

# Suckas

## Cutthroat Committee

Know what I need y'all to do? C'mon  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce  
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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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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?

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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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Suckas, suckas, suckas, suckas

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