

Young Buck, Dickie Fits

See nigga we thugged out for a reason
Niggaz ain't thuggin, because, they like the look nigga
Or they like to be on these streets nigga
Nigga we thuggin cause we gotta eat out'chea where I'm from
Ca\$hville, gangsters nigga

[Verse One]

I had to step back and regroup myself, overlook employees
And see how much juice was left cause niggaz came for me
Revolvers to fullies increasin my ki' movings
Soakin game from Baby watchin old mob movies
Two all gold clips, go with this platinum uzi
To keep you bitches losin 'round Christmas time when the jackers choosin
Niggaz refusin feel that heat first, shit gets deeper
See when we beef we make yo' street hurt, check yo' beeper
The job is done when you get 911's
Receivin calls talkin 'bout son your lil' brother all alone
My attitude can quickly change potnah
Heads get bust open like Priest when he poppin bottles
No role models to look up to when you ghetto raised
Leavin no clues, stack revenues in different ways
Trade that deuce 57 and get yourself two K's
Then let a nigga know how much mo' you made in two days

["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats]

[Verse Two]

How can a nigga blame another nigga for the way he would plan
His operation led to destination under sand
Some niggaz playin with me are scared to stand behind their steel
Shake up and break up what was organized for years
Shed tears, when white folks hand a nigga a L
Ball up and fuck all up a nigga mail
Beeper reportin low, when you put in a Duracell
Put it in your mind, cause that's the first sign they on the trail
Where I dwell, there's plenty money shit be hard to tell
who doin the yap yappin so they tappin up the cells
When you lived on the hill, was never late payin yo' bills
Now you back to the projects, shit out here gettin real
Somebody lackin they skills and they street smart
Ain't no sunshine playboy, they life dark
It takes one star, one car, one nigga who made it far
One thug, one grudge and it's life behind bars

["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats]

[Verse Three]

I stand all man nigga, though a child in age
I got my own brain, my own ways to go and get paid
Niggaz want you in the shade but when you come out and shine
then here it is you owe 'em somethin, but what about mine?
I never signed a dotted line, therefore just let me be
T.I.P. took me under and we headed to the highest peak
I might as well just speak, for the soldiers with Buck
Load your artillery, prepare to put your guns up
You think it'll get to this, Bowre told me it would
Said it's all good no more, puttin on your black hood
Still the same frustration that stay beatin my chest
If it ain't one of these bitches then these niggaz won't test
A meal ticket nuttin less, that's what I'm shootin for
And in my quest for chips, there's some shit you can't ignore
So I load up the 4, if you want it then let it be
All these fake niggaz tryin to be just like me

["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats]