

# Young Buck, You Can Get It Too

[Intro]

Wussup real niggas? (Real niggas..)  
Aye yo, shout out to dem niggas in penny-tentiary  
I see y'all niggas, my niggas comin' home!!  
And it's onn!!

[Verse 1]

I don't want no problems (Yeah nigga), I just want to shoot (So watch yaself)  
I don't want to rob 'em (Haha), I just want tha loot (Gimme dat, mothafucka!)  
I don't want no problems (Yeah nigga), I just want to shoot (So watch yaself)  
I don't want to rob 'em (Haha), I just want tha loot (Gimme dat, mothafucka!)  
There come 'em boys wit' dem bandanas on (Yeah!)  
They totin' A.K's wit' banana clips on (Blow!)  
You thankin' we snorin' some much white on dese streets (Whudd!)  
Dese ho's out here doin', I'm a P-i-m-p  
Nigga TIP is murda case, {?} is murda case, {?} is murda case  
Cashville tha murda state, {?} is murda case, {?} is murda case  
Look I ain't here to play, I can git it 'nutha day (Yeah!)  
I do it fo' tha hood, and you do it fo' TV (C'monn!)  
Now, streets love niggas like me and Young Jeezy  
I'm leanin' on tha leatha and grippin' on tha wood  
Wit' my hand on a metal, I wish a nigga would (Woooooo)

[Chorus - 2x]

I don't want no problems, I just want to shoot (Boom!)  
I don't want to rob 'em, I just want tha loot (Yeah!)  
And I ain't fo' no talkin', so wutchu wanna do?! (Do!)  
Got click full of killas, nigga you can git it too!! (Too!)

[Verse 2]

Tha word on tha streets is  
Some G-Unit niggas, wit' whole lotta guns, bussin' shots (Yeeaaaahh)  
So somebody call 50, and tell him come quicky  
Go try to make 'em young boys stop (Ooowhh!!)  
I'm not sent to play dese games (Whudd!)  
See some thangs, they'll change  
You'll no longa hear me sayin' dese rappas names (Nah!)  
I had e'nuff, gotta cake to shot, ya time's up  
Bitch I'm comin' to ya hood if you wanna fight Buck (Let's Gooo!)  
Spider-Loc got me ridin' thru dese sets in L.A.  
As country as I am, mayn' I feel like I'm gon' stay (West-ssiide!)  
They know a real nigga when they see 'em - I won't play  
And I ain't worry 'bout no money nigga, I know Dre  
Tha glock stay on me, and tha knife's fo' back-up (Ooh!!)  
I'm comin' to tha +Vibe Awards+, dare ya to ack up (Haha)  
Go tell 'em dat I'm back, and I'm still on my hustle  
You know a nigga stapped, hommie you don't want no trouble

[Chorus - x2]

[Outro]

Huh!!  
So it is whudd it is..  
Dat's a rap..  
Next time I'm start shootin' tha shit outta you bitch azz rap niggas  
Phureal tho!!  
Niggas know, I just walked out up of dat court room smellin' like weed and shiit..  
Haha..  
Phureal like you know, tha probation offica can kiss my ass!  
Tha D.A. can kiss my ass!  
Every body in tha Goddamn court room, can kiss my ass!!  
Fuck y'all!!  
'Cause see, when a mothafuckin' nigga got his life in ya hands  
y'all mothafuckin' still good

But when a nigga beat cho mothafuckin' azz, y'all niggas be like &quot;Woohh&quot;