

## **Tricky F/ Terry Hall**

### **"We Buck Up N Dis"**

Visit "[We Buck Up N Dis](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[\* Background Mumbling \*]

[Verse 1]

I'm at the club thugged out, Tommy from head to toe  
Smokin' on that green leaf, mackin' me hoe  
Hangin' in the door, had to decide I'm real thuggish  
Niggas be hatin' that shit cause they bitches, they love  
us

I'm grilled up across the top, representin' the South  
Where ya quick to get broke off if ya runnin' ya mouth  
It ain't no doubt about these killers, if ya call em' they  
comin'

Gun shots at all the hot spots keep niggas runnin'  
I'm at the bar gettin' fucked up, sippin' on me some  
Hen

Tryin' to mack to this bitch with this dyke ass friend  
I told that dyke ho "Why don't you carry yo punk ass  
on"

That bitch decided to say something smart and I knew  
it was on

I swat the ho out, the punk must have thought she was  
pimpin'

Here ths bitch come again with about seven, eight  
niggas

I told these tricks "I'm outside if you comin' with anna"  
I popped the trunk and lit that bitch up like "The Star-  
Spangled Banner"

[Hook x2]

Cause see we buck up in this bitch  
Fixin' to tear up some shit  
Better call 5-0 if you wanna survive ho  
Shit, it ain't no stoppin' once the units get poppin'  
Spit rounds, into the ground is where them bodies be  
droppin'

[Verse 2]

I'm on the strip ridin' clean on a Saturday night  
Street lights got me flickin' plus I keep my shit tight  
Black Magic sprayed on the tires, my Vogues like  
jewels now

Drivin' them hoes crazy, they wanna come to me now  
I'm by myself, ridin' solo with that yok in my lap  
In this town you got niggas that jack for shit and get  
snapped  
You can tell when you see em' they be more ready to  
scuffle  
Tail lights out, no tags and they missin' a muffler  
I drop the top and I'm lookin' in my rear-view mirror  
I seen some niggas look like jackers comin' up from the  
rear  
I put that yok in my back, I knew they wouldn't get far  
One nigga met up with that unit and told me get out the  
car  
I acted scared, put my hands up and I got out the ride  
I waited good until his trick ass nigga got up inside  
He tried to pull out, I bucked his ass twice in the head  
Shot up they clicked and peeped em' twice to make  
sure they was dead

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I'm in the park with my niggas smokin' on Optimos  
Drinkin' Moet, trippin' off these broke ass hoes  
These suckers puttin' on a show tryin' to impress these  
bitches  
Drivin' all outta control, bouncin' like they got switches  
If they hit my shit, I'ma rip a hole in they ass  
They let excitement from speedin' take control of they  
ass  
Just as I said it, some nigga ran into me with his Chevy  
I grabbed that fuckin' yok and told them bitches get  
ready  
I jumped out and didn't ask questions  
All you see was that fire jumpin' out that Smith-N-  
Wesson  
I blewed his ass off and now it's time to bounce from  
the scene  
Before I smashed off I hit another blunt from that  
green  
I started smokin' like ain't nothin' happen  
One thing about it, if it's drama then I'm cappin'  
Don't play no games, if you do you might get sprayed  
quick  
Fuckin' aroun and I'm down with this gangsta shit  
Get cho' wig split

[Hook x4]

