

## **Big Tuck f/ Tum-Tum, Z-Ro**

### **"Tussle"**

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[Hook x2]

I'ma do somethin' bad to ya, cuz you a motherfuckin'  
ho  
If I see you at the club in the middle of the flo'  
I'ma tussle, I'ma tussle  
We gon' tussle, we gon' tussle  
We gon' tussle better hope ya got ya niggaz with ya

[Z-Ro]

Motherfucker better clear a path, I feel the wrath  
Cuz Tuck and Ro gon' burn ya scalp  
Ho nigga tried to give me doubt  
But I keep them snakes like a witches crown  
It's about that time, respect my mind, I'm one of a kind  
Been eyein' dime, fuck a dime  
These jabs flyin' who threw 'em, mine  
We gon' keep it crunk, pull out a pump knock out his  
fronts  
Nigga my whole team drunk waitin' for the rest of ya  
crew goin' numb  
I'm gon' drop a bitch, secuirty ain't stoppin' this  
Real niggaz get compliments, I'll drop a rhinoceros  
See we all about pain, you niggaz is lame, we head of  
the game  
All my troopers are trained, we searchin' for chains,  
you hatin' on fame  
Some of these ugly ass girls in here think they too fly to  
say what's up to a nigga  
I want you to look at that ho an say FUCK YOU (FUCK  
YOU)  
FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU) FUCK YOU (FUCK YOU) FUCK  
YOU (FUCK YOU)  
Now gut that bitch (GUT THAT BITCH) GUT THAT BITCH  
(GUT THAT BITCH)  
GUT THAT BITCH (GUT THAT BITCH) GUT THAT BITCH  
(GUT THAT BITCH)

[Hook x2]

[Tum-Tum]

Uh huh, hold up purple one let oh 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 eye swell up to where his edge up begin  
Tum a shit starter, Tum always to blame  
I ain't never played sports therefore I don't play games  
Better ask these dudes I will rock a nigga ass  
And if yo chick pop off I'ma slap her monkey ass  
Straight gangsta-gangstafied that's how we do it in the  
dirty  
Hit a weenie nigga with a combination flurry  
Left, right, right, left over hand hitter-quitter  
Make room in this bitch when DSR enter  
I'm headed straight to the bar to get a bottle bub  
After that hit V.I.P. and fire up some drugs  
Tell drubs they didn't pay the deposit they ain't goin' up  
Rappin' is tailored for us, shorty the game I'm sewin' up  
Tum-Tum and San T, southside and the three  
Puttin' it down from Tate house all the way to  
Mississippi  
All the gangstas in the place, all the hustlers in the  
place  
All the thugs in the place put ya hood in his face  
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch  
I don't part no squad and I ain't afraid of no click  
It's a million dollar man I get it poppin' in this bitch  
Better watch what you say before shells I drop around  
this bitch, straight

[Hook x2]

[Big Tuck]

I'ma skirt around the club till I see this nigga here  
I'ma rush the bitch nigga hit his head with a beer  
I ain't playin' neither, I ain't playin' neither  
I'ma swing till there's blood on my wife beater  
Put ya dukes up, put ya dukes up  
You don't want Tuck's hook, jab, uppercut  
Put ya dukes up, put ya dukes up  
I'm bad news fixin' tear the fuckin' club up  
Fuck security nigga, fuck security nigga  
I'm fixin' fire up this Sweet I'ma lure 'em to me  
Fuck security nigga, fuck security nigga  
I'm fixin' fire up this Sweet I'ma lure 'em to me  
Put ya hood in his face, put ya hood in his face  
If it ain't your's put his ass in his place  
You don't want it with me, you don't want it with me  
You don't want it with me, you don't want it with me

[Hook x2]

