

## Off Parole

Young Buck

Haha... Hey yo yayo  
Ayo you off parole now nigga  
Let's go  
Haha  
Ayo man these niggaz mustve forgot man  
Nigga we run these streets nigga  
G UNIT

We let you niggaz pick up the ones, we left you our leftovers  
Shut down your company and murdered your best soldiers  
And it's the motherfuckin thanks we get  
I ain't puttin' out my album till you buy Banks shit  
Don't be fooled by these rap niggas fake ass jewels  
They sell a hundred thousand records and they think they cool  
Wheres the rules, my little girl watchin' the tube and she don'  
t need to see another nigga kissin a dude  
BET didn't give us no invitations to the awards  
There wasn't enough metal detectors at the door  
Lord, don't let this industry injure me  
I'm tryna see my nephew at least turn twenty-three  
Live to the day they let Larry Hoover free  
So all you rap niggas better get used to me  
Let's take it back Yayo to where it used to be  
G U N I T  
Holla back

You started, I fell off, my album did seven hundred  
So fuck with five fifty, I'm in a six hundred  
Level four vest got the fifty on me  
And if I ever go broke I spend Fiftys money  
Nigga fresh off tour, from Sweden to Germany  
Chill on my dick so these hoes ain't burnin' me  
Bentley flyin' spur, interior burgandy  
Bulletproof truck, in case you cowards try to murder me  
Jail house is packed ain't no empty cells  
And I'm tryna make a half a mill, off of twelve-twelves  
My little mouse gun hold twelve shells  
And if we get locked up, we postin twelve bails  
Antiques, gucci sneaks, they cost twelve bills  
For my next two albums I need twelve mills  
I'm the MVP, the most valuable playa  
I'm in your mp3 playa  
So hate nigga