

This Aint Living

Young Buck

Drunker than a motherfucker tryin' to make it home
Pedal to the metal with no headlights on
Hennessey and weed with the shots of Patrone
I'll have a nigga's dick hard all night long
The rain can't stop me I'm sittin' on chrome
The police watch me to catch me in the wrong
My hood got love for me and when its on
If a nigga get a word bet a nigga gettin' gone
You niggas livin' dead when you workin' for the Feds
You get a little bread then get popped in the head
A white t-shirt with your face on the front
Nobody at the church ever respect what you done
So i'm a give 'em hell
'Till they open up the cells
For the young black males
Twenty five in hell
I'm out on bail and I ain't goin' back
Just hope that my parole officer's knowin' that

Livin' a little harder
What do I do with my life?
Livin' a little harder
What do I do with my life?
This ain't livin'
Nah nah baby this ain't livin'
Ah nah nah

The ghettos full of rules that you got to live by
The metal I use is a Glock .45
My best friend died and I didn't even cry
Been tryin' to find who killed him to set him on fire
The project buildings is gettin' torn down
They got us in one place so its a war now
Pay what you weigh don't nobody give credit no more
You don't know what to do with it what you sellin' it for?
Seen fake niggas live and some real niggas go
So I really will kill and i'm hard on a ho
Shootin' at my enemies killin' 'em all
I will not sleep I got to find who killed my dog
Lil Jimmy locked up so until he come home
Got a wall full of platinum, pocket full of stones
I'm out here on my own
Holdin' it down
And i'm not goin' back my P.O. know now
Come on

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Yeah, now lets ride niggas
Roll your weed, fill your cups up
You now ridin' with a gangsta nigga