

Suckas Pt. 2 (for Da Gangstas)

Philly's Most Wanted

Gangstas for the gangstas
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Yo, I'm not concerned wit the rhymes you wrote
I'm at the Sixers game, seat close enough to trip Kukoc
Niggas mad tryin' to catch me slippin'
But instead in out of town nigga catch me trippin'
I guess I've sold out, if they don't see me this winter
The only thing I sold out was the Core States Center
It's BooBonic, got blocks that stay bouncin'
You got baby weights, six pounds and nine ounces
I'm heavy out here, get your shit together
Tryin' to sell it lightweight, like Floyd Mayweather
Wanna hit it like Bonic and get it like Bonic
But then ain't ever happenin', you can't spit it like Bonic
Flow poison like B B D, I'm sharp
And you VHS I'm DVD, suckas
Motherfuckas ain't lived the life
Playas never commit shit, I did your wife, come on
I'm the type of nigga, get a whole lot of cash
I'm the type of nigga, get a whole lot of ass
I'm the type of nigga, got a whole lot of class
But I'm the type of nigga that'll pull out fast
Keep them diamonds white and blue
Spend like the rich and your wife would do
Hey that's just me, ain't nothin' I can do
Plus, my whole crew but no, not you 'cause you's a sucka
I'm T I G H T, you can ask Michael Jackson who B A D
See, I'm a thrilla, gangsta cat feela
Take trips squad out each [Incomprehensible]
Nigga, top billa from Grant to Ben Franklin
Cars, they never used our whips is grand spankin'
Mister got 'em thinkin', ask yourself
See who got the Coke, the gun, who profit
You take the pack, no gat so stop it
Bitch we got it poppin' out cally knockin'
I wish, wit a dime, ass bitch
You rollin' in a Datsun, wishin' for a 6

[illegible]

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