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 timeI'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 windshieldIt'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

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