

Pocket Full of Paper

Young Buck

6-1-5 Ca\$hville we buck, yeah! (AY!)
Toomp I got you nigga! (Yeah!)
A.T.L. to Ca\$hville nigga (You already know what this is, ay!)
Aiiyyo Jeezy whattup nigga? (What they do nigga?)
Aiiyyo it's on me tonight nigga! (Let's go)
Let's get it! (Let's go!)

Got a pocket full of paper, Patron in my cup
Tell them haters catch up ho, bitch you buck ho
(Bitch you better buck nigga) Bitch you better buck nigga
(Bitch you better buck nigga) Bitch you better buck nigga
I ain't playin 'bout my money (AY!) I hit ya ass up (ha-hahhhhh)
Leave ya right there so they can pick ya ass up, yeah
Bitch you better buck nigga (bitch you better buck nigga)
Bitch you better buck nigga (bitch you better buck nigga, YEAH!)

Jack boys, jack boys, what'chu gon' do?
Run up and the nigga put the thang on you
Jack boys, jack boys, what'chu gon' do?
Run up and the nigga put the thang on you

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
It's Young (Young) Jizzle (Jizzle) and the homie Buck (yeah!)
We still ridin dirty, think we givin a fuck? (nah)
Headed 75 South (South) for seventy-five blocks (whoo!)
Hundred miles an hour pass seventy-five cops (vrooom!)
And straight to the mac, hit seventy-five spots (daaaaamn)
And I'm back down Atlanta, copped seventy-five drops (ha-hahhhhh!)
So on first sip (sip) I made about a grand
You ask me what I need I tell 'em bring the whole van (yeahhhhhhhhhhh)
All I do is make hits, just to see my SoundScans (AYY!)
I know the yayo, you should see me bag grams (ha-hahhhhh!)
See cuz over there (whattup!) he'll kill ya ass for nuttin
C.T.E. (talk to 'em nigga!) and muh'fucker we buckin nigga

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Let me go and show you niggaz what my whip game like
I whip it to the left, and whip it to the right
I mix it with the Sprite, and flip it with the whites
See I make my own price cause I take my own flights
I still got my ski mask, STILL need cash
STILL got them eighteens as if you want a half
That's 11-5 apiece dawg if ya do the math
But I do it for the ten for my niggaz in the cab
Got a bitch in Decatur, she shake it for the paper
So when I make it rain, I just get it back later
See cuz over there, he'll kill ya ass for nuttin (I got ya homie!)
6-1-5, Ca\$hville, we buckin

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