

To Be Continued

Young Buck

Took a nap in the traffic woke up with nothing to lose
Tryin' to knock the face off these fuck niggas with something t
o prove

Don't play no game in these streets I never have, never will
My bimbo hiding my bills but right on time when it's real
Hell they crucified Jesus we put our trust in our preachers
Teachers, buffing out we born bison through leaders
On my bike with 2 heaters on a 6 figure bars
So I'm still a felon in possession of a firearm
In 2 months I'll be sinner 18 months from my kids
Don't know nothing about this weapon it was nothing I did
He was found in my house and they found no fingerprints
The only felony on my record I got it dismissed
Federal DA trying to throw me over this settle will fix
The only office prison even if they no ever did
Go to trial and I lose the most I'm looking at is 10
I'm innocent but I'm still on my way to somebody pen

Fuck niggas get it right that have to snitch to get no lesser t
ime

Then cut no deals and ain't no eyes I just settle mine
Pussy check the paper work but you look better lying
If I said your name I be snitching so never mind
Kick you while you down pick you up just to spin you out
Look you up just to pin you down pop what's got into you now
Fuck all you rappers niggas want some attention
You life 'bout to get cut off me nigga need an extension
I just reallocating mansions nigga what's in eviction
I see a nigga doing damn good what's your description
I'm still posting in the damn hood loaded with chicken
So I might just turn my fakes in when the photos is flicking
You want me dead all you know is decision
Got an AK in the head givin' me more ammunition
In 2 months I'll be sinner 18 months from my kids
And to a nigga with life that's disrespecting his bitch
You should open your lips before you open your mouth
Speaking, calling me a snitch like you spoke on the south
Like you spoke on my city boy do you know what I'm 'bout
Did you ever stop to think before going a round
Dead end