

# Who Da Buckest

## Juicy J

[Juicy J]

The Gangsta Desciples 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]  
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) [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]  
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) [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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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) 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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