

## Shun AzianDug

### "5, Deuce, 4, Tre"

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In background of hook: {Hey, hey, hey, hey}

[Hook]

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'm Mr. Fat Face)  
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'm Mr. Fat Face)  
I come through swervin' (somebody better tell 'em)

[Verse 1]

I'm border, grit on that killer  
They call it Front Street, know about it nigga  
He work the concretes 'til break daylight  
You see him post up in the cut, how many?  
I ain't servin' nothin' but pure products  
I swerk that walk, qoute that slang, choke that thang  
I'm talkin' 'bout "I ain't dressin'", nothin' but pain  
Keep the Cheverolet funkyd out  
I ain't fuckin' witcha girl 'less y'all trunked out  
I come through, tear that ass up  
Whippin' new grain and he all glassed up  
You see us swervin' on some seventeen-nines  
Mr. F.F., I'ma stay bright everytime

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Talk a dollar outta dime, drinkin' liq wit lime  
Pull out sideways and leave these suckas from the line  
Over time, like ten 'til, see 'em grin with the grill  
Superclean see a gleam through the windsheild  
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 handstiched material  
Workin' the original interial  
Up in a coma, get he and Bean up out the trunk

I step on stage and get the whole place crunk  
Always guarantee freind-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?

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I supply these motherfuckers 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' nigga, 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, cause they ain't got no  
proof  
Six-eights, skate Decatur, they ass through, I'm sayin'  
Go getcha ass bread, ya undertsand  
Man these niggas think I'm playin'  
(Man they boy for real)

[Hook]

{\*scratching\*}  
Five, deuce, four, tre  
Shawt, shawty

(repeat to fade)

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