

## Young Buck "All My Life"

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Now we can't lose fo' sho'  
Ya'll niggaz wanna know what we did this is what we  
did nigga

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

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 too far behind  
Lord, if I'm lyin' strike me down on time

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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

It's all for one and one for all nigga

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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  
Ain't 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

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  
Yeah, 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 it's 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

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