

Duck Down

Trick Daddy

Mac-11 's cocked back, niggas better duck down
(Duck- duck down echoing)

Mac-11 's cocked back, niggas better duck down
(Duck- duck down echoing)

Ni, Ni, Ni, Nigga we don't fuck 'round

Nigga, we don't fuck 'round

(Duck- duck down echoing)

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If he don't know, y'all better let'em know

My niggas got footies [?]

If they bring'em out they gon let'em know

Imagine thirty-six rounds plus thirty-six more

Countin' his head, chest, car doors that's seventy-two fucking holes

And If his homies act up, that's what the Mac for

They get one runnin' shot and then after that fire (shut up)

If ya ridin' with'em, fuck nigga, ya dying with'em

You can run and hide but in a matter of time, oh I'll get'em

On the first site of'em, I'll put that light on'em

And every red dot gon' turn'em into bloodclots

First it's gon' be heavy bleeding

And then his eyes gon' roll to the back of his head, pulse weak and barley b
reathing

Ain't no hollerin' "Red Rock" (ain't no hollering' Red Rock)

You done already used up yo wish, bitch, all you get is headshots (bow)

So when the Mac sound niggas better duck down

I'm from Dade County

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I'm talkin' four goons, hangin' out of four windows

With four choppas going off all at one niggas (brrrrrrrrrr)

With fifty shots a piece if we don't kill ya, God was with cha

So, when you hear that (toot, toot, toot echoing) mean it's official

And down here it ain't money, choppas the made Mitchell

The streets the wrong place to hang got that thang with'cha

The only choppas I buy the ones with soft triggas

So, when I squeeze that mothafucka, I know I'm gon' hit cha

So, if ya money ain't right, ya better keep ya mouth closed

'Cause when ya beef in these streets ya trap gotta close

So, where we see yo pussy ass at we lettin' it go

Trash bags over the choppas so no shells hit the floor

You ain't got to be here to see, but I'll bet you hear 'bout it

Four niggas ski'ed up in all black straight wildin'

Them niggas let down them windows down then choppas went to hollerin'

Them niggas road off bustin' and left [?]

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Mothafuckers thought I slipped, right? (Right)
You didn't know the extra clips on my hip, right? (Right)
Ricochet off the vertebrae, dead splat (dead splat)
Now starts the cardiac arrest, where's ya vest
You forgot, now you slowly drop 'cause ya heart stop beatin'
Ya bitch ass crew is retreatin'
Niggas left you, fuck up passed out, with cha ass out
Pockets ran through stripped with ya brains bashed out

Tell me have you ever seen (have you ever seen)
Less bone fragments or remains of a man that's been slain
By one of them thangs (by one of them thangs)
Laying way ten feet away from his brains (brains)
Holdin' his kidney and his hands
Pissed and shitted all in his pants (all in his pants)
Laying there dead in his own blood (in his own blood)
Now I can't even explain how big the hole in his head was
Gon' head and yellow tape it (yellow tape it)
Quarantine the scene
(Nobody leaves) Nobody leaves until they mark all the shell cases

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