

# Get Buck, Get Wild (feat. Crunchy Black)

## Tear Da Club Up Thugs

F\*\*k you (\*echoed\*)(chorus 4x)  
Get buck get wild  
Lets tear this house like down  
Lets tear the club up thug  
Lets do this stuff right now(juicy j)  
Throw them thangs and show them gold  
Gangsta niggas on the floor  
High as a bird or a f\*\*kin kite  
Security screaming oh-noooo  
Players thuging in a line  
Party crunk like I'm on the grind  
Mtv these ghetto streets  
Hoodlums throwing gangsta signs  
Fumes smoke is in the air  
Bullet holes just everywhere  
Niggas drunk off hen and gin but I don't think they can compare  
Where them dollars  
Get'em fold  
Get your drug kick in control  
If you bucking in a crowd  
Better hold tight on your gold  
Haters snatching what they can  
On a hustle thats the plan  
F\*\*k a wall flower coward  
When we moving no one stand  
Everybody to the bar  
Nothing but heavy ghetto star  
Never taking shit from fools  
Got them tones out in the car  
Cause we hard on that liquer  
Five gallons drinking wit cha  
If you ain't got nothing but weed  
Hope you got some more of the swisha  
One of my niggas got erk&jerk  
One of my niggas got some of syr  
One of niggas got some of that yert  
Leave yo body high and hurt fool  
Chorus 4x  
(dj paul)

- (t) tag cause I'm from state to state is what we do
- (e) every nigga from show to show say they some damn fools
- (a) all the world know who make niggas get they head cracked
- (r) rocking shows over seas now nigga where you at

- (d) damn right a nigga gone die before I leave that spot
- (a) all shit outside the club another nigga shot
- (c) catch a nigga who talking shit in the parking lot
- (l) let loose on his bitch ass wit that plastic glock
- (u) u never seen a show unless you seen a show that we do
- (b) bounce around the stage bop and drop fools like we do
- (u) you again that nigga that like to cause a scene but I got
- (p) prophet posse in the back wit a mug thats mean
- (t) take yo ass to the floor know what I'm talking bout
- (h) hoes like you get punched in they f\*\*king mouth
- (u) it's alot of f\*\*kin u's in the song but watch
- (g) but watch me hit the liquer sniff up one and I'm gone

Chorus 4x(lord infamous)

Kaiser soze watch me rotate

Let this floor vibrate her back

Watch out the side and bounce this ride

And put em in torture rack

We got it loc enough to choke em up

Then broke em off they stump

We got another ghetto junk

To keep the concrete jungle crunk

Fall up on it, my opponent

They only panic and quit

Because the hype from scarecrow nigga

On some ole other type shit

Watch we manipulate these mads

And get em motivate the hurt

I'm the master of this madness

(?) rock this earth(juicy j)

I don't give a f\*\*king while

Don't move a f\*\*king crowd

I'm a tear da club up thug

I'm gonna do that shit right now

Ain't no motherf\*\*kin threat

To the motherf\*\*kin click

Three six mafia in the bitch

Hypnotize is the click

Prophet posse move your body

Let me see you stumble rumble

In this motherf\*\*kin jungle

Dj paul, take em under

Juicy man never feel the thunder

Rollin crowds just like a blunder

Let me see you tear da club up thug

Let me see you take them underChorus 2x (fade out)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

