

Count Me Out

Young Buck

I've been counting up while they was count me out
I've been counting up while they was count me out
Now I got the whole world counting on me
(Get that check, get that check, get that check)
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Bout no money I ain't coming I got shit to do
I don't wanna hear about what you would've did if this was you
Yeah I'm just as real as you, I just got out of prison too
But bring some money with you before you bring all of them bitches through

I got all my ice on, I'm turnt up look I'm ballin' bitch
Double cupping, walking up in Pure like give me all this shit
Disapeared on niggas I told chapo give me all them bricks
Got all my day one niggas and got all them rich
I don't have nothing old but a bank rolled
My young niggas don't pop bottles if they ain't gold
Fifity bands all in ones the bitch can't fold
I should let them boss bitches fuck these stank hoes
Paper cuts, I've been thumbing through them bands boy
Unloading trucks, really you wouldn't understand boy
I'm the boss, I'm the man, I'm the landlord
You niggas try to count me out, you bitches too, but now they p
ayin' for it

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Real nigga shit, real niggas in my section only
Flexin' on these niggas y'all know niggas was flexin' on me
Flexin' on these niggas y'all know nigga they chekin' on me
Flexin' on these bitches nigga I'm rollin', rollin', rollin'