

Young Buck, Thugged Out

(feat. D-Tay)

[Intro]

Man, niggas be gettin' tha wrong impression of these niggas down here in Cashville
They thank it's country musik mayne, mothafuckas got money mayne!
Niggas is killin', niggas is slangin' they shit..
Niggas is livin', they gettin' it how they live
I represented it nigga (Wha.. Fuck these niggas)

[Verse 1 - Young Buck]

I'ma born villain, ghetto hero to lil' children
I'm still livin', still robbin' niggas like gimicks
White folks feel dat I belong in prison
We got 10 killings and still can't get in
I stay un-identified, but niggas betta listin
I'm on a mission, just me and my ammunition
When 2 clips take together, bust and dip 'em
I know my nigga D-Tay, yeah he gon' stick 'em (Wha, Wha?!)
Guerilla, under-aged killa like myself
Fearin' nothin', no head bussin' not even bein' dead
Murda Squad is here, you smell tha fury from tha gun smoke
Empty my weapon and then it's covered by a trench coat
And when tha smoke clears, guess wha? - I'm still here
Late in the dark, prepared fo' tha next year
Look wha The Game created, a 6 foot murda man, hair braided un-educated

[Chorus - Buck w/ D-Tay ad-libin']

See we thugged out, busy bobbin' wit tha snub nose out
'Cause dese niggas 'bout drama where I'm from - Cashville! (Wha, Wha?)
Come down here I betchu'll say dat's real, and niggas will kill
'Cause we thugged out, dat why niggas busy bobbin' wit tha snub nose out
'Cause dese niggas 'bout drama where I'm from - Cashville! (Wha, Wha?)
Come down here I betchu'll say dat's real, and niggas will kill

[Verse 2 - Young Buck]

The average thug nigga somehow drug dealin'
Wether he slang packs or gats, it's all 'bout skrilla
We un-load straps, and shootcha down like Reggie Miller
While othas take time to get paid, I like it quicka
And do it sober no weed or sizzle licka
Know wha I mean? It's fuckin' teams of Mob bigga
Respect game and game don't respect you
Gon' be out here nigga, you got a nine? Get a Tec too!
Bitches will check you, or make ya thank a nigga ain't?
Plus you got bank too, a nigga waitin' fo' ya rank, off tha dank
Butchu don't feel like you loafin'
Crystal, you drank - and thank a nigga ain't scopin'
Yeah, you tell world you work hard fo' these tokens
Get a fuckin' strap and keep ya wallet wide open
My nigga look, life means nothin' when ya positive bound
Been listin when ya body goin' deep in tha ground

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Buck]

What does my phuture behold, will I have suttin' to fold
Tell tha world bout these murdas, and hope they go gold
I'm gettin' known, so wha happens needs to happen here qwick
6 tryin' and 6 dyin', I'm gettin' tired of this shit
Load clips, cock it back, ain't no time fo' me to relax
Here they come, can't run - so I gotta shoot back
why sit and sell' crack, when Im grabin' tha gats
Infra-red where you lay ya head, snatch you and stacks
If you wrong, but a nigga gotta eat ya hurrd?

Fuck handcuffin' ya bitch, ya betta guard ya byrd
This shit hard to earn, so Im'a get it how I can
Hop in outta mini-van, knownin' this tha mini mayn
Don't let me see tha gat when I'm askin' tha Lord
Till I found myself broke, back to swingin' my sword
Soulja when I was hooked to my ambellical cord
If I'm wrong sell backwards dat's why I'm here fo'

[Chorus]

[Outro - Buck talkin' w/ D-Tay ad-libin']
Nigga, we thugged out (Thugged out!)
Nigga! D-Tay (And Young Buck)
Every time you see us, we thugged out!
All tha way wit it, Hell to tha back
Infra-red on our straps
Whatchu wann' do nigga? (Whatchu wann' do?)
Whatchu gon' do nigga? (What, What, What, Huh?)
We thugged out