

All My Life

Young Buck

Now we can't lose (fo' sho'),
Ya'll n****s wanna know what we did this is what we did n****

Extended the family wit a wire recruited a couple comrades,
I was a chosen one due to my chrome gats,
Bad ass lil' n**** wit a trash bag now I gotta confess it,
Every day arrested,
N****s wanna test this to get at the hoes,
So even mamma stay invested, damn that's cold,
Bitches 17 years old round 100 kilos,
After ya'll pickin' pot out your nose with afros,
Rollin' with the big boys soakin up game,
And we'll be back seat with the cardier frames
The easier it got n**** the harder it came,
But I stayed in the game,
That's the heart in this man,
There'll be hell on earth if I stay in the game,
Talk about pickin' up dirt like the broncos plane,
Call me the macho man when it comes to dirty ways,
A hatos man feel crime don't pay

All my life I visualized me handlin' mine,
And fuck waitin, cause god aint promising times,
And I'm drawin' a line before I get to far behind,
Lord if I'm lyin' strike me down in the eye

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The last verse I wrote, I burnin' my hand,
Cause there's only so much heat, that my hand can stand,
I'm too hot to spit that,
You not you get that,
Don't get to hight, or this glock'll click back,
I bitch smack n****s and I aint that mean,
My chopper goin do you popper look at what that did,
I'm clip flipin', pistol gripin', dippin', set trippin',
Believe me you don't wanna see me wit the 4tec spittin',
You bullshittin',
I'm just goin' live by you guys,
My whole team roll me homey, ride or die,
Ridin' high,
Sheaf and do-do like I'm in Cali,
I'm type this one for the block and blast from the alley,
I'm all wit it don't be Montana,
Extra banana,
In my state on my way down to Atlanta,
Just crossed the Tennessee line,
All my life I visualized me handlin' mine

It's all for one and one for all n****

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