

Philly's Most Wanted

"Suckas (feat. Beanie Sigel)"

Visit "[Suckas \(feat. Beanie Sigel\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Gangstas for the gangstas [Repeat 4X]

[Verse 1: BooBonic]

Yo, I'm not concerned wit the rhymes you wrote
I'm at the Sixers game seat close enough to trip Kukoc
Niggas mad tryin to catch me slippin
But instead in out of town nigga catch me trippin
I guess I sold out if they don't see me this winter
The only thing I sold out was the CoreStates Center, Chi
Ching
Its BooBonic got blocks that stay bouncin
You got baby weights six pounds and nine ounces
I'm heavy out here get your shit together
Tryin to sell it lightweight like Floyd Mayweather
Wanna hit it like Bonic and get it like Bonic
But that ain't ever happenin you can't spit it like Bonic
Flow poison like B-B-D, I'm sharp and you VHS I'm DVD,
Suckas
Motherfuckas ain't lived the life
Playas never commit shit I did your wife, Come on

[Chorus]

I'm the type of nigga get a whole lot of cash
I'm the type of nigga get a whole lot of ass
I'm the type of nigga got a whole lot of class
But I'm the type of nigga that'll pull out fast
Keep them diamonds white and blue
Spend like the rich and your wife will do
Hey that's just me ain't nothin I can do
Plus my whole crew but no not you cause you a sucka

[Verse 2: Mister]

I'm T-I-G-H-T you can ask Michael Jackson who B-A-D
See, I'm a thrilla, gangsta cat feela
Take trips squad out each scared to feel 'em, nigga
Top billa from Grant to Ben Franklin
Cars they never used our whips is grand spankin
Mister got 'em thinkin, ask yourself
See who got the coke, the gun, who profit
You take the pack, no gat so stop it
Bitch we got it poppin, out cally knockin

I wish, wit a dime ass bitch
You rollin, in a Datsun wishin for a 6
My neck stay froze reminds me of the roads
Hoes, see the ice and they lose control
My chain the main reason last winter was cold
Uhh, take precaution when I'm flossin

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Beanie Sigel]

Who wanna see that, cat wit the crown on the P at?
B-Mac, Philly can y'all be that
See that, hit where the heat at
See thin sticks where your weed at, streets and strips
where I be at
Blocks where my heart at
44 bulldog bought back cats where they park at, off
that
Back to the drugs like Rite Aid, Walgreen's, Eckerd's
Mac serve all things check it
I buck stank coke move the best at night
And got nicknames for smokers like Wesley Pipes
Roberta Crack, Puff Daddy, Jennifer Dopez
You know the bucks always gotta fuck wit them
cokeheads
Niggas pack tools and say fuck the DTs
And move like cops, only come on TV, Yeah
Straight up crooks got it honest in 'em
They snatch your earrings since triangles and onyx in
'em [Chorus] Gangstas for the gangstas [Repeat 8X]

Visit [Philly's Most Wanted](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.