

## **Young Buck f/ Hi-C, Sosa**

### **"Buy Your Dope From Me"**

Visit "[Buy Your Dope From Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Young Buck]

Its colder than muhfucka outside..

I gotta get this money though, fuck that

[Chorus: Sosa]

Row, row, row, ya boat

Slowly down the street

Smokin' mary, mary, mary, mary

Come and buy yo dope from me

[Verse 1: Sosa]

I hit my first lick, musta been the seventh grade

I came up on a chunk, I bought a coat and pair of J's

And I aint feel bad about it, on the block it was the way

I had to bend the rules a bit, I was tryna eat wit snakes

Bought a pack, paid my momma light billing by the day

You jus witnessed the clubs that you dealt into the  
game

25 birds on the counter, shit aint changed

My Mexicans, they let me get that chickens to the thang

I smokin' sumthin exquisite ridin' tinted in the range

Diamonds lookin jus like Buck's chain and his ring

Spinnin' through the city watchin menace spillin' caine

Jada-pinkett ridin' wit me lip game insane

Mayne..

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Hi-C]

Sandwich bags of pyrex and some cocaine

Follow me, as I take you to the dope game

I got felonies, I can't get a nine-to-five

Quarter chickens, 5 G's, now that's time for 5

I cant fuck wit homeboy, I heard he would tell

All black Geneva scales, dope under my fingernails

Hot water, abra-kadabra, ready rocks

All straight and plastic glock, candy-red Chevy drop

Flood this muthafucka, coke all on every block

Tryna be number one like the chain that Nelly got

White square blocks like a baseball field

Embrace all fielders, south, eight, paul kills

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3: Young Buck]

I got my hoopdie on hub caps postin', they lookin fo  
24's

They pullin niggas over, they look like they getting  
dough

I stop at the store, to get some zip-lock bags

Jar full of dro, I gotta get rid of that

You know what they doin folk, aint no need to ask

And if ya only buyin' one, I don't need ya cash

Homie, jus stay in ya weight class and get you a safe  
stash

Whip it, whip, it, whip it, whip it, nigga then break the  
glass

These hoes will tell on you, I'm tellin you the truth

And if a hater try to rob you I'm tellin you to shoot

(\*Gunshot\*)

Visit [Young Buck f/ Hi-C, Sosa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.