

Big Tuck

"U N*ggaz Can't Do"

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Feat. Fat Bastard

(*talking*)

Yeah, this is our year (for real)

Big Tuck, Fat B (it go down)

Go getter, for real, yeah

[Hook - 2x]

You niggaz can't do what we do, you niggaz can't ball
like we ball

You niggaz can't crawl like we crawl, our rims stand
taller than y'all

We ride with screens installed, haters we shining on
y'all

We can't even shop at the mall, we get attacked at the
mall

[Fat Bastard]

I'm in this game like fuck the fame, a nigga gotta make
that change

I had to put on my chain, cause I'm so hot I hurt the
same

You niggaz can't do like we do, you niggaz can't ball
like we ball

I'm droppin my top and I'm flippin my screen, and I'm
poppin my trunk at the

Mall

[Big Tuck]

You know who it is, that nigga that sell in Brazil

A nigga with a license to kill, and bitch I kill at will

You see that we got the game chilled, platinum grills
24 inch wheels

Now haters head for the hills, bitch we fight over bills

[Fat Bastard]

For real my niggaz we smoking that kill, and packing
that steel

We making them bills, y'all acting at skills say look at
that Lac on the hill

We grind and that's fa sho, out the mall we pulling dro
Piece and chain be full of glow, all our shows be full of

hoes fa sho

[Big Tuck]

Fa sho we moving on go, got pounds and pounds of
dro
Big Tuck and Fat through the do', a team that scramble
for do'
For checks we scramble for eight, watch out for
phonies and fakes
Gallons got hung with a H, got rid of fakes you're late

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Tuck]

You know where to place us, on top first placers
Put them Fake-obs, go get you a Jacob
V-12's don't race us, house more spacious
Style bodacious, I'm triple to the glaciers
Man they hate us, mink coats and Gators
Skills made us, rap game invaders
Fuck free pay us, get respect like mayors
Diamonds like layers, Fat they can't fade us

[Fat Bastard]

I'm tired of working wood, too many splinters in my
hand
Steering wheel turn white, I got voice command
Hoes in V.I.P., like they play truth or dare
Y'all look like ants, cause we move by air
Like that there, I make myself clear
Screens lit up in the roof, we call 'em chandeliers

I hit the shower, fresh and clean for a hour
Hopped out Versacci walk, start mixing up that powder

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Tuck & (Fat Bastard)]

Haters fuck you, reach out and touch you
(we'll rush you, fleet you hunt you)
This what we do, lay low delete you
(like E with his 40 liquor ass, eat you)
We on some mo' shit, get fat grip shit
(fuck that bitch shit, flip bricks hit licks)
Trying to stunt bitch, we got what you got five or six
(Fat and Tuck, with this T-Town rhyme skit)
We amaze cats race track, glass packs
(purple haze sacks, blaze that pass that)
House so big, trying to find where I parked at
(hey spark that, your memory might come back)
When we speak too, diamonds we'll rush you

(and it's crushed too, make you say ha-choo)
Raps stay tight, like anacondas do
(mics we like to chew, just like paranas do)
You niggaz gon recognize us, this how we do Fat B and
Tuck
(ride glass out on that buck, on 24's cause that's what's
up)
Talking down step ya game up, yeah change your
game up
(candy paint the frame up, stacking chips like Amus)
I'll-be-damned these niggaz ain't real, yes sir we give
'em something to feel
(like En Vogue that's on the real, like T with a blindfold
for the shining
Grill)
We underground and we bout a mill, it took a week to
shoot how I love
(that's the real we showing skills, not over night
invested years)

(*talking*)
Yeah, that's what's up
Fat and Tuck, this our year T-Town music
Know I'm saying, I wanna let y'all boys know
September...BigTuck.com, Big Tuck radio it will be free
I know y'all thinking we been bullshitting with the radio
station
But it's finna go down, straight up
Chat rooms, information on shit, check me out at
Man this our god damn year, got too much shit going
down
Look out for all the upcoming albums coming out
Look out for the Lil' Ronnie, look out for the Double T
"The Pimp Man"
You know I'm saying, look out for the DVD
It just a whole bunch of shit, we finna bust you hoes
upside the head with
For real Tuck and roll, yeah

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