

Life

Young Buck

Don't question me about nothing I don't owe nobody no convo
Wanna do somethin' fo me then make my little brother bond ho
Might order me a few bottles, bring it to me with the sparkles
A couple partners just came home, just dropped all the charges
And this ghost is lookin' gorgeous
I think I might just set this bitch or forgis
1 time for my old homie he died behind that gold Roley
2 times fo them broke bitches been actin' like they don't know me
Yes I am the new wave with these black shades and my new J's
And I got the Unit sittin' back ontop like Toupee's
I like all my pussy paid, I eat all my pussy shaved
Produc-Product of these projects, I'ma sell my dope regardless
Back gettin' money with 50 but I still feel like I'm starving
Ho ye I know what I'm chargin', bitch don't start all that arguing
And just cause you see this phantom don't mean I still ain't robbin'
Ay wassup wassup Harlem back on my Brooklyn Bullshit
And I'm crossing queen's bridge with a white brick and a full clip
Forgi's with 2 inch lips, I set my Vette bow-legged
My bitch don't need no makeup and my pictures don't need no edit
I've just been going ratchet, fuck a rapper I wrap that package
You can't buy no gift with plastic, so I ain't worried bout payin' no taxes
Look I just need a stove and somewhere to dump my ashes
Let em check my fashion everytime the camera flashin'

(Do you know how many gangsters lost they life for this?)
Yeah, I got partners lost they life for this, my homeboy doin life for this
(Do you know how many people lost they life for this?)
Yeah, I know killers took his life for this, you might get your life for thi
s

Forensics make the truth come to light, blue star spray see the blood in dar
k light
Thank God my homie 25 to life, plus his DNA was on the scene that's the type
Gangsta's payed they dues lost they life for this, over small shit you can g
et yo ass hit
Duckin' demons in my sleep, I'm sky dweller dreaming bout them lears and mod
el freaks
Water whippin' by the stove, Work, in the eye can't breathe fuck police, shi
rt
2 brick of dope, table full of wax paper, traffic in the trap a nigga final
y made it

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Man this shit too real, too much beef I need 2 grills
Can't be swangin' at ya I'm bangin' at ya, I'm too lil'
Get yo mama killed over a dollar bill

Just cracked them dice you don't know how I feel
Strap up and walk back off, you know how it is, no genre
Lay it down, nobody move don't make a sound
Get yo daughter drowned prayers go out to Bobby Brown
You think I got time to take a loss for this?
You know how many guns I done bought for this
Ya head comin' off for this, I work hard for this
I'm hard to hit, killer on call for this
She used to play hard to get, now I'm hard to miss
She gon pop me off for this, she gon top me off for this
My nigga done it all for this, we even duck the law for this
Just saw King Kevo on first 48, my youngin's ain't talk for this huh!

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