Get Buck

Young Buck

Yeah! Get 'em Buck!

Okay! I'm reloaded, my bankroll swole, and a nigga can't fold it I got 'em like hey! Got 'em rollin' The kush on the way, and the champagne frozen Watch me do my thang; I got these hos open I'm ridin' presidential like the shit that I'm smokin' Water wit' the work, Patron on my shirt And a zip ain't shit; I need a quarter p of Purp Gon' break it down, pass it all around I can serve Whitney Houston and Bobby Brown Them dope boys in this bitch, like let me buy that Broke niggas in this bitch, like let me try that I need a beat in the bitch; let me call Polow Mr. Tennakey, I still get 'em for the low though Shawty, light up the dro; I ain't ready to go Can't ban me from the radio or fuck up my show, you know

Haters tryin' to ban a nigga mayne (It's okay!) I bounce back; watch me do my thang (It's okay!) I got my Chevy hoggin' up the lane (It's okay!) I'm a boss; I can make it rain (It's okay!) Now get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang) Get buck, bitch (Watch me do the damn thang)

Let's play the game; I'm the quarterback; don't stop, homey I go to jail if I get sacked, so block for me Eight ball in my corner pocket; it's on and poppin' Got the whole club leanin' wit' it, and body rockin' Drunk drivin' in my Cut, dawg; I got my truck parked Seventy Two Tennessee Titan, like what up y'all? I'm home, boy, holla at ya homeboy Better come quick; once I get it then it's gone, boy First come, first serve; fuck what ya heard I'm piecin' out my pack till I come up on a bird Blow the smoke out my nose, pimpin' on these hos They know me at the bank, love me at the jewelry stores I play it how it goes; the butterfly doors On them old school vogues with the chrome on the toes These fuck niggas know that I will let it go (I bet he got a vest) no, but I got my tech though

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Yeah, you know what it is How we do the damn thang down here Nigga, what you workin' with? Yeah, hey, my nigga Now don't be in the club throwin' ya rent money Be broke in the mornin' Have us laughin' at ya broke ass Yeah, where my dope boys at? Yeah, shawty, I see you! Now pick up that god damn money! Hey! Let's go!