

Penny Pinchin

Young Buck

D-Tay Man deez niggas talkin bout dey got dis and dat.
Man im just- I feel dem man ... penny pinchin and shit.
Niggaz workin wit somethin round my way,
I aint really gotta say to much,
if you know Young Buck you know Money Motha Fuckas..

Man its all about platinum from the records to the neclace boi,
Dont hand me the keys if it aint show room floor,
Ten diamonds in the rolly betta add ten more,
From the bend up lift my hands up good lord,
Wats the use of a playa wit paper dat dont show it,
Screamin I got money but dont nobody no it,
I work for it, so dat mean i got da right to roll twenties,
And sag my jeans, da average gehtto childs dream,
turnin some cream and rollin witwizy wil lizzy, why still hes a team,
and seem ive accomplished dat,
bought a charm, went in a vice I took it back,
when I return i want all my diamonds phat,
I cant get off track,
when my dawgs in my pack feel just like that,
look park your cadillacs aint no time for stallin,
while you penny pinchin playa i be out der ballin,

Yall niggaz is penny pinchin betta getcha shit right,
For deez two young niggaz buy up all da ice,
It started from servin bikes to trucks wit door pipes,
Wen ya see Buck and Tay I bet ya look twice,

Yo mind must the still in da gutta,
thinkin we gon suffa,
id ratha ductape yo mutha,
and be on dis summa,
take da factory off and put some chrom on da hummer,
top down and reverse when its lightin and thundrin,
had da whole world wonderin bout my age and shit,
17 wit a 20 year old agent bitch,
flip 12 whole things and im savin 6,
to serve deez desperate niggaz who payin 20 a brick,
my niggaz dey smoke skunk, drink henny till we sick,
wit they afros out dey love to hear dem guns click,
see im blindin deez bitches every time my tounge flick,
and i work wit deez hos jaws gone just dont quit,
relax and let it come to ya, never been weed,
especially wen niggaz got plugs ova seas,
neva was a wanna be, label me a gonna be,
I told yall look wat dis gang don done to me,

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Yo yall can stay in line waitin to shine ... but not me,
Id rather be caught drunk in the V.I.P,
Sly B stop me, Ima look at you funny,
Yall blow brown weed, we be blowin dat gummy,
noz that grind roll wit niggaz dat hold der money,

while yall floss chicken heads dat on the low be junkies,
Yall know me one, betta yet call us gorillaz,
you surrounded by playas, while im surrounded by killaz,
Thats know to here, beefin nigga block in a minute,
you just packin twenty rounds we gon put fifty in it,
still aint finished, my niggas trin for dis,
you get thrown out da click if you aim and miss,
we train to hit, just like you would train a pig,
dont be arguin wit deez niggaz get dey thing and spit,
change you fifth, if you smart youd get you things and get,
cause dem niggaz dat was witch dat didnt shoot no sinch,
now whos a bitch, yall heads is new to dis,
Im da ones dat come blastin out da blue and shit,
move dis shit wit amo dat come throw dis shit,
have your mother at your grave wit da blues and shit,
Ya loose wit dis, specially when you think its your turn,
Cause my 5 gon burn yall gon learn,
Or gon earn another spot in da dirt,
Cause i spit dis shit dat hurt, shit can jurk,
shit can work, shit datll tear your shit,
shit datll have your mother sittin front seat in the church,
You know how we work, we flossin we gotta look nice,
You niggaz is penny pinchin betta getcha shit right,

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