

# Sucka's

## Philly's Most Wanted

Know what I know y'all to do?  
c'mon, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce (B-Double O-be-O-N-I-C)  
(M-are-Dot- M-A-N)  
Uh, Most Wanted, nigga! Verse 1: Boobonic  
(What's a sucka?)  
The type nigga run around frontin'  
Aim with the click but still be Most Wanted  
(What's a sucka?)  
The type that start it but won't finish it  
Act like a thug but 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)  
The 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 looking 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 the type that never had nothin  
Soon as I fuck a bitch he got to have something  
(Suckas)  
You know Bonic know that type cat  
I ask is that your bitch you like "We ain't like that"  
(Suckas)  
Fist name Tommy, last Tucker  
I leave you I'm talking about you motherfucker (Hook X4 {Mr. and Boo})  
It's funny how, now, girls they hooch out  
Most Wanted gettin' money and them niggas hot now Verse 2: Mr. Man  
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 nothing, push your wig back  
Tellin everybody where Bonic and Mr. live at  
(Suckas)  
Get robbed know exactly who did it  
And acting 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 saying "We got the same people"  
(Suckas)  
Don't cock the gun, they'd rather run  
But never M-are-dot cause I'm not the one  
And you say you're not a sucker, why you feel like one?(Hook)Hey yo it's Bonic baby  
Playa ball OG  
From gazen ever, to J-A-see-O-be  
Gang come wit me whenever I'm OT  
And the nigga that they can't ever 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(Hook)(Suckas)

Songwriters

Hugo, Chad / Williams, Pharrell L / Witherspoon, Joel Louis / Holly, Al'BaseerPublished by  
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