

C-Bo**"Get Bucked Get Crunked"**

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[hook]2x

Uh Ohhhh, there them TRU Boys go

Uh Ohhhh, hit the muthafuckin flo'

[T-Bo]

Aaaaaaaah!!

Came in this bitch to shut this muthafucka down

Baton Rouge and Louisiana so you know I'm bout to clown

When the thugs get to bussin, duck down hit the ground

Stay out my water boy if you don't want to drown

You keep fuckin wit me, they gone find yo ass dead

When my song come on, they gon act a pussy on yo head

This for them thugs in the club, who straight, don't mind dying

And them ballers in the parking lot, straight sitting on shine

C-Murder called me up, and said "T-Bo it's time

To represent the dirty south and make 'em respect yo mind"

Trunk loads of soldiers always starting some shit

So stay the fuck from 'round us if you aint down with my click

Be on the lookout for them boys with them rags 'round they fo'head, (Uh Ohh)

Group of muthafuckas that got security hollerin 'Code Red'

Get Crunk, Get Buck, ya'll pussy bitches get stuck

When we come to yo town, tear the fuckin club up

Only white boy with the click, so you know I must be sick

You don't like me rollin wit TRU?, suck my fuckin dick

I'm from that 504, minus 279

Come and get you somethin', see me thuggin in that 225

[chorus] 8x

Back 'em up, Get Crunk

Back 'em up, Get Buck

[Master P]

Big Time baller, shot caller, hustler
CP3, whodi they'll bust ya
Rolce, with 4 doors, Bentleys with mo-mo's
I aint Ludacris but I can throw dem bo's
Concerts stay packed, pockets gone stay fat
T-R-U hot, tell the dj's to play that
Now give it to me, I want the jewels and the money
And ecstasy for the thugs and the bunnies

[chorus] 4x

[Silkk the Shocker]

We the type of niggas, ya'll don't ever wanna have beef
wit
We'll pull some sneak shit, and get off with some creep
shit
Do anything for the look, for the stash and the cash
My face to recognizable dog, so I'ma need the mask
See they didn't want to feel us until we had to empty
the cannon
Tryna hold us, but they just comin up, empty handed
I know some love us, and I know that some can't stand
us
Me, P, and C we all thugs, seem like that shit just runs
in the family

[hook]

[C-Murder]

You know we thugged out, from the cradle to the grave
Them TRU Boys, The Miller Boys with T-Bo and some
chrome toys
Dome checkin, disrespectin haters is a hobby, for life
No Limit to the fullest, with a bullet, so think twice
Lil Daddy, Limo tints on the Caddy, Truck
Them Cutt Boys gone bust, you better duck, cause we
don't give a fuck
I'm real with it, XL bring the Deadly Soundz beat
And Watch a nigga like C bring the heat

[chorus] fade until end

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