

Look at Me Now

Young Buck

You Know, Growin Up In The Hood,
Is Gon' Do All Kinds Of Thangs, Ya Heard?
Some Of Its Good, Some Of Its Bad,
But The Things You Go Through In Life, Make You Who You Are
Look At Me Now!

From The Day I Was Born, I've Been Hustle'n Strong
Been Strugglin' Since A Child, Now Them Day's Is Gone
And You Say'd I Wouldn't Do It, But I'm Proving You Wrong
N They Got They Hands Out Like I Owe Them So
I Ain't Got Time For The Bickering, And Carrying On
It Aint Too Much Into Who I Don't Know
How Many Times Do I Have To Sit In And Grown
Im A Young Buck, But Still Enough To Know When You Niggas Is Hoe

I Still Remember Them Nights Under The Street Lights
Fiends Don't Give A Damn, They Want Who Got The Cheap Price
I'm Trying To Get Right, Get It And Go
You See People Is Dyin' Fast, And The Money Is Slow
We Used To Hang In Front Of The Store
Flag Down Cars To Be A Movie Star, Go Get A Glass Jar
Once You Cook It And Cut It Homie, Go Stand Out In Public
See The Work Sell's Itself, If Ya Got Enough Of It
Plenty Thugs Get Shot, But See Its All In The Game
Even I Took A Couple Of 'Em, But Still I Remain
I Aint Dippin From That Same Lead Project Figga
I Done Went With No Lights, And No Water Nigga
And I'm Still Hood, That Mean I Still Cook
Get On The Block And Go Get Mine, Like You Should
How Can I Be Good? When Rappers Wanna Be Suge
Suroundin' Myself With Family, So I Can Sleep Good

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I Would Light Me A Cancer Stick, Thinkin How Can I Get
My Momma Out The Bricks, And My Whole Click Legit
Lil Jimmy In The Fed's, Its Just Me And Some Ted's
We Cuttin Heads Doin Whatever To Buy A Lump Of Bread
The Hot Beat Faces, I Really Loved It
To Blow 50 G's, And Don't Think Nothing Of It
We Show Love, But Won't Get No Loved Show'd Back
Whoa Kimosabi, What Part Of The Game Is That?
This A Fact, And My War Wounds On Me Can Prove It
But Look How You Made Me, Go And Show Ya I Can Do It
I Sollomly Swear To Hold It Down For My Homeboy
Locked Up And Don't Know If They Ev'a Coming Home Boy
Time's Keep Tickin', Another Baby Is Born
Thats Gon' Go Through The Same Stuff I Went Through, And More
You Wonder Why I Hustle, My Life's On The Line
My Baby Gotta Have Milk When She Cryin', Come On Da Now

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Now Everybody Got They Hand Out
Crackhead Willin' Spit These Millions Till They Ran'd Out
Shorty Don't Wanna Holla Now, Cuz Her Man Out
But Just Last Week I Couldnt Get It Out Her Damn Mouth
No Where To Go, Look Like Im Stuck In These Bricks
Seems Like The Good Die Young, The Bad Get Rich Quick
Enough Of This Lemme Take You To A Whole Nother Level
It's Like Stopin The Police From Rollin' Through The Ghetto
Ain't Nuthing Gettin Better, But The Bills Gotta Get Paid
That Money Come Up Short Then Them Tecks Gotta Get Spray'd
Everybody Gotta Grave, We Just Waitin To Go To It
No Matter What We Do, We Still Gon' Go Through It
Some Say That I'm Heartless, And Don't Give A Damn
They Wont Ever Understand Until They Get A Gram
This Who I Am, Not Who I Wanna Be
Open Up Your Eyes And See, What These Streets Have Done To Me

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