

Knuck If You Buck (Uproot Andy RMX)

Crime Mob

Knuck if you buck boy
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Knuck if you buck, if you buck, buck, buck
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Knu' knu' knu' knu' knu' knu', knuck if you buck boy Yeah, well I'ma gat totin' pistol holdin'
Nigga on yo damn street
Stompin' jumpin' bumpin'
And we krunck off in this damn thing
Throwin' dem bows up at deez hoes
They screamin' they bleedin' from they nose
But we start to swing we makin' niggas hit the flo'
Ain't no game off in this thang
We be deep off yo party
Crime mob niggas gettin started
And we niggas be the hardest
So if a nigga come and run his mouth just like ho
Punch 'em dead up in his nose
And stomp his ass down to the flo' Yeah we knuckin' and buckin' and ready to fight
I betcha I'ma throw dem thangs
So haters best to think twice
See me I ain't nothin nice
And crime mob it ain't no stoppin'
It be like Sadaam Husein, Hitler, and Osama Bin Laden
Now they steady gun poppin'
And I am actin' a fool
I wish a hater would get crunk up on this crime mob crew
Now enough is enough boy
Rough and stuck boy
Knuck is a must boy
Knuck if buck boy Knuck if you buck boy

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Knu' knu' knu' knu' knu' knu', knuck if you buck boy Jumpin off from on the stage
Throwin'dem bows like Johnny Cage
All my niggas startin' riots
Knockin down the barricade
Everywhere we be to deep
And M.O.B is to elite
The flawless niggas lawless
You be jawless gettin' close to me
Bullets bussin' constantly
Ravagin' yo' city streets
Broken bones lay alones scattered 'cross the concrete
Knuckin' if you buckin' you'll be duckin'
If you get too close
In my eyes you wasn't wise
I think it's time I knuck you ho I come in da club
Shakin my dreads, throwin these bows
And bussin these heads
Bitch you irrelevant step to my residence
Besta back up boy I thank you for that
I'ma a Diamond committing no crime
Not leavin a trace not leavin a line
We knuckin and buckin 'cause I got a nine
I blow you away 'cause you wastin my time
Stupid ass niggas y'all know what to do
I wax yo ass you fuck wit' my crew
I'm through wit you haters so watch what you do
You talkin bout me then I'm talkin' to you
You buckin on us 'cause we leadin' yo class
Keep bussin' on me and that shit gone get nasty
I'm colder than ice and I'm freezing out here
I target yo city but you cannot tell Knuck if you buck boy
But you betta come equip
I got some shit off in my trunk that's gonna make yo body flip hollow tips

Bussin off the rip soon as a hit the do'
Anybody make a false move dead bodys on the flo'
Fuckin wit no hoes, ain't neva been no lames
Ain't neva' been no pussy niggas scared to throw them thangs mang
Crime mob niggas off in this bitch
Break Bread Records I represent
Fuckin wit dem HB niggas you bout to get your wig split
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Songwriters

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