

## Were Back

Young Buck

Oooooohhhhhhhh oh  
G-Unit nigga!  
(Yeah!) We back motherfuckers  
Lloyd Banks  
And Young Buck  
Yea  
Blaow

I'm sellin' weed coke and pills just to pay the bills  
If God really love me then why am I here (C'mon!)  
It's like I wake up, cook up, hit the block and get it  
I got these old folks shook up the way that I'm livin'  
Too many Tony Montanas to try to fly to Havana and end up comin'  
' back with more time that they can handle (Aiiight!)  
Light a candle for them niggas in the pen  
They caught a dope case but when they get home they at it again  
I know it may sound crazy, I still live in the bricks  
Still see my name on my niggas visiting list (Wooo)  
The rap game like the dope game, I'm dealing with this  
You know fiends do anything when you give 'em a hit  
Only class I did pass was math when I went  
My clothes smell like weed, the teachers knew I was slick (Ah)  
Whoever thought when I was there piecing out a gram, I'd grow u  
p (Yea) to be the fuckin' (Yea) man  
Bitch you know who I am

Big was the voice I puff to  
That's why I'm on a level you need to step your rap game up to  
(Uh huh)  
I live on the road but for the pay I'ma rollout besides my hote  
l room is bigger than your whole house (Wooo)  
Fuck the game  
Don't let the rap game fuck you, they shelf ya won't nobody hea  
r your shit but you, I help ya  
For a good price  
If you could swallow ya pride 'cause your not ready your hood n  
ice (Ha)  
I melt ya if you don't listen  
Don't worry 'bout me fuckin' your broad, I don't pursue no chic  
ken (Uh-uh)  
And I don't know nuttin' [?] nigga dig  
Shit, I built my career out the basement like Tigger did (Yeah!  
)  
I got a bigger crib  
And a bigger car and I get a bigger role (Why?)  
'Cause I'm a bigger star  
And I ain't hatin' one bit but you niggas are actin' bitch made  
, all you missin' is the wig and bra