

Common Sense

"Gettin Real Buck"

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[Chorus]

Nigga's in the club gettin' real buck
Nigga's in the club gettin' real buck
Now my nigga's in the club gettin' real buck
Now my nigga's in the club gettin' real buck

[Gangsta Blac]

It's kind of hard to keep a fuckin' mil
If yo name ain't Holyfield
Kick back in the MC resident
Countin' dollar bills,
Make me kick in a liquor store
Stop in get a Tangaray
Peel a chin in the wind,
Ballin' hittin' the free way
Ain't no slippin' in the street
5-O's on my ass gee,
Three car deep after me
Ballin' down through SPV
Gangsta man still the same
Clear me as you see me pass
Holler when I holler, time to dip up in another past
Rip it up, open it up can I get a Newport?
Pass me one, thank you sir
Got your whole ankle short
Ya-Da-Yo givin' shouts
Steve in Bone taught me that
Straight from the Bounds, lay it down
If they cool with Gangsta Blac
All my nigga's gettin' buck
Bet this on my D-Zick
Throw the mic, cuz I'm so hype and
Hoe this just beginning
Bury shit, fuckin' hoes, ain't that the way it's suppose to
go
Fuck 'em slow, let 'em know
Time to hit the dirt hoe

[Chorus]

[Gangsta Blac]

Wusup to all them people's rumors,
That's been said bout folks from Ana
Creepin' through the back with a fuckin' gage
Ready to ram and jam ya
All these fuckin' slugs up in yo ass
If I up and find ya
Mouth, full of lit fire crackers
Star spangled banner
Reassess Pieces on yo body
Hittin' them bitches watch 'em drool
Jack be nimble be quick but, Jack he ain't no damn fool
Hoe you must be high down fall
For the nigga De-De gone with yo bad self
Hoe you need to fuckin' quick,
Ain't no drunk lookin' good
Ain't no killer I wish I would
I buck down all you lemon
Put them jackets on my neighborhood
Cock my nine, feelin' fine
Incase the run they mouth
Wusup bitch is you mad, cause we from the South
To you motor mouth suckers, come in get some of this
Noisy ness, wig split stay up out my business
Ride 'em up Escalade, down to the mighty sky
To ya hoe, see ya hoe in Hell cause it's time to die

[Chorus]

[Gangsta Blac]

Ain't no fuckin' simple man
Take no bullet for no nigga
Trick you must can't understand
Hoe how the fuck you figure
Not with all that reppin' shit
Not with all that Football shit
All about roastin' a bitch
All about makin' it rich
Hood Rat mean's a group of hoes
Slurpin' on yo nut sac's
Sac's of weed is what I need
To keep my brain on this track
Chu-Chu watch me choke as
I blow out a cloud of smoke
Hypnotize civilize, got dope hold it though
Time to find my nigga, let me ride in yo Pontiac
Funk it up, or ride in the white Chevy with the bumpin'
back
Fuck you bitches, this for girls and plenty niggas
Fuck killer realer we grip hands on the trigger
Yo nine grip my dick, nigga I don't give a shit
Paul in lil' man got my back, two nigga's you can't deal

with
Bustin' through the crowd like a crash
Dead in yo gut, now my nigga's deep
Gettin' real buck

[Chorus]

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