

Young Buck f/ D-Tay

"All My Life"

Visit "[All My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Now we can't lose (fo' sho')

Ya'll niggaz wanna know what we did this is what we
did nigga

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Extended the family world-wide, recruited a couple
comrades

I was a chosen one due to my chrome gats

Bad ass lil' nigga wit a trash bag now I gotta confess it

Every day arrested

Niggaz wanna test this to get at the hoes

So even mamma stay invested, damn that's cold

Bitches 17 years old round 100 kilos

Half of y'all pickin' pot out your nose with afros

Rollin' with the big boys soakin up game

And we'll be back seat with the cardier frames

The easier it got nigga the harder it came

But I stayed in the game

That's the heart in this mayne

There'll be hell on earth if I stay in the game

Talk about kickin' up dirt like the broncos plane

Call me the macho man when it comes to dirty ways

A hato's man feel crime don't pay

[Chorus: Young Buck]

All my life I visualized me handlin' mine

And fuck waitin, cause god ain't promising time

So now I'm drawin' a line before I get to far behind

Lord if I'm lyin' strike me down on time

[repeat]

[Verse 2: D-Tay]

The last verse I wrote, I burned my hand

Cause there's only so much heat, that my hand can
stand

I'm too hot to spit that

You not you get that

Don't get to height, or this glock'll click back

I bitch smack niggaz and I ain't that mean

My chopper gon do you proper look at what that did

I'm clip flipin', pistol grippin', dippin', set trippin'
Believe me you don't wanna see me wit the 4tec spittin'
You bull-shittin'
I'm just goin' live by you guys
My whole team roll me homey, ride or die
Ridin' high
Sheaf and do-do like I'm in Cali
I'm type this one for the block and blast from the alley
I'm raw wit it Tony Montana, extra banana
Interstate from my way down to Atlanta, comes from a
scanna
Just crossed the Tennessee line
All my life I visualized me handlin' mine (what)

[Young Buck]
It's all for one and one for all nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Buck]
Now let ya nuts hang nigga
Start up the engine in the cut thang nigga
Brang pain to these niggaz
Ice on my trigga finga
Let the world know, I'm a balla when I came for the
scrilla
Gorilla they gon label me
Aint no way y'all bitches gon disable me, put me on
cable TV
Peace treaties ain't accepted here, blood-bath
Split him in half now nigga from his feet to his ear

[Verse 4: D-Tay]
If I don't know ya then its fuck ya, we ain't talkin shit out
Catch me at ya people, we jus sparkin shit out
Yea I'm so hood, that bullshit you spittin ain't no good
I bust a nigga weave, act like poppin a car hood
You want ya gurl back, pay the fee and its all good
Until I cop a 7-series beamer wit all wood
My whole team makin riches we shinin, we ball good
You can boss and Young Buck'll catch us our hood

[Chorus]

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