wanna tussle  
My nigga Tuck, say we ready to ride  
The whole Southside Dallas, waiting on the Southside  
H-Town to the D, we connect in the Tex'  
D-S-R and Boss Hogg, don't bar no plex we'll tussle with ya[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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