

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
et it)

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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 0 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
Dougy 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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