

# State of Emergency

Young Buck

Now do you remember  
What you were doing on 9/11  
Can you hear the voices  
You know  
All the people screaming and shit

Me and niggas steppin', loading up they weapons  
The nigga that killed my partner, we pulled up and left him  
Ransom money, we hopped out and picked him up and kept him  
Get the bag, open the door up nigga then eject him  
I'm from the city where they pop you first then holler check him  
This what happen when you feed your dogs and then neglect them  
Pussy niggas getting money, real niggas detect them  
We just give them some bills and come through and collect them  
Don't do nothing around these elders I'm talking respect them  
Thank you for not calling the police, she said you welcome  
Catch the bomb anywhere my hands like O'Dell Beckham  
We just posted waiting on another 9/11

People drowning over here what is taking so long  
This is the song we been all waiting on  
It's a, another 9/11, another 9/11, another 9/11  
Waking up to 9/11  
We been praying that the plane just crash in the yard  
Fill it with cocaine so nobody won't starve  
It's a, another 9/11, another 9/11, another 9/11  
Waking up to 9/11

Shit  
Staring at the ceiling, preparing for a million  
I'm taking care of my children, standing right in front this building  
Just bought a brick of [?] I swear that I can use this feeling  
The studio cool but right now a nigga phone jerkin'  
My hands is ended independent trying to hold something  
Can't 50 Cent me I got yayo, got my own company  
You know my uncle murder watched them kill my aunty husband  
Look and thought the shit would be disgusting but it wasn't  
I can't put all of my money in these banks I don't trust 'em  
Plus our president been having discussions with all these Russians  
Hey what planet that you living on, cause here we getting shitted on  
By Klan members sitting snorting powder in the Pentagon

People drowning over here what is taking so long  
This is the song we been all waiting on  
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Waking up to 9/11  
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Man if they pull us over  
We gotta make decisions  
We all black in here  
Somebody's gonna be a victim  
All this Gucci that's what made niggas fit the description  
And then we put our hands up, that's the signal to kill a bitch

Just gave my partner life and he just keep on asking  
If I can tell him how to go and get in touch with Kim Kardashian  
I tell him keep on praying, he be listening then start laughing  
Then he say well ok, go and tell that shit to Kanye  
Young niggas trapping now right there where my aunt stay  
And I can't tell 'em stop when ain't nothing on the entree  
Took my last three thousand like Andre  
And put her on the plane told her to act like Beyonce

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Saying  
Right here  
Trump it's real right here