

Young Buck f/ All Star, Lil Scrappy "Come and Catch Me Nigga"

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[Intro]

Wussup with it, nigga? (It's how I do things)
G-Unit South! (You know you fucked up, right?)
Aye yo, fuck tha police!!
And fuck you snitchy azz niggas!!
You know whudd it is!! (Matta a fact)
Aye yo nigga! (You know whudd?!)
Suck my dick!!

[Chorus]

Yeah I sell dope, come and catch me nigga (What!!)
I do it fo' my folks, come and catch me nigga (Yuh!!)
Damn right I took glocks, come and catch me nigga
(What!!)
I still won't stop if you catch me, nigga (Let's Goooo!!)
Yeah I sell dope, come and catch me nigga (What!!)
I do it fo' my folks, come and catch me nigga
Damn right I took glocks, come and catch me nigga
(What!!)
I still won't stop if you catch me, nigga (C'monnn!)

[Verse 1: All Star]

I neva been fronted, if I got it - then I bought it
Nigga, certified hustle-a, neva been caughted (Yuh!)
Traffican' and trappin' got me stackin' up these bucks
Nigga, I was grindin' hard when Warren Sapp was with
+The Bucks+ (Oooooowwhh)
Nigga, we can git it crackin', really I don't give a fuck
Call Scrap' and cherk Buck Like, "Let's go hit 'em up!"
From tha -A- to Cashville, G-Unit, G's up
And we talk to much heat to eva-eva freeze up (Holla!)
Keep a hammer on my waist, a banana on tha cake
I'm just happy to see 21 candals on tha cake
And if I'm eva down bad, it's a bandana on my face
I'll stomp bitch, I don't give a damn 'bout a case (Fuck!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Lil Scrappy]

Yo.. (Aye..)
See, I don't give a fuck if he know, you know

I'll smoke-a blunt in front of tha police like it's legal
(C'mon!!)
Stand on tha squad car screaming "Fuck tha people!"
Man dem niggas hear me, then can git it like we do
(Yeeaaaah!!)
Perp for tha low, peel fo' you roll
Gotta go and hustle, 'cause my pokets on low
Got a couplah niggas dat's gon' flip em O's
It was born in my blood, I'm gon' pimp em ho's (Fo'
Sho'!!)
When you see me in tha street, yeah I did it fo' tha
struggle ho'
Now on my time, I'm gon' do it fo' my daughter tho
Even if I have to rob and lay a nigga on tha flo' (Aye,
Aye)
You don't want no problems - just gimme what I came
fo' (G-Uniit!!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Buck]

Posted up, on dis corna like whateva
My chin-chilla covas, on my G-Unit sweata (Yeah!!)
On Tuesdays and Thursdays they say tha vikes rollin'
We see 'em ride by, but we act like we don't know 'em
They know they we ain't gone, see dis is our hood
(What!!)
We wear these bandanas, not 'cause they look good
(Fo' Real!!)
Let's do dis fo' big took it, them niggas in the pen
Tha ones dat won't neva see these fuckin' streets again
(Yeeaaaah!!)
So fuck tha D.E.A. and fuck tha F.B.I.
We traffican' dis shit, up until tha day we die (Bu-bu-bu-
buck!)
Some say I'm out my mind, I say I'm about my grind
(What!!)
Dat's why when I tell 'em I bought a phantom
They know dat I ain't lyin' (Aye!!)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Niggas know whudd it is!
Straight up, on some real shiit, haha
I got public service work to do, haha
Yeahh!!!
Aye yo 50!!
Aye yo nigga!
You told me what dem {?} gon' do
Now I see watchu mean

Fuck tha police!!
Haha..
Yeah nigga, G-Unit South!!
Yeo!!

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