

Who Da Buckest

Juicy J

[Juicy J]

The Gangsta Disciples and the Vice Lords have teamed up

We gonna fuck the motherfuckin clubs up

The fuckin Liquids, know what I'm sayin

The D and D the spot, GD's! VL's! [Chorus: Project Pat]

Who the buckest up in here, who the buckest up in here

My niggaz, my hood, so you cowards betta fear

Man you hoes don't wanna clown

man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't wanna clown

If you do we beat ya down (X2) [Juicy J]

The first nigga wanna step

Gonna meet his death

First I hit the nigga wit a right, then I swing a left

Kept on dropping B's after B's till I'm out of breath

Then I took a knife and cut the fool til he bloody wet

Boy you gon respect

Real playaz when it comes to that

Knowin this ain't slavery but nigga we gon hang your neck

How you gonna diss the check writer, hoe I am a threat

Shoot at your bitch ass like the killa know you scared of that, scared of that

Bring it on nigga to this motherfuckin M-Town

Click click boom then you feel your body fall down

Don't be trippin wit these Hyde Park gangstas

Robbers, killaz, dope boyz, rapists

Gangsta Fred, Heavy C, workin with that maintenance

Cut you up, wrap you up, leave ya ass stankin

Pimp slap ya ass, momma boy, fell the rugar

So fuckin sweet, I should probably call you sugar [Chorus: Project Pat]

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man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't wanna clown

If you do we beat ya down (X2) [LaChat]

Now when I fall up in the club, I be yellin, smack a bitch

Steady mobbin wit a mug

Yeah this thug

Startin shit

Nigga what bitch, what?

Get the fuck up out my way

Throwin bows, pushin hoes
Lettin you know I'm in the place
It's whateva, get it done
Hope you cowards, got a gun
I'm a ride until I die
Makin bitches out here run
You can run if you wanna
Where you run is where you die
I'm a break me off a prada stick your ass in the eye
It's Chat, you got beef
All this animosity
Look here mane, I'm a aim
Shoot that thang
For playin me
You a killa
Bitch nigga
Never have you pulled a trigger
You got hoe off in your blood
When it rain, hoe you shiver
Have you ever seen a bitch come through the door and take the floor
Gangsta walkin, representin, 'cause a mack ain't goin hoe
Breakin laws, fuck the law
Keep them bitches out my business
I'm a shut this junt down, everybody gonna witness, bitch[Chorus: Project Pat]
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My niggaz, my hood, so you cowards betta fear
Man you hoes don't wanna clown
man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't wanna clown
If you do we beat ya down (X2)[Frayser Boy]
What ya cowards wanna do, don't give a fuck bout what ya sayin
Pull a pistol on ya in a minute wit no delayin
Frayser Boy, I'm comin through
Nigga who the fuck is you?
Got yo nuts all pumped up, I'll whip yo ass til ya blue
Throwin that Bay up in the air
Nigga I don't fuckin care
Niggaz practice lookin hard, but ain't gon do shit but stare
Mean muggin in the club and
Bout to get yo ass drug and
I don't hide behind my words, I'll beat yo ass down in public
I'm the realest of the real
Betta ask yo fuckin peeps
Knock a patch up out ya head and stomp yo ass till ya sleep
Man this liquour got me geeked
You won't see another wink

I was in here tryna chill, now ya got me bringin heat
Take your ass up off ya feet
Leave yo body with a leak
Ring the bell, school's in, here's the lesson I'm gon teach
Better step away from reach
Ass whoopin you gon see
Have yo ass like decepticons hollarin retreat[Chorus: Project Pat]
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My niggaz, my hood, so you cowards betta fear
Man you hoes don't wanna clown
man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't wanna clown
If you do we beat ya down (X2)RIP 2002
PHM 4L GREEN,ETCH,SKETCH,RIDLER,BOMP,MAP,AND EVERY 1 ELSE UP IN DAT SHIT 746
KEEPIN SHIT REAL 2002-2003

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