The Reason

Young Buck

Public announcement
I've been bubbling nigga with nothing but ounces
They on the border beefing
My people ain't asking damn
Ain't seen no jury stone
Ain't thinking 'bout to re blow
I'm putting it back into it
Tryin' to see if this shit true though
Do it big nigga hit me like a sumo
And I'm on house arrest really ain't no places to go
Niggas need blow so I need you to go
The Duvall and the u hole, you know
I'm just sitting getting duet hoe
Really grinding hard why you whining like a 2 year old
Man stop I pull up like my stance hop
Hop a body ten drop and leave you and your man shot
Trying to find another spot that I can hide the money
And competition with myself so I be hiding from me
I've been hearing niggas hating and I'm loving it
So fuck you, fuck y'all let me come with it

I'm on, I shine
I'm getting it, I grind
You the reason I boss
You the reason I'm ballin'
You the reason I boss
You the reason I'm ballin'

My teacher told me the world is nothing I would amount to
Well you the reason and the song is about you
Matter of fact about you all I'm preaching it to all my haters
Booth is my bull pit five hundred dollar gators
Six hundred dollar Louie's snap back your blue raiders
Party's on a bogue yes I'm cursing like the Satan
How can I be broke I always got the club
Put me on a fire boy I'm bringing home a dove
Sea food sensations gonna get some brisket
Seventeen bitches say they know that they in love
I'm the only city king keep copy verb ate 'em
Ballin' with a nigga young goose ate 'em
Hit them on a stone and buy my folks a box of sailors
At least what I can do man these streets is what made 'em
Shine, brand new money, bitches keep calling for the same 2 hundreds

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