The Blues

Young Buck

I give niggas the blues
like an LA county jump suit
hop inside the phantom like the nigga Donald Trump do
and just cruise control until I lose control
these rubberband tires sitting on two's and four's
I pick and choose my foes
and with abusive flows I set traps so no rat can climb through his hole
touch my chedder bring out baretta's
trying to floss be a boss
we do 6 hundreds or better
chopping up raw lettuce
my bitch got a coke fetish
still a fan cause she running through lines like Jerome Bettis
Iced out Coogi sweater, air ones, Louie checker belt
got me swimming through these bitches like Mike Phelps
drop top phantom so the World know I'm hazing
catch contact high while I listen to Miles Davis
lay my head back and just cruise
Tommy turn down the muthafucking bass and give niggas the blues

Yeah I give niggas the blues
drumma boy adjust the bass and give niggas the blues
I give niggas the blues
I give niggas the blues

been through it
the picture you see now I drew it
service myself change the oil and transmission fluid
Mel Gibson on these hoes on these 24's
I'm still the truth in this game full of Pinnochio's
filed bankrupt like what you gon take next from me
then I bought a jet for me, call it IRS money
its money, power, respect
buddy you wrong
respect power and money
now what the fuck is you on
this a dessert storm I get my Clue on
standing in a room full of bloods with my blue on
revolver on my waist but the barrell on it too long
can't even fucking move, I aint used to having no suit on
I'm doing what I do, ya'll don't think I moved on
with or without a crew
my bills is still due on the first like you
pull up in anything bitch I'm BB King
and I break the rules
I will give niggas the blues

I give niggas the blues
take drumma boy beat and give niggas the blues
yeah

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