

## Dickie Fits

Young Buck

See nigga we thugged out for a reason  
Niggaz ain't thuggin, because, they like the look nigga  
Or they like to be on these streets nigga  
Nigga we thuggin cause we gotta eat out'chea where I'm from  
Ca\$hville, gangsters nigga

I had to step back and regroup myself, overlook employees  
And see how much juice was left cause niggaz came for me  
Revolvers to fullies increasin my ki' movings  
Soakin game from Baby watchin old mob movies  
Two all gold clips, go with this platinum uzi  
To keep you bitches losin 'round Christmas time when the jackers choosin  
Niggaz refusin feel that heat first, shit gets deeper  
See when we beef we make yo' street hurt, check yo' beeper  
The job is done when you get 911's  
Receivin calls talkin 'bout son your lil' brother all alone  
My attitude can quickly change potnah  
Heads get bust open like Priest when he poppin bottles  
No role models to look up to when you ghetto raised  
Leavin no clues, stack revenues in different ways  
Trade that deuce 57 and get yourself two K's  
Then let a nigga know how much mo' you made in two days

How can a nigga blame another nigga for the way he would plan  
His operation led to destination under sand  
Some niggaz playin with me are scared to stand behind their steel  
Shake up and break up what was organized for years  
Shed tears, when white folks hand a nigga a L  
Ball up and fuck all up a nigga mail  
Beeper reportin low, when you put in a Duracell  
Put it in your mind, cause that's the first sign they on the trail  
Where I dwell, there's plenty money shit be hard to tell  
who doin the yap yappin so they tappin up the cells  
When you lived on the hill, was never late payin yo' bills  
Now you back to the projects, shit out here gettin real  
Somebody lackin they skills and they street smart  
Ain't no sunshine playboy, they life dark  
It takes one star, one car, one nigga who made it far  
One thug, one grudge and it's life behind bars

I stand all man nigga, though a child in age  
I got my own brain, my own ways to go and get paid  
Niggaz want you in the shade but when you come out and shine  
then here it is you owe 'em somethin, but what about mine?  
I never signed a dotted line, therefore just let me be  
T.I.P. took me under and we headed to the highest peak  
I might as well just speak, for the soldiers with Buck  
Load your artillery, prepare to put your guns up  
You think it'll get to this, Bowre told me it would  
Said it's all good no more, puttin on your black hood  
Still the same frustration that stay beatin my chest  
If it ain't one of these bitches then these niggaz won't test  
A meal ticket nuttin less, that's what I'm shootin for  
And in my quest for chips, there's some shit you can't ignore  
So I load up the 4, if you want it then let it be  
All these fake niggaz tryin to be just like me