

## 4 Kings

Young Buck

Ladies and Gentlemen..

I got my pistol in my pants, rocks in my drawers  
Holla "WOOPT, WOOPT" homie if you see them laws  
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I was standin' on the corner slangin' 'caine (tryna make it do what it do)  
Just another young nigga havin' thangs man (I gotta get, I, I gotta get it g  
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I'm in the Porche, no passenger  
Feelin' like a filthy rich drug trafficer  
See didn't nobody give me shit, I got my ass on that inter-state  
Made sure momma had food on that dinner plate  
You not a boss if you ain't never took a loss  
Some birds never landed, but 'least I didn't got caught  
We don't even use scails, niggaz break off a brick  
Whatever over is yours, homie just take it and get  
They gave big Paul life, but I ain't thinkin' 'bout stoppin'  
'Cause soon he try to quit, that's when the feds came got him  
Ain't nothin' in my name, and 50 cleaned up mine  
I'm still paranoid though from what I left behind  
Gotta put me some gloves on, they fuckin' wit Buck now  
Tryna slow me down, got me pissin' in cups now  
Three Kings on a mission, see we got it for cheap  
You put us together, nigga the streets finna eat  
YEAHH

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Hey  
Remember standin' in the trap wit 5 or 6 over-vision and a pirat  
That nigga who oderderd that quarter ki ain't even came by yet  
Blew a whole O of dro, and I ain't even high yet  
Spent 4 G's or mo', and I ain't even fly yet  
Viper truck, Bentley grill, big wheel pimpin'  
They done gave her 20 mil, well big deal pimpin'  
Think we fakin' when we spittin', better get real pimpin'  
'Cause we still will kill, you just better chill pimpin'  
Get it how he used to live, and keep on fakin' for the women  
In life we all make decisions even when faced with collisions  
Like me at 13, out in no supervision  
Straight thug livin', bumpin' pot drug-dealin'  
Seen daily on the block, need Yay we on the block  
Keep the hatin' to yourself, 'cause that AK be on the block  
Douggy C be in the V, me and KT, we in the drop  
Went from standin' on the block wit rock, to standin' on the top

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Let's go  
1 for the bread, and 2 for the blow  
Miss the 17 fire, ya damn right it's gon' snow  
Told y'all I was gon' blow, kinky B said so  
Or not, back to chargin' 600 for an O  
Ain't nothin' to a G, shit I been here before (True)  
LA hoop nigga, all you gotta do is score  
I turn the brick into a label, nigga I'm a boss  
Brush my teeth in the morning, I ain't even gotta floss (Haha)  
Sold two million records, and half a million O's (Damn)  
Add it all up, it's 'bout a billion rocks  
You can't be serious, you niggaz ain't fo' real  
Just my ears alone, iss like a quarter a mil' (That's right)  
Hit ya by the tech, and blow half the budget (Yup)  
I do it for the streets and mutha fuckers love it  
Just copped the new Bent, you know ya boy pay cash  
Now that's Thug Motivation for your mutha fuckin' ass  
Wassup

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