Who Da Buckest

Juicy J

[Juicy J]
The Gangsta Desciples 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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[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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[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 liqour 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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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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