

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Ruffneck"

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(chorus)(x3)

Gotta what yo
Gotta get a ruffneck

(verse one)

I need a ruffneck
I need a dude with attitude
Who only needs his fingers with his food
Karl Kani saggin' timbos draggin'
Frontin' in his ride with his home boys braggin'
Lying 'bout the Lyte how he knocked boots last night
But he's a ruffneck so that's alright
Triple o baldie under the hood
Makin' noise with the boys up to no good
C-low on the down low cops come around so ruffneck
front like he gotta go
Evil grin with a mouth full of gold teeth
Startin' beef is how he spells relief
Actin' like he don't care
When all I gotta do is beep him 911 and he'll be there
Right by my side with his ruffneck tactics
Ruffneck attitude,the ruffneck bastard

(chorus) (x6)

(verse two)

I need a ruffneck
I need a man that's quick and swift
To put out the spliff and get stiff
Boxer shorts and everything is fitting large
But he don't gotta be large to be in charge
Pumpin' in and out and out and in and here we go
He knows exactly how I want my flow and that's slow
Never questioning can he get buck wild
He's got smack it,lick it,swallow it up style
Drinkin' a beer ,sittin' his chair
Hands in his pants fiddlin' with his dick hairs
He's a rudeboy,a raggamuf
Ready to bag another brother that he ranks ruff enough
'Cause if it ain't ruff it ain't right
And if he ain't ruff,well then he's all wrong for the Lyte

I love my ruffneck and ain't nothing going down
Or going up if my ruffneck ain't in town

(chorus) (x6)

(verse three)

I need a ruffneck
I need a man that don't stitch like a bitch
She'd tears or switch
Doin' whatever it takes to make ends meet
But never meetin' the end 'cause he knows the street
Eat sleep shit fuck, eat sleep shit
Then it's back to the streets to make a buck quick
Quick to beg even though gimme gottem here
Hit'em wit a bit a skins then he's out of there
On the avenue girls are passin' thru
Too much of ruffneck so they ain't havin' you
Hard boppin' always grabbin' his jock and braggin'
about his tec
That's the rep he'll pull the plug on the tour
Pissin' in corners
Doing 80 by funeral mourners
Showing little respect
Now that's a ruffneck

(chorus) (x18)

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