

Suckas

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)

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