

# Big Truck Boys

## Mystikal

Buckle up, boy, don't give a fuck, boy  
Here the Guillotine  
Big Ryders with the rest of the Big Trunk Boys  
Leather shit with the big chrome, boy  
Hit 'em with flat double barrel big strung, boyBuckle up, boy, don't give a fuck, boy  
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Leather shit with the big chrome, boy  
Hit 'em with flat double barrel big strung, boyDon't get caught up with my big truck boy  
Fuck up, dog  
Respect my line and keep my shit clean  
Ain't gone let the big buck fall  
White on black tinted windows with the big black dog  
Nigga slipping bitches, toten, trying to get knocked off  
It's with the corna shit, sidewalk, 3 6 hard  
Ain't no motherfucka know what's on my old man logFrom y'all with the paint balls, horrible  
dogs  
Ten hut but I can pay for it fog, fog  
Somebody following me in my rear view  
And it probably them Lawerys  
Thinking I'm slanging that powderBut I ain't 'bout to cop no charge  
That's the Pt Crosier, Double R, no job  
But I ain't got no time, I'm 'bout to ride to the frayer  
Hope they don't bring my shit back 'cause he ain't to far  
If they take my shit, straight over to business for war  
I'm talking better, he said,? You talk to B.K.?  
I said,? I ain't got the day?, I said,? You straight?  
Yes, I'm on my way with my shit  
That's what I did broke off head? Show me what's up?, that's what I said  
Hot curds front light in the streets  
Wodie wanted every small car 5 10 eastBuckle up, boy, don't give a fuck, boy  
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Talk on the phone, drinks grada  
State troopers can kiss my ass  
The rest of you bitches gon' eat my dustHit the city limit, lyrics start

Yelling, "That's my truck", pull up the red light  
Trying to watch which nigga bone get back bra  
Packing towla, gone rolling through town  
Catch up with the fellaWith drug deals, hookas and stellas  
Better watch out for car jackers  
Some of the bitch ass niggas jealous  
Betta lock you tower girl  
They coming to get you, need developedUptown hot be serving like they be slapping round  
niggas  
Them nigga got a Guillotine in they Navigator  
On the back, niggas standing, dancing  
Keeping this nigga on the Nextel, won't even answer  
Some white nigga trying to be like a snake  
Don't even know what's happeningBuckle up, boy, don't give a fuck, boy  
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20 up, tinted up, piped up  
Tank up, filled up, grilled up, loaded spiked up  
Hyped up, iced up, polo striped up, might upThey want fresh cuts, they rush all like big trucks  
Big house, big car, big dogs like big stuff  
Big piano, pig feet, pig smoked, hut, hut, hut  
I like the to let the sun roof to let the wind blow my hair  
I turned on 5th avenue, boom, there them niggas go right thereLooking at all them guns will do  
harm to yo' eyeballs  
These niggas live, you might not see, can the side walk  
Showing off with some thing, Mystikal drip  
Drop, he ought know being a dog he gone tag itLooking like he gon' charge at me cut  
Nigga drinking taboscian mixed with wine  
Put it L, I put 'em with a cat fish  
Dangerous niggas having fun  
Hollering at Q, we got a show in Florida, here we comeBuckle up, boy, don't give a fuck, boy  
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