

Young Buck f/ D-Tay

"Penny Pinchin"

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[Young Buck (talking)]

D-Tay Man these niggaz talkin bout they got this and that
Man I'm just... I feel dem mayne... penny pinchin' and shit
Niggaz workin wit somethin round my way
I ain't really gotta say to much
If you know Young Buck you no money motherfucker

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Man its all about platinum from the records to the necklace boi
Dont hand me the keys if it ain't show room floor
Ten diamonds in the rollie betta add ten more
From the bend up lift my hands up good lord
Whats the use of a playa wit paper that dont show it
Screamin' I got money but don't nobody no it
I work for it, so that mean I got the right to roll twenties
And sag my jeans, the average ghetto child's dream
Turnin' some cream and rollin v-twizzy wit lizzy, why still he's a team
And seem I've accomplished that
Bought a charm, went in a vice, I took it back
When I return I want all my diamonds phat
I cant get off track, when the dawgs in my pack feel just like that
Look park your Cadillacs ain't no time for stallin'
While you penny pinchin' playa I be out here ballin

[Chorus: Young Buck]

Yall niggaz is penny pinchin' betta getcha shit right
'For these two young niggaz buy up all the ice
It started from servin' bikes to trucks wit door pipes
When ya see Buck and Tay I bet ya look twice
[2X]

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

Yo mind must the still in the gutta
Thinkin we gon suffa
I'd ratha duck tape yo mother
And be on dis summa

Take the factory off and put some chrome on the
hummer
Top down and reverse when its lightin and thunderin'
Had the whole world wonderin' bout my age and shit
17 wit a 20 year old agent bitch
Flip 12 whole tangs and I'm savin 6
To serve these desperate niggaz who payin 20 a brick
My niggaz they smoke skunk, drink henny till we sick
Wit they afros out they love to hear dem guns click
See I'm blindin' these bitches every time my tounge
flick
And I work wit these hoes jaws gone just don't quit
Relax and let it come to ya, never been weed
Especially when niggaz got plugs ova seas
Neva was a wanna be, label me a gonna be
I told y'all look wat dis gang don done to me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: D-Tay]

Yo y'all can stay in line waitin to shine... but not me
I'd rather be caught drunk in the V.I.P.
Sly B stop me, Ima look at you funny
Yall blow brown weed, we be blowin that gummy
Knows that runnin, roll wit niggaz that hold they money
While y'all roll wit chicken heads that on the low be
junkies
Yall know me one, betta yet call us gorillas
You surrounded by playas, while I'm surrounded by
killas
Thats know to here, beefin' nigga block in a minute
You just packin' twenty rounds we gon put fifty in it
Still ain't finished, my niggaz, they train for this
You get thrown out the click if you aim and miss
We train to hit, just like you would train a pig
Don't be arguin' wit these niggaz get they thang and
spit
Change you fifth, if you smart get you thangs again
Cause dem niggaz that was wit you bet they truth gon
snitch
Now who's a bitch, y'all heads is new to this
I'm the one that come bustin out the blue and shit
Move dis shit wit ammo that come throw dis shit
Have your mother at your grave wit the blues and shit
Ya loose wit dis, specially when you think its your turn
Cause my 5 gon burn y'all gon learn
Or gon earn another spot in the dirt
Cause I spit this shit that hurt, shit that jerk
Shit can work, shit that'll tear your shit
Shit that'll have your mother sittin front seat in the
church

You know how we work, we flossin' we gotta look nice
You niggaz is penny pinchin' betta getcha shit right

[Chorus]

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