

# Foofy Freestyle

Young Buck

I can't believe this shit  
How dare you niggas?  
Ha, okay  
Traps N Trunks, we got this mixtape shit on lock!  
Yeah

I am pleadin' the fifth, saran-wrapped, you're receivin' my gift  
So many niggas I'm passin' and they needin' a lift  
This is fatal attraction baby, know who you with  
I can't depend on the if, I got my hands on it now  
Bodies under my belt, I gotta stand on it now  
This not our first fallin' out, know how to handle it now  
Banks gone, ain't nobody there to settle it now  
Them other niggas need verses from whoever around  
C'mon Foofy, this Instagram shit done got goofy  
Let's focus on that two million dollars, that nigga robbed you  
Let's talk about them bitches you burnt, them hoes charged you  
You know what I learned was how not to be a father  
Apologizin' to my sons and my daughters  
Lord forgive me for the pain that I caused us  
Lord was with it when he came and he called us  
And I'm in this grocery store grippin' on this revolver  
Yeah, you know I make 'em have to solve 'em  
Ugh, I make you niggas have to call them  
Catch a body, beat a body, keep your mouth closed  
Make it to the outro, then we applaud ya  
John Wick with the stick, I'm with the bullshit  
I guess I know too many devils on the pulpit  
Guess it's the level where some niggas I was cool with  
Turned into some niggas I don't even fool with  
The underdogs and have nots, I'm in tune with  
The big dogs and got-it-all, I move with  
Set rules with and load up mules with  
Same niggas that I win with I lose with  
Same nigga at the Beverly Center  
When me and Floss had to pull up, remember?  
My niggas pressed ya  
Floyd had your ass paranoid, I had to bless ya  
Nigga you been askin' for it, it's my pleasure  
To introduce the world to this gangster shit  
I wrote Too Rich for you and this the thanks I get?  
You taught that young boy to snitch, nigga you think you slick  
Gas him up on the 'gram just to make you lit  
Get you out of this jam, you gon' need more than a skit  
More than a fuckin' post, nigga you know I won't quit  
You know I'm a fuckin' ghost (Ghost, ghost, ghost)  
Pow

Never ran from nothin' in my muh'fuckin' life homie  
Ha, fear no man or God  
And that's only 'cause I ain't met him yet  
Niggas gotta deal with me, Buckshot!  
You know I'm available for whatever type energy you on homie  
Haha, real life, real street niggas  
We do still exist out here