

# 5, Deuce, 4, Tre

## Backbone

I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm border, grit on that killer  
They call it Front Street, nobody know about it  
He works the concretes 'til it breaks daylight  
You see him post up in the cut, how many?  
I ain't servin' nothin' but good products  
I broke that wall, work that slang, choke that thang  
I'm talkin' 'bout I ain't dressin', nothin' but pain  
Keep the Chevrolet funked out  
I ain't even try to hitcha 'less y'all trunked out  
I come through, tear that thang up  
Whippin' new grain and he all glassed up  
You see us swervin' on some seventeen-nines  
Mr. F.F., I'm a stay bright every time  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
Talk a dollar outta dime, drinkin' liquid lime  
Pull out sideways and leave these suckas from the line  
Over time, like Dental, seein' green with the grill  
Super clean see a gleam through the windshield  
It's everyday like the clock tick  
Hit me with some super thick up in the cockpit  
It's off limits baby, you see the hand stiched material  
Workin' the original inertial  
I'm in a coma, get he and Bean up out the trunk  
I step on stage and get the whole place crunch  
Always guarantee friend-shh y'all  
You shoulda rocked the microphone to this, y'all  
Yes sir, hold on, hold the dice  
Set these down, then I'm gone

One more shot cause I'm on tonight  
I shook another fifty-two  
Now tell me what do they wants to do?I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)I could fly these sucka ducks with the right dosage  
Now hear, bust it open, get it smokin', that's him  
Sack it up and watch it jump out the gym  
Shorty told you what it is when you come through here  
This sucker emcee say he lookin' for me  
Tell him, ain't nothin' boy, is you the police  
When I put the mic down they say they found residue  
And the laws wanna charge me for verbal abuse  
Blow smoke up out the roof, they ain't got no proof  
Six-eights, skate Decatur, them boys blue, I'm sayin'  
Go getcha ass bread, ya understand  
Man these suckers think I'm playin'  
(Man they puffin' weed)I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty (somebody better tell 'em)  
I'm still buckin' like five, deuce, four, tre  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)Five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty

#### Songwriters

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