

Born To Be A Thug

Young Buck

Young Buck- Born To Be A Thug

Daddy when you`re coming home?
I wish i could tell you but i don`t know,If you don`t work,you don`t eat
Just be good while i gone...
Daddy when you`re coming home?
I`m hustlin i`ll be back in a week...
Make sure you do your homework and kiss your momma for me...
Daddy when you`re coming home?
Don`t ask me no more,i`m about to go
Can i go with you daddy?
Little girl shut my door
Daddy when you`re coming home?
You know i`ll be back i got to,but for now i gotta to do
What i gotta do i love you

I know i run these street to much but that`s my life
And for you i trade it all my house,car,my ice
Every niggth i look at you..i thank god(Thank God)
Knowing you got evrything you want and i ai`nt even got a job
Not to mention this thug-life i`m livin
I never let you go sleep in a brick building
The day you was born me and my niggas popped bottles
Fellin in the hospital drunk to going to see my daughter...
You already seen the look in my eyes to hear my babygirl cry..
The happiest day of my life to see my babygirl smile..
It`s a big world now
So you know to take it slow...
You don`t need a nigga for nothing your daddy got do...
You gone live where you want to,drive what you want to..
As long you are alive you gone do what you want to
I put my life on the line for me and mine...
When i leave men she`s saying everytime

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(Verse 2)

You think i like spendin nights on the street..
I do that,so daddy can keep keep nikes on your feet...
See the reason you can't come in the kitchen...
I`m cookin chicken..
We can go to the mall and ball soon as daddy finished...
Let me take care of my busines for a minute..
And anything you want i promise we gonna get it..
Can't wait to see my baby graduate
When that day come rolex,baggets,daddy gonna pay for..
Once a man make one,he`ll see the way that i feel
You know that ain't no gangsta be play shit to real...
See kids bring bills you know it cost a little
Better keep working or tworking something that kid need meals...
I got my baby tatto on my arm..
September 27 is the day she was born
Untill i get back just holdin down for pappa...
And hurtin to my heart evrytime to hear you holla...

(chorus)

(Verse 3)

And over this live before i wishin for a daddy
My baby will never grow up livin unhappy
I spend my whole life without my father it bother me bad..
I thank God for my momma she is all i had...
A nigga turn to the street to raise me...
I dropped outta high school look what it make me...
The chances that i never had...
My baby gonna have
So if my babygirl is in high school my baby gonna pass...
I sitting laugh cause she know that she looks just like me..
And me never coming home it`s calling unlikely...
It`s know that evrything i do is ment for me and you...
P.s your daddy Young Buck i love you...

(chorus)