

# BUCK THE SYSTEM

Duke Deuce

Ridin in a truck yawk tucked in my nuts  
Ps in the back alcohol in my gut  
Young buck keep a slut gotta catch a nut  
Left hand grip her hair right thumb in her butt  
Gotta keep a Crunk pump stashed in the cut  
For a punk just in case a nigga try to get tough  
12 woop woop we fucked out of luck  
But I'm M M M so you know I'm gone buck  
Flying like a bird fishtail when I swerve  
Off-road wheels give a fuck bout a curve  
Hoes love a Memphis nigga when he say music  
Walk like a Mac and I talk with a slur  
Fool with the strap nigga fuck what you heard  
Cool with the yak I ain't gotta sip syrup  
I don't like a hoe who talk too much  
Cause a ho that talk be good for the word  
Yeh baby girl I'ma black haven gangsta  
Where I come from they be twisted up fangaz  
Pimpin no Simpin everything be dangerous  
Skipping school running from the police bangin  
Boom boom boom police at my grandma door middle school got caught with a O  
Police ask me how tall I was I told that bitch I was 7 foot 4  
G I live G I die ain't shit gone change you know me hoe  
Nigga thought he was gone dis my street I walked outside beat his ass to the  
floor  
Good with my hands and I'm good with my fingers so either I cannot go like a  
hoe  
The buckiest of buckiest the crunkiest of crunkiest to keep it 100 don't pla  
y with me hoe

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On you weak ass hoes!

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I was flat broke but it be like that sometimes  
Fucking this bitch but I knew that she wasn't mine  
Knows she a thot but we only text sometimes  
Know she got kids but I ain't seen em 1 time  
She want me to wife ha  
Put her on the front line  
She must think I turned right  
At the dumb sign  
U got the right nigga  
But at the wrong time  
Pull out my dick and  
I tell her it's lunch time  
Thinking so much  
But I only vent sometimes  
Turn on that boogie  
And tell her it's hump time  
I know I came late

But I feel like I'm on time  
Jump in the booth  
Neva tell how I'm gone rhyme  
Jump in the booth  
Never tell how I'm gone come  
Both of em want me  
So I'm fucking both of em  
If one of em mad then I'm cutting of both of em  
Yep then I'm cutting off both of em  
Bitch I'm from Memphis  
You know we be bucking  
Jump in the field  
Betta know this ain't rugby  
Get yo ass checked  
If you walk in here dusty  
I'm with a bitch  
With body like buffy  
She got a nigga  
But he ain't gone touch me  
I'm in yo house  
With the strap in my hoodie  
She want wanna smoke  
So I gave her some cookie  
He don't want smoke  
Cuz he know he a pussy  
If u coming from here  
Then u coming from nothing  
I cant even trust ya blood  
I had bucked on my cousin  
It is what it is  
And fuck what it wasn't  
They say we can't smoke  
But we smoking in public  
Keep talking that shit  
And get put on some crutches  
Don't buy u no strap  
If u ain't finna buss it  
U ain't gone get it rich  
If u don't take u a risk  
Everybody that's rich  
Gotta know they was bucking

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