

Tryna get this money, that's my one and only motive  
Don't come around my niggas, cuh we gully and you know it  
I dumb down my lyrics for you dummies to decode it  
When I say I've got the belly that's a stomach full of dough  
And blud, this is the moment where I slump an opponent  
Dump off and then jump in a stolen  
You've seen the car check, you know what I'm capable of  
Of doing in a car then, it don't take much to get me going  
When I was younger, all the olders used to gas us up  
Until we realised them brudders ain't as bad as us  
We ain't having it, me and my advocates are adamant  
Brudda, you ain't eating with us unless you add to it  
I'm tryna get the Ps and all you're bringing is asparagus  
I'm old school, I learnt to count on an abacus  
Shit hits the fan, I can't count on no amateurs  
It's hard being Casper in a town full of cameras

Buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I, buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I, buck-I, buck-I

Find him in a piece, they'll be my one and only problem  
I'm in the streets saying fuck the world without a condom  
I live in East, it's always been my only option  
I'm in the belly of the beast with all my people at the bottom  
Blud, this is the point where I roll another joint  
All my bruddas put in work even though they unemployed  
Fuck the system [?]  
On a 60-bag [?]  
They can never say people from estates  
Are a waste of space and they ain't got much ambition  
I'll rebuild 100 [?]  
We run the future, how's that our fault?  
We cough money, spit back into the ends  
When you're friends that are in the government are too tight to  
fork out  
Scared money off, made no money and  
That's why I ain't no stranger to a court house

Buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I, buck-I, buck-I  
Buck-I, buck-I, buck-I, buck-I