

# Juicy J "Who Da Buckest"

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[Juicy J]

The Gangsta Disciples and the Vice Lords have  
teamed up

We gonna fuck the motherfuckin clubs up

The fuckin Liquids, know what I'm sayin

The D and D the spot, GD's! VL's!

[Chorus: Project Pat]

Who the buckest up in here, who the buckest up in here

My niggaz, my hood, so you cowards betta fear

Man you hoes don't wanna clown

Man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't  
wanna clown

If you do we beat ya down (X2)

[Juicy J]

The first nigga wanna step

Gonna meet his death

First I hit the nigga wit a right, then I swing a left

Kept on dropping B's after B's till I'm out of breath

Then I took a knife and cut the fool til he bloody wet

Boy you gon respect

Real playaz when it comes to that

Knowin this ain't slavery but nigga we gon hang your  
neck

How you gonna diss the check writer, hoe I am a threat

Shoot at your bitch ass like the killa know you scared of  
that, scared of that

Bring it on nigga to this motherfuckin M-Town

Click click boom then you feel your body fall down

Don't be trippin wit these Hyde Park gangstas

Robbers, killaz, dope boyz, rapists

Gangsta Fred, Heavy C, workin with that maintenance

Cut you up, wrap you up, leave ya ass stankin

Pimp slap ya ass, momma boy, fell the rugar

So fuckin sweet, I should probably call you sugar

[Chorus: Project Pat]

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[LaChat]

Now when I fall up in the club, I be yellin, smack a bitch  
Steady mobbin wit a mug  
Yeah this thug  
Startin shit  
Nigga what bitch, what?  
Get the fuck up out my way  
Throwin bows, pushin hoes  
Lettin you know I'm in the place  
It's whateva, get it done  
Hope you cowards, got a gun  
I'm a ride until I die  
Makin bitches out here run  
You can run if you wanna  
Where you run is where you die  
I'm a break me off a prada stick your ass in the eye  
It's Chat, you got beef

All this animosity  
Look here mane, I'm a aim  
Shoot that thang  
For playin me  
You a killa  
Bitch nigga  
Never have you pulled a trigger  
You got hoe off in your blood  
When it rain, hoe you shiver  
Have you ever seen a bitch come through the door and  
take the floor  
Gangsta walkin, representin, 'cause a mack ain't goin  
hoe  
Breakin laws, fuck the law  
Keep them bitches out my business  
I'm a shut this junt down, everybody gonna witness,  
bitch

[Chorus: Project Pat]

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Man you hoes don't wanna clown  
Man you hoes don't wanna clown, man you hoes don't  
wanna clown  
If you do we beat ya down (X2)

[Frayser Boy]

What ya cowards wanna do, don't give a fuck bout what  
ya sayin  
Pull a pistol on ya in a minute wit no delayin

Frayser Boy, I'm comin through  
Nigga who the fuck is you?  
Got yo nuts all pumped up, I'll whip yo ass til ya blue  
Throwin that Bay up in the air  
Nigga I don't fuckin care  
Niggaz practice lookin hard, but ain't gon do shit but  
stare  
Mean muggin in the club and  
Bout to get yo ass drug and  
I don't hide behind my words, I'll beat yo ass down in  
public  
I'm the realest of the real  
Betta ask yo fuckin peeps  
Knock a patch up out ya head and stomp yo ass till ya  
sleep  
Man this liqour got me geeked  
You won't see another wink  
I was in here tryna chill, now ya got me bringin heat  
Take your ass up off ya feet  
Leave yo body with a leak  
Ring the bell, school's in, here's the lesson I'm gon  
teach  
Better step away from reach  
Ass whoopin you gon see  
Have yo ass like decepticons hollarin retreat

[Chorus: Project Pat]

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If you do we beat ya down (X2)

RIP 2002

PHM 4L GREEN, ETCH, SKETCH, RIDLER, BOMP, MAP, AND  
EVERY 1 ELSE UP IN DAT SHIT 746 KEEPIN SHIT REAL  
2002-2003

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