

A Perfect Circle

"Can I Get Bucc"

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[Daz Dillinger]

Yes, yes yall, yes yes yall, yes, yes, yes, yes, yall
Yes yes yall, yes yes yall, yes, yes, yes, yes, yall
We got some people on the microphone here tonight
They coming to give you to you rough, rugged, and
raw
You know that westcoast feel, yea (All that shit)

[Daz Dillinger]

Watch out its creep to, what the fuck can he do
Showing for showy death gun come with you
Fuck a posse homeboy, I run with a gang
Blasting niggaz for anything, looking sneaky, looking
strange
Me and my couples from the pass kick gas
Smoke a pound of grass every doubt about cash
Glocks, ski mask, we bo on a match
Clush crash so don't even try to ask
I'm rough, roughed, and raw, and what you see you
just saw
What happen when dat nigga daz, on the mic grab it
I take control and move you body and soul
One ho, I move the crowd with an flow

[Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger]

Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc
To all my homies and my ridaz who don't give a fuck
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough
Come around here nigga, get bucc

[Soopafly]

You mother fuckers in action
We blast niggaz for asking the ghetto fab satisfication
Barrel directed to bone marrow, hit cha
In traded to get cha, damage yo completed vanish that
you cant mannish
Its the gangsta and pimps with heated clips
You cant hide during the day, we like Gladis Knight like
plips
Mashing these niggaz for chips
If you wanna ride dip, like to fools in rip should

Throw up your hood, its all good
Nigga what, gangsta anemic stripe
Super posting, with a thirty-eight heater with my
hosting
Blasting who ever stop from rocking coast to coasting
I burn and roasting a nigga who figure that
When you pull out a strap we aint right, where my
gangstas at (Right Here)
Show up to blow up your block
Out for the cream like the crock
I tell these niggaz don't stop

[Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger and Soopafly]
Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc
To all my mother fucking ridaz who don't give a fuck
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough
Come around here nigga, get bucc

[Crooked I]
To all of my niggaz that couldn't crack britches
Staking riches, dipping something ficous
Tapping switches, macking and cracking bitches
This rapping business is phony as hell
I'm going to ride until they throw me an L
Like all my homies in jail
I'm gun cocking, con cock the shot the block, so I can
clock a knot
Hit the spot with my trunk knocking
Drop tops is the what pops the pussies
Bury more arms than octopuses
Gages and blocks and bushes
Ready to start the conflict
You want chronic, I'm all for atomic, energy
literally, thinking of the bomb shit
Mob wit me, don't mash alone
A chaperone, hoes who love to blow on bones like a
saxophone
When niggaz think they Al Kapone
It only takes three steps, draw, squeeze, shoot, you
gone
Who am I crooked i, who are they daz and soopafly
On the rooper high, stay true to my click

[Chorus 2x: Daz Dillinger]
Can I get bucc, Can I get bucc
To all my mother fucking ridaz who don't give a fuck
Who acting to tough, and acting to rough
Come around here nigga, get bucc

