

## Young Buck f/ DJ Paul

### "Dead or Alive"

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[Intro] (DJ Paul)

Ayo Paul what up nigga?

(Buck, whats goin' on baby)

Ayo nigga you know, you been knowin' a nigga since he  
was knee-high

you know what I'm sayin'

Its like I'm down here in Cashville

I got this motherfucker off the chain ya know what I'm  
sayin'

We trappin' heavy, we 'bout to run this muh'fucka hot  
Im comin up to the M-Town to fuck witchu homie  
(I got you nigga, from Cashville to M-Town)

[Chorus: Young Buck] + (DJ Paul)

They'll neva take me alive, I ain't goin back to jail

The money lookin' good I got dope to sell

Fuck The Police, nigga fuck the police (Them niggas  
love to hate)

Fuck The Police, nigga fuck the police (Them niggas  
love to hate)

You can't catch me, you can't hold me

You can't find me, 'cause you don't know me

Fuck The Police, nigga fuck the police (Them niggas  
love to hate)

Fuck The Police, nigga fuck the police (Them niggas  
love to hate)

[Verse 1]

First ima get a key, here I go, rememba me?

I took it from my enemy, left him in his Bentley seat

Never should have let me go, I done got my mind right

And even though I'm on parole, somebody gon' die  
tonight

Cutlass got the dark tints, fuck it we gon' park then

See who sittin on 26's then we gon' rob them

Holla at a couple bitches, know who we are man?

Some real niggas, I'm a ghetto superstar man

Now set it off, break 'em off, fuck some handcuffs

Stand up, and what, nigga man up

Walk out the courtroom feelin' like O.J

I got my knife in the club if you wanna play

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Will you step out of the car sir? Why you pull me over?  
Looked him in his eye then took his head off his  
shoulders  
Cocaine dreams I can see me runnin' the team  
Some butt-naked bitches packin' grams of that green  
Bustin' their patrol cars from the project roof-tops  
Gotta keep 'em outta here so that we can move the  
rocks  
Mafia, militant like a black panther  
Im like a young Huey Newton in a black Phantom  
Yo we shootin (yo we shootin), and recruitin (and  
recruitin)  
Startin' riots (startin' riots), That's how we do it (that's  
how we do it)  
And I'm not turnin' myself in so stop askin'  
We hop out blastin', and walk out laughin'  
Yea

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Wussup all my real niggas and real bitches!  
It feels good to be in yall city tonight!  
Now, I need everybody to put they trigger fingers in the  
air!  
And repeat after me!  
LET'S GO!!!  
You got a gun, bitch I got a gun too {Repeat 3x}

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yea (Yea)  
Ayo man, I just felt like, I need to let the world know..  
Ya know, fuck L.A.P.D. man, fuck N.Y.P.D. man, ya know  
what I mean  
Matter of fact, fuck the country ass police in Cashville,  
nigga, Yea!  
And you can try to pull a nigga over and all that  
But I tell my niggas, nigga we shoot back!  
YEEEEAAA!!!  
So you know, when you see me swangin' nigga..  
Handlin' my business, mindin' my own business  
Stay the fuck out my way nigga!  
HAHA!!! Cashville Records nigga! We get money  
though!  
Fuck The Police!!!

They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!

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