

# Gettin' Real Buck

Gangsta Blac

Nigga's in the club gettin' real buck  
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Now my nigga's in the club gettin' real buck  
Now my nigga's in the club gettin' real buck  
It's kind of hard to keep a fuckin' mil  
If yo name ain't Holyfield  
Kick back in the MC resident  
Countin' dollar bills,  
Make me kick in a liquor store  
Stop in get a Tangaray  
Peel a chin in the wind,  
Ballin' hittin' the free way  
Ain't no slippin' in the street  
5-O's on my ass gee,  
Three car deep after me  
Ballin' down through SPV  
Gangsta man still the same  
Clear me as you see me pass  
Holler when I holler, time to dip up in another past  
Rip it up, open it up can I get a Newport?  
Pass me one, thank you sir  
Got your whole ankle short  
Ya-Da-Yo givin' shouts  
Steve in Bone taught me that  
Straight from the Bounds, lay it down  
If they cool with Gangsta Blac  
All my nigga's gettin' buck  
Bet this on my D-Zick  
Throw the mic, 'cause I'm so hype and  
Hoe this just beginning  
Bury shit, fuckin' hoes, ain't that the way it's suppose to go  
Fuck 'em slow, let 'em know  
Time to hit the dirt hoe  
Wusup to all them people's rumors,  
That's been said bout folks from Ana  
Creepin' through the back with a fuckin' gage  
Ready to ram and jam ya  
All these fuckin' slugs up in yo ass  
If I up and find ya  
Mouth, full of lit fire crackers  
Star spangled banner  
Reassess Pieces on yo body  
Hittin' them bitches watch 'em drool  
Jack be nimble be quick but, Jack he ain't no damn fool  
Hoe you must be high down fall  
For the nigga De-De gone with yo bad self  
Hoe you need to fuckin' quick,  
Ain't no drunk lookin' good  
Ain't no killer I wish I would  
I buck down all you lemon  
Put them jackets on my neighborhood  
Cock my nine, feelin' fine  
Incase the run they mouth  
Wusup bitch is you mad, cause we from the South  
To you motor mouth suckers, come in get some of this  
Noisy ness, wig split stay up out my business  
Ride 'em up Escalade, down to the mighty sky

To ya hoe, see ya hoe in Hell cause it's time to die  
Ain't no fuckin' simple man  
Take no bullet for no nigga  
Trick you must can't understand  
Hoe how the fuck you figure  
Not with all that reppin' shit  
Not with all that Football shit  
All about roastin' a bitch  
All about makin' it rich  
Hood Rat mean's a group of hoes  
Slurpin' on yo nut sac's  
Sac's of weed is what I need  
To keep my brain on this track  
Chu-Chu watch me choke as  
I blow out a cloud of smoke  
Hypnotize civilize, got dope hold it though  
Time to find my nigga, let me ride in yo Pontiac  
Funk it up, or ride in the white Chevy with the bumpin' back  
Fuck you bitches, this for girls and plenty niggas  
Fuck killer realer we grip hands on the trigger  
Yo nine grip my dick, nigga I don't give a shit  
Paul in lil' man got my back, two nigga's you can't deal with  
Bustin' through the crowd like a crash  
Dead in yo gut, now my nigga's deep  
Gettin' real buck  
[Chorus]