

Big Tuck f/ Slim Thug, Tum Tum

"Tussle"

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[Hook - 2x]

I'ma do some'ing bad to ya, cause you's a
motherfucking hoe
I see you at a club, in the middle of the flo'
I'ma tussle with, I'ma tussle with, I'ma tussle with
I'ma tussle with ya, hope you got your niggaz with you

[Big Tuck]

Motherfucker better clear the path I feel the wrath,
cause Tuck-N-Roll gon burn your scalp
Hoe niggaz try to give me dap, but the see the flames
like a witch's craft
It's about that time respect my mind, I'm one of a kind
Put that iron down buck em down, these jabs flying
voodoo of mind
We gon keep it crunk, pull out a pump knock out his
fronts
Nigga my whole team drunk, waiting for the rest your
click throwing up
I'm gon drop a bitch, security ain't stopping this
Real niggaz get pop-a-liss, right and drop a
rhynoserous
See we all about pain you niggaz is lame, we ahead of
the game
Out of my tool is a train, we searching for change you
hating on fame

(*talking*)

Now, some of these ugly ass girls in herr
Think they too fly, to say what's up to a nigga
I want you to look at that and hoe and say

[Big Tuck]

Fuck you (fuck you), fuck you (fuck you)
Fuck you (fuck you), fuck you (fuck you)
Now drop that trick, (drop that trick)
Drop that trick, (drop that trick)
Drop that trick, (drop that trick) drop that trick

[Hook - 2x]

[Tum Tum]

Hold up purple one, let O-Tum invade the cut
And lean on a nigga, like (the drank up in my cup)
Everybody make room, I'm bout to cave his chest in
And make his eyes swell up, to where his edge up
begin
Tum a shit starter, Tum always to blame
I ain't never played sports, therefor I don't play games
Better ask these dudes, I will rock a nigga ass
And if your click pop off, I'ma slap they monkey ass
Gangsta-gangstafied, that's how we do it in the Dirty
Hit a weenie nigga, with a combination flurry
Left-right-right-left, overhand with a quitter
Make room in this bitch, when DSR enter
Headed straight to the bar, to get about a bub
After that hit VIP, and fire up some drugs
Tell judge they didn't pay the deposit, I ain't going up
Rapping is tailored for us, so the game I'm sewing up
Tum Tum and San T, Southside and the 3
Putting it down from Tayhouse, all the way to
Mississippi
All the gangstas in the place, all the hustlers in the
place
All the thugs in the place, put your hood in his face
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
I don't bar no squad, and I ain't afraid of no click
It's the million dollar man, I get it popping in this bitch
Better watch what you say, 'fore shit start dropping
round this bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Slim Thug]

I'ma do some'ing bad to ya, disrespect your set talk
trash to ya
And if you get out of line, I'ma bring it quick fast to ya
Smash your head, in the concrete
And H-Town Stomp, your bitch ass to the beat
Till they see the white meat, for playing games with my
gang
My Hoggs off the chain, they'll dance on your brain
In the middle of the club, like fuck it
The laws see me, and act like they ain't seen nothing
You niggaz bluffing, talking hard acting like you want
beef
But when I see you on the streets, you hollin' bout you
want peace
One or one hundred deep, I'm crush you and them
busters
Straight smash on you suckas, you punks don't wanna
tussle

My nigga Tuck, say we ready to ride
The whole Southside Dallas, waiting on the Southside
H-Town to the D, we connect in the Tex'
DSR and Boss Hogg, don't bar no plex we'll tussle with
ya

[Hook - 2x]

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