

## Young Buck f/ Jazze Pha, T.I., Young Jeezy "4 Kings"

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[Jazze Pha]

Ladies and Gentlemen..

[Hook - Young Buck]

I got my pistol in my pants, rocks in my drawers  
Holla "WOOPT, WOOPT" homie if you see them laws  
I got my pistol in my pants, rocks in my drawers  
Holla "WOOPT, WOOPT" homie if you see them laws

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I was standin' on the corner slangin' 'caine (tryna make  
it do what it do)  
Just another young nigga havin' thangs man (I gotta  
get, I, I gotta get it get it)  
I was standin' on the corner slangin' 'caine (tryna make  
it do what it do)  
Just another young nigga havin' thangs man (I gotta  
get, I, I gotta get it get it)

[Verse 1 - Young Buck]

I'm in the Porche, no passenger  
Feelin' like a filthy rich drug trafficer  
See didn't nobody give me shit, I got my ass on that  
inter-state  
Made sure mamma had food on that dinner plate  
You not a boss if you ain't never took a loss  
Some birds never landed, but 'least I didn't got caught  
We don't even use scails, niggaz break off a brick  
Whatever over is yours, homie just take it and get  
They gave big Paul life, but I ain't thinkin' 'bout stoppin'  
'Cause soon he try to quit, that's when the feds came  
got him  
Ain't nothin' in my name, and 50 cleaned up mine  
I'm still paranoid though from what I left behind  
Gotta put me some gloves on, they fuckin' wit Buck now  
Tryna slow me down, got me pissin' in cups now  
Three Kings on a mission, see we got it for cheap  
You put us together, nigga the streets finna eat  
YEAHH

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - T.I.]

Hey

Remember standin' in the trap wit 5 or 6 over-vision  
and a pirat

That nigga who oderderd that quarter ki ain't even  
came by yet

Blew a whole O of dro, and I ain't even high yet

Spent 4 G's or mo', and I ain't even fly yet

Viper truck, Bentley grill, big wheel pimpin'

They done gave her 20 mil, well big deal pimpin'

Think we fakin' when we spittin', better get real pimpin'

'Cause we still will kill, you just better chill pimpin'

Get it how he used to live, and keep on fakin' for the  
women

In life we all make decisions even when faced with  
collisions

Like me at 13, out in no supervision

Straight thug livin', bumpin' pot drug-dealin'

Seen daily on the block, need Yay we on the block

Keep the hatin' to yourself, 'cause that AK be on the  
block

Dougy C be in the V, me and KT, we in the drop

Went from standin' on the block wit rock, to standin' on  
the top

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Jeezy]

Let's go

1 for the bread, and 2 for the blow

Miss the 17 fire, ya damn right it's gon' snow

Told y'all I was gon' blow, kinky B said so

Or not, back to chargin' 600 for an O

Ain't nothin' to a G, shit I been here before (True)

LA hoop nigga, all you gotta do is score

I turn the brick into a label, nigga I'm a boss

Brush my teeth in the morning, I ain't even gotta floss  
(Haha)

Sold two million records, and half a million O's (Damn)

Add it all up, it's 'bout a billion rocks

You can't be serious, you niggaz ain't fo' real

Just my ears alone, iss like a quarter a mil' (That's  
right)

Hit ya by the tech, and blow half the budget (Yup)

I do it for the streets and mutha fuckers love it

Just copped the new Bent, you know ya boy pay cash

Now that's Thug Motivation for your mutha fuckin' ass  
Wassup

[Chorus]

[Hook - Young Buck]

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