

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