

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