

# 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