Suckas

Spec Boogie

Know what I need y'all to do? C'mon
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
What's a sucka?
The type nigga run around frontin'
Aim with the click but still be Most Wanted
What's a sucka?
Type that start it but won't finish it
Act like a thug when he really wasn't in this shit
Suckas, the type that ain't gettin' no cheddar
And can't afford Cris so he save Mo better
Suckas, type that hate to mention that we buzzin'
But quick to tell a bitch that me and Mr. is cousins
You know, suckas
Thanks to you, he had to die
But you only shot back 'cause you were scared and was high
Suckas, like to run his mouth like a bitch
Cocktail him and he's lookin' at 10 and then he snitch
Suckas, the type front like he got ends
And his whip paint his different numbers off of his Benz
Suckas, you know that type that never had nothin'
Soon as I fuck a bitch he got to have somethin'
Suckas, you know Bonic know that type cat
I ask is that your bitch you like
"We ain't like that"
Suckas, first name Tommy, last Tucker
I leave you I'm talkin' about you motherfucker
It's funny how, now, girls they hooch out
Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now
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Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now
What's a sucka? The type who see me and turn jell
Suckas, say my chain ain't platinum he can tell
When he put it in his hand and weigh it like it's a scale
Suckas, play thugs till you see 'em in jail
Sucka shit, hate on you quick in front of chicks

You see 'em and they be like
"Man I ain't say that dumb shit"
Suckas, for nothin', push your wig back
Tellin' everybody where Bonic and Mr. live at
Suckas, get robbed know exactly who did it
And actin' like it's beef and really be cool wit it
What's a sucka? Cuttin' on niggas in front of people
Scared later on get his own head to beep you
On his voice mail sayin', "We got the same people"
Suckas, don't cock the gun, they'd rather run
But never M R dot 'cause I'm not the one
And you say you're not a sucker, why you feel like one?
It's funny how, now, girls they hooch out
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Funny how, now, girls they hooch out
Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now
Funny how, now, girls they hooch out
Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now
Hey yo it's Bonic baby, playa ball OG
From gazen ever, to J A C O B
Gang come wit me whenever I'm OT
And the nigga that they can't fuck with? Oh, me
Suckas, hate 'cause they bitch like Mr.
And know I'm a fuck if that bitch got a sister
Suckas, them industry niggas that try to fake me
And act like they don't know that Most Wanted 'bout to take me
And get more money than a lil bit, you? A lil bit
You doin' all this shit, Most Wanted is done wit
And fuck your own head I'm the one he come get
Suckas, I make them niggas pat chromes right
While we bang BBS they rockin' Rhymestones
Mr. get ya, hit ya, twist ya, right out the frame
When I snap get the picture?
Flow airtight like Glad bags with Zippers
Funny how, now, girls they hooch out

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Funny how, now, girls they hooch out
Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now
Suckas, suckas, suckas, suckas

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