My Interview

Young Buck

Yeah, it's my time man, I mean you should just open up the door for a real n igga, you know, roll out the motherfucking carpet for a nigga like me, let's go I guess I gotta kick the motherfucking door down

Damn right I'm sippin syrup
Flipping birds to get what I deserve
And I hear the same things that you heard
Like "50 kicked him out" or "Buck sniff coke"
Or "he flips out", it's too late the whole world know what I be bout
But I do make mistakes like any other man
Shit I recoup off a album nigga quicker than you can
It ain't me it's the streets and I practice what I preach
I got beef in the club 1 deep in south beach
Am I loyal? Dr Dre can answer that for ya
The hood we ain't fighting for no oil
We fighting for life, niggaz can't afford lawyers
If you ain't been on ya block, I'm going there 4 ya
You open up a casket of a thug who was born a bastard
50 birds with a bucket full of battery acid
They watching you, they goin wait for me
Street nigga for real, what can you take from me?

It ain't nothing I ain't been through Seen the evil shit that men do(so this ain't nothing to me)
Givin money wasn't meant to
Muthafucker we ain't been cool(no that say nothin to me)
So when the smoke clears(I'mma be here)
I shed no tears(unless u here)
Real niggas real bitches go way from here (fo sho)
I know u ain't nothing u can't take from me

Abel was the youngest and Kane was the oldest
Kane had the money but Abel stayed focused
GOD came around and Abel got closest
Kane got jealous and started showing his emotions
All he had to do was do right from the jump
He had a head start, GOD put him in front
You see a man heart when his kids need lunch
See who you really are, see if you can take a punch
The dope going up, rap sales going down
The south ain't fucking with it, if Buck ain't around
Yeah, I'm in the projects right now, the booth in the bathroom
The engineer half dope dealer half goon
Militant, taking rap where it ain't never been
I told niggaz back then bitch let me in
They watching you, they going wait for me
Dopeboy for real, what can you take from me

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Ok, let me talk to the streets, words I speak make those? rocks? rely six fe
et, we call it the truth, it makes a caged man wish he was loose
It can't be feared to ya uniforment juice
But throught the heart and soul of the truth
With Soulja in the booth
I bring it to you and me
Yeah I had my hands and nose in the D
The projects like jail and I wanted to be free
The game got send me kept me out the penitentiary
Made a decission as a child? already givenin
Never left the dirt wich I was birth
Spiritual young men
Don't know the last time I was in church
But I do know I'm here for something
If you can't see and I know you hear come in, all a board
We got room for you, to who u make concern, Young Buck, "my intervieuw" [x4:
 till fade out]

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