

Get It Poppinâ€™

Big Tuck

Chorus: Talkin ' but ya aint sayin shit, i dont give a fuck about yo pussy ass click, ole pussy ass bitch, imma tell ya like this: Yall niggas wanna box? Yall aint sayin shit, we can get it poppin now, right now, imma step into my shoes; we gon' get it poppin now, we gon' get it poppin now, right now, all this talkin' that ya talk, we gon' end it right now, now.

1. (3x) Im in tha club nigga, supa-dupa wired up, everybody rockin', representin, throwin sides up, walkin by security wit my purple hanes fired up, first nigga bumpin gon' get his mouth wired up. Imma beat tha shit up out tha first nigga 'eye' us, i dont give a damn if security wanna try us, get to trippin n we gon' set this bitch on fire, let them niggas know that imma muthafuckin' rida..... (Wut! Wut!) Meet me on tha flo, represent ya click, and let the otha side know (otha side know) and we gon get it poppin in this hoe, and when we get it poppin, aint no walkin' out tha do'! We gon tear it up, do tha fullest, "Jams" got em mackin, like they hit wit rubber bullets, (3x)(I dont give a damn about yo click), yea i hear ya talkin', im threw talkin bout it, bitch!

2. Its tha Big Tuck, u can call me "Money Man", the double-bezzled band, worth bout '100 grand, another double-carrot band on my otha hand... I dont mean to brag, bitch, but im tha fuckin man. Im in tha club, got my southern swagga marinatin'.... Diamonds on my teeth; it makes my conversation fascinatin'.... Big Tuck; im not your ordinary southern cat, if u wanna see me, u can find me where da money at.... Im off the Sauna, u can tell i got a lot of that, Catch me in tha club, where them gangstas and them bottles at.... (3x)(i keep it straight g, tall t, All black, wit my locs on, fresher den a mall rat).... Imma neva put, Money over Money mayne, even tho they luv to see tha way my name hang. Im with tha 10 g's every time tha phone rang, i know tha yellas, threw tha chain, by they own name.....

3. THAT NIGGA FAKE! SAYIN HE A APE, HEADED FOR THA DOOR, CUZ HE TRYIN' TO ESCAPE, THAT NIGGA FAKE, SAYIN HE A APE, WANNA FUCKIN TUSSLE, BUT HIS ASS AINT IN SHAPE!

Jump out tha bar and im full of that lene(*jump out tha bar..... "DJ DROP, BRANG THAT SHIT BACK..")..... Jump out tha bar and im full of that lene, tha bartenders got my bottles comin' quick, tha hatin niggas Mad cuz the jewels on my wrist..... Everybody chillin cuz tha purple still in..... Tha Dj's got it rockin' in this bitch, Mob threw tha club, still reppin my click. Same nigga still steppin' on my shit, he gon' make tha nougat do tha 'fool' in dis bitch. I aint trippin, imma dust his ass off, show him how we do it in tha dirty dirty south, I'm tired of them runnin they mouth.... Im bout to show them boys what im all about.....

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