

SWV F/ TLC

"Ack Like U Want It"

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[Buckshot]

Boo-Ya-Kaa, check my foul and my style
Never on the Isle, bucked shots as a juvenile
A little freestyle fanatic, I shot the rap addict
With an automatic, now I got static
See back in the days, I was a stone cold hood
Now I'm a paid hood, still up to no good
With my crew from the Heights and the Island
Still flippin' niggaz, and we still be buckwildin'
I never changed, never rearranged my faness
Buck one time to your chest, through your vest
F.A.P. Franklin Avenue Posse, you can't stop me, cause
my shits never sloppy
I'm always for a pack, a joint, and a burner
Flip a scene, coming from a teen/tin like Turner
Take it from another brother coming from the ghetto
Once I get my five eight, no need for protect so
I get paid to rip, step aside I'm a blow you
Don't try to shake my hand moneygrip, I don't know you
I'm just a hardcore, raw, straight from the ave
Leave another question and you might get blast

[Chorus - 4X]

Ack like you want it
Ack like you want it
What! Bring the drama
Ack like you want it

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

I emerged in a rage, catching wreck on stage
Blowing up the spot, I leave my name engraved
You frail ass niggaz want a piece of the 5, but
You can't fuck with the nigga that's live
Here catching wreck, with the Buckshot Shorty
Spark up that L, cause it's time to get naughty
Then he looked at me, as if I was insane
I'm just a real nigga with a lot on my brain
The pressure starts to build, when I grab my steel
Giving niggaz the raw deal, with the mad appeal
This time around, I flex the tec with ease
And if you really want it, I give an extra squeeze

Cause I'll cut out your heart, and leave it pumping in my hand
Spit on your grave, and let you know who's the man
There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide
Cause, the 5 Ft. Excellerator, is at your every side
One time for your motherfucking mind

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

I ran to the boone spot, and shot the dread
He fished my nickle bag of skunk weed, now he dead
but
Bust lead to the head, never did like a fed
Rule with the mad tool, fool check what I said
I'm taking you down, I'm breaking you down, I'm real
Wiz, Tec and Stelle, niggaz, you know the deal
I'm for real no joke, so on the gun smoke
Provoke, your dusty style, makes me choke
Never bite, but I write, when I grab mics
Boot your pretty bitch ass boy, and take flight
With my razor, the infra-red lazer, blaze ya
Like cane, I raise your little shorter's bad behavior
Niggaz better know that when I flow, I'm drinkin gin and
cinnomin
And when I flaunt it, ACK LIKE YOU WANT IT

[Chorus]

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

From the town where niggaz always get bucked down
Kicked in the door, keep my finger on the pound
Word is around, that you're looking for the 5
Surprise, real niggaz always survive
Don't be amazed, I'm alive from the flames
No need to scream now your calling out my name
You little bitch ass nigga, you tried to take my life
Now I'm taking all you own, plus I'm fucking your wife
After that my man's, gonna hit your only daughter
And leave her body floating in some bloody bath water
Just like a snake, sl-sl-slitters on the ground
Nobody hears me move, even know that I'm around
You acting like you want it, now you're gonna have to
get it
As I grab you by your throat, feel the heat as I just split
it

[Chorus]

